THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

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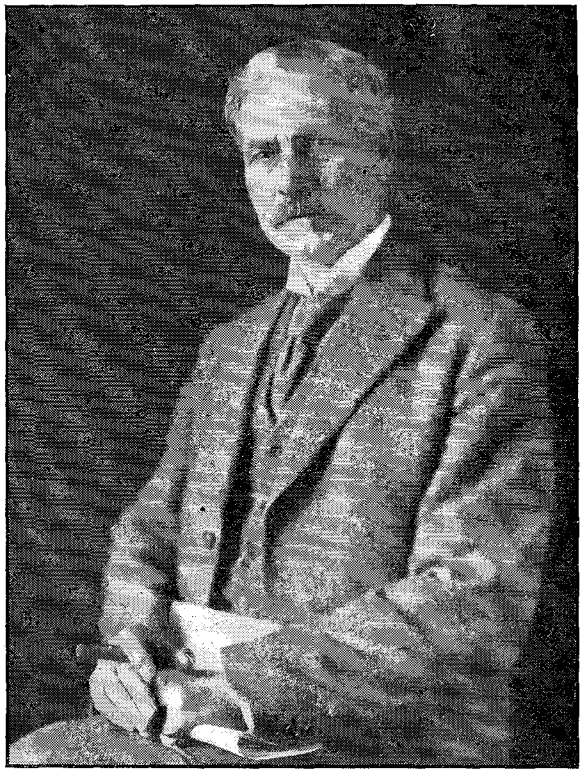
WAR WITH BRITAIN NOT "UNTHINKABLE"

A WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN, it is now being said on every hand, may be most unlikely, a possibility most remote, but not literally "unthinkable." Certainly not since the head of the British Labor party, once Prime Minister and possibly Prime Minister again after the May elections, shows that he is thinking very hard about it, so hard that he writes an open letter to the people of the United States, beginning: "The relations between the United States and Great Britain grow increasingly unhappy." That these relations are "in a bad way," the writer of an editorial for the Scripps-Howard papers agrees. The New York *World* thinks Mr. MacDonald is right in saying that war is "thinkable"; "we came close to war in the Venezuela affair in 1895, and might come close to it with equal suddenness again." The seriousness of the quarrel between the two countries, writes William Philip Simms in the Washington *News*, grows daily more apparent—"admittedly the specter of war hovers black and ugly in the background." This writer is thinking not only of the MacDonald warning, but also of Senator Borah's speech in which he predicted that, unless the United States and Great Britain could reach an understanding about "the freedom of the seas," it might eventually be necessary "to build not only against Great Britain, but against any combination of Navies that might be brought together, leading probably to another cataclysm like that of 1914." Says Mr. Simms:



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"INCREASINGLY UNHAPPY"

"The relations between the United States and Great Britain grow increasingly unhappy," declares J. Ramsay MacDonald, Labor party leader and former Prime Minister of Great Britain.

> "It gives Britain and America something to think about when men like MacDonald and Borah talk like that. Neither is a war-monger nor a jingo. Both are internationally known as peace advocates and proponents of war outlawry."

"There is something wrong," agrees the Troy *Record*, and the Boston *Globe* feels that:

> "This whole problem is a challenge to statesmanship in both America and in England. Statesmen can not prefer to let it slide and remain statesmen."

But others refuse to worry, holding that Mr. MacDonald's anxiety is quite superfluous, or that he pays too much attention to "professional pessimism" and to the jingoes in both countries. Certain editors like to hold up against the Labor leader's warning a recent speech of Foreign Minister Austen Chamberlain's on Anglo-American relations, which the New York *Evening Post* is willing to accept "as evidence that not all hope of Anglo-American unity is lost." It likes his sentence: "As we seek to be loyal to our friends, so will we seek to be loyal to that nation which is nearest and most akin to us in racial and moral outlook of all the nations in the world." Sir Austen seems to think that the differences of opinion over cruiser-building can and will be settled amicably, especially since they are not differences of principle, "but merely differences arising out of the difficulties of applying that principle to very different circumstances and needs of the two countries—

> "I venture to say that it is inconceivable that, with patience and at the proper and opportune moment, friends should not be able to resolve technical differences which have hitherto prevented them from reaching an agreement. The problem is to find some conclusion whereby we can measure naval strength so that the parity which both nations desire may be reached, and reached at a level which will mean not an increase in the armaments of the world, but a reduction."

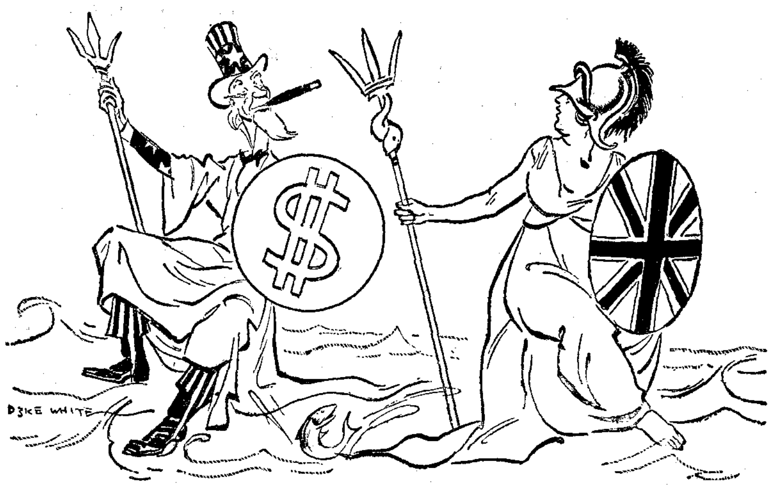
"This is a statement of the situation" that the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* feels sure "accords with American feeling, and somehow that problem will be solved."

Which is enough to show that, while Mr. MacDonald's anxiety is taken seriously, it is not shared by everybody. We may as well notice now just what the former Prime Minister said in his London letter of January 10, published in *The Nation* (New York) a few days later. The opening sentence has already been quoted. Mr. MacDonald then goes on to say that when he hears such expressions as, "War between the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable," he is "reminded of a sailor, who, in dire peril, exprest a thankfulness that his religion was still left." As Mr. MacDonald sees it:

> "The plain fact is that a spirit is growing up in the two

countries which is estranging them, and is encouraging a kind of squabbling criticism which destroys mutual understanding and forbearance. What each of our nations requires at this moment is a good robust call from manly common sense."

In passing, Mr. MacDonald pays his respects to the "peculiarly pernicious" type of mind which assumes that wars between great empires are inevitable in the development of mankind—"war is no more inevitable than the smallpox, and the causes of war are just as controllable as insanitary conditions." Of course, we are reminded, the irritations left by the war are not good for the tempers of either the United States or England, and then Mr. MacDonald notes that pacifists are tempted to "lapse into cynicism" when they "find that armament expansion, both in Europe and America, has been decreed by the same hands and the same pens as signed a solemn bond to eliminate forever the consideration of war from national policies." Somehow, we are told, "the distinction in Christian conduct between Sunday and the rest of the week seems to be creeping into international policies." The explanation that this pacifically minded statesman offers "is that every nation is rent between two opposing and hostile moods":



UNCLE SAM—"Any objection to my ruling the waves along with you, my dear?"
BRITANNIA—"It's a frightfully expensive idea, Uncle Sam, you know!"
—White in the Glasgow *Daily Record.*

"Every one wants peace, but no one will accept and pursue a policy based upon peace assumptions. The practical policy of the United States and Great Britain is exactly the same as that which preceded and prepared for the late war. Let us both get to close grips with reality. We have gone to Geneva to discuss naval armament, and we have both sent naval officers to do the negotiating. Both of use have begun with the assumption that war, involving our interests and safety, may break out. At Geneva, it was not our mutual desire for peace that failed; it was not the impossibility of a peace policy that was demonstrated. It was that in the event of a war which brought us into conflict with each other, or that brought us separately into the strife, the naval arm that the United States would require for security would not be the same as that which England would require for security; that, indeed, if either the United States or England thought of security in relation to the hostility of each other, both of us would have to increase rather than diminish our shipbuilding. That was all that the Geneva failure proved.

"Then, English papers and American started their fusillades. They missed completely the reason for the failure, and in good old-fashioned style went for the other side hammer and tongs. You patted yourselves on the back, kicked us, and we did exactly the same on our part; and the Atlantic became broader far and more stormy for both of us.

"Then came our military—not only naval—agreement with France. I do not believe that it was directed against the United States. It was simply stupid. The country, irrespective of party, rose up and, following the lead of the Labor party, rejected it. It would be highly improper for me to pass any opinion on the new American cruiser program; if I did so, it would quite properly be resented. But I may be allowed, as an outsider, who is greatly concerned with the moral authority which every great State must possess if we are to secure the conditions of a world's peace, to say that the execution of that program will be a great blow to the nation from which the Kellogg Pact originated."

So Mr. MacDonald paints the background of present misunderstanding. Now for his constructive suggestion:

"The first thing to be done is to bring to a common table for discussion the reasons why ships are being built, why we both went to Geneva with the assumption we did, why we are thinking of trade routes being blocked, what there is between us that for immediate policy, newspaper-writing and political electioneering makes the Kellogg Pact a mere collection of words strung upon a pious thread. This is no case for private and unofficial action and conferences. The governments must act. Both countries ought to appoint five or six of their most outstanding public men representative of the whole nation to meet and drag from the obscure corners of sulky suspicion the things which make difficulties between us. No staging is too impressive for the importance of friendship between us, no pageantry too extravagant for the proclamation that difficulties have been removed."

Such a conference as Mr. MacDonald proposes is "precisely what the Scripps-Howard papers have been calling for," according to an editorial printed in these journals, and it should be held "after Hoover has squared away in office and after the British election; if such a conference can not reach an Anglo-American agreement, our vaunted peace is not peace but a preparation for war." "The most promising avenue of escape from the present impasse" is that offered by the MacDonald suggestion, declares the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"The central question around which the discussions of any conference would turn would be the freedom of the seas or the rights of neutral commerce in time of war. This question has occasioned numerous clashes between America and England in the past. The latest was during the recent war, during the early stages of which the British Navy undertook to interfere with American ships and shipments in violation of what we believed to be the principles of international law. But for the more serious grievance against Germany over submarine warfare, the British practise might easily have led to a sharp clash of opinion. The issues raised at that time have never been settled. If a way could be found to reconcile the positions of the two countries now, differences over minor matters like cruiser tonnages would quickly disappear."

"Both intelligent and practicable," deserving of "the intelligent and sympathetic support of the press," seems this proposition to the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, and it adds:

"So far as the United States is concerned, it seems thoroughly in accord with the strategy which Mr. Hoover in public life up to the present time has always adopted when attacking a difficult problem. As Secretary of Commerce he seldom undertook any task bearing upon the interests of a trade or industry without inviting its representatives to sit about a round table and discuss it with him. Unquestionably there could be gathered in the United States and Great Britain a group of men wholly free from alliance with the armed service of either nation, preferably not intimately associated with the diplomatic establishment, but representing the intelligent, progressive and patriotic citizenry, who could meet at some neutral point and formulate a report which would be of incalculable value for the formation of public opinion. And after all, it is public opinion that must be attacked to bring this controversy to a harmonious conclusion. The sort of opinion which takes shape in 'squabbling criticism,' as Mr. MacDonald expresses it, needs guidance out of that menacing state."

However, along with these heartily approving editorials are

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE ?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Is the North Pole the coldest place on the globe? (p. 57).
2. Who represent "Sitwellism?" (p. 22).
3. How many of its Governors has Oklahoma tried to impeach? (p. 12).
4. Where is the home of the duck-billed platypus? (p. 34).
5. Is the Salvation Army a rich or a poor organization? (p. 25).
6. What are the objections to an English Channel tunnel? (p. 19).
7. Did "highbrow" criticism help or hurt Conrad? (p. 21).
8. What country offers the hardest life for spies? (p. 52).
9. Is there any moral responsibility involved in fixing the bank rate? (p. 27).
10. Where is Zagreb? (p. 15).
11. Is the earth's speed related to earthquakes? (p. 32).
12. What is Britain doing for its distrest coal-miners? (p. 17).
13. What is the cause of the discord in the Salvation Army? (p. 38).
14. What temperature is most favorable for wild life? (p. 33).
15. How many billions have been refunded and credited to income taxpayers in the last five years? (p. 13).
16. What musical compliment has Krenek paid America? (p. 20).
17. How many hours from London to Paris by the proposed Channel tunnel? (p. 19).
18. What actors have been "persecuted" by a book? (p. 54).
19. In what way does the dictatorship in Jugoslavia differ from that of other European countries, such as Italy or Spain? (p. 15).
20. What poison gas exists in a comet's tail and also the tail of a motor-car? (p. 36).
21. What great scientist early opposed the Salvation Army? (p. 40).
22. Who are members of the Caterpillar Club? (p. 71).
23. Why did King Alexander assume the dictatorship? (p. 15).
24. What is an "autogiro"? (p. 62).
25. Are comets poisonous or salubrious? (p. 36).

many "yes, buts." Mr. MacDonald's general appraisal of the situation is not challenged by certain papers which yet doubt the efficacy of his plan to have differences "threshed out by a committee of experts in international ethics." "Better relations between the United States and Great Britain are not likely to be promoted through any conference such as he has suggested nor through any governmental action," opines the Richmond *Times-Dispatch;* "they will come only as the result of a process of education." The Dayton *Journal* agrees that a conference could really do nothing, and that "in case of failure of agreement the chance of very great harm being done to the interests of both nations would be excellent." Furthermore, says the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger:*

> "Mr. MacDonald's incisive article on the subject of present American-British relations should at once be read aloud in the British Foreign Office and to an assemblage of the editors who direct the policies of the penny press throughout Britain. For the cheap press of England is, perhaps, the most mischievous in the world. It has consistently and violently directed national dislike against the United States. It is essentially jingo."

That Mr. MacDonald isn't quite fair in his reference to our cruiser program is another sentiment manifested by various editors. His remarks in this connection seem to the Troy *Times* "particularly unfortunate." The New York *World* fears that this paragraph in the MacDonald article "will increase the very mischief which the whole article is designed to cure":

> "If such a conference as Mr. MacDonald proposes is to bear fruit, the American cruiser program should be correctly understood abroad. Mr. MacDonald should know that last year our Navy Department supported an enormous naval program; that it was whittled down to a vestige of its original size; and that even after this whittling down, it was postponed nine months to make way for Mr. Kellogg's pact. He should know also that even now, and in its reduced form, the bill would not pass but for the clear disparity between British and American naval strength and the conviction of a multitude of Americans that its passage is necessary to give us bargaining power. He should remember that our reply to the British note on the Anglo-French naval compromise last summer left the door open for a fresh consideration of naval reduction, which it invited. Americans will believe that Mr. MacDonald can be most useful if he will press Mr. Baldwin to take an attitude on naval reduction as advanced as his own."

"It is depressing to find a man of Mr. MacDonald's standing repeating a slur in which every assertion and implication is false," declares the Philadelphia *Record,* which goes on to specify:

> "First, the Kellogg treaty not only permits, but contemplates, each nation's exercise of the right of self-defense.
>
> "Second, the United States is not proposing to build 'a larger Navy,' but to construct during the next few years fifteen cruisers to replace vessels that are obsolete.
>
> "Third, the capital-ship ratio agreed upon in 1922 was: Great Britain 5, United States 5, Japan 3. The ratio in cruisers to-day is 5—1.8—2.5. In other words, this country has neglected building until, instead of being on a parity with Great Britain, it is below Japan.
>
> "Fourth, with the fifteen proposed cruisers completed, the United States will have 296,000 tons, while Great Britain will have more than 400,000 tons, so all talk of 'competitive building' is mendacious nonsense.
>
> "Fifth, it was because the United States had suspended building that Great Britain last year refused to agree to limitation on fair terms. And it is obvious that there will never be agreement until this country is in a position to bargain.
>
> "Sixth, and finally, it was while Mr. MacDonald was Premier, in 1924, that Great Britain began the building of 10,000-ton cruisers, laying down five of them.
>
> "Multitudes of Americans will hope, with Mr. MacDonald, that frank and authoritative conference will wipe out 'petty irritations' between the two nations.
>
> "But as an assailant of 'sulky suspicion' and an ambassador of good-will, he has made a blunder so inexcusable that it will go far to erase the good effects of his appeal."

And then there is the far from uncommon feeling that Mr. MacDonald is overestimating the Anglo-American misunderstandings. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press* can not see that he proves the existence of any real estrangement between the two countries. "If everything said by irresponsible advocates of a big Navy in the British Parliament is to be taken as sure evidence of a national trend of thought in Great Britain, we might as reasonably admit," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle,* "that when Senator Reed of Missouri asks at whose heart the cannons of Bermuda are aimed, he is voicing the suspicions of the American people." Continues *The Eagle:*

> "There is a happy mean between a perpetual love feast between nations and a reign of suspicion and aloofness. Perhaps the relations between the American and British nations are not so far from that happy mean at the present time as Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Borah seem to fear. There is in each country a body of sober public opinion that seeks to discourage suspicion and to promote understanding and agreement."

Finally, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* insists that war between Great Britain and the United States is still "unthinkable," in spite of all Mr. MacDonald's alarms:

> "War between Great Britain and the United States is unthinkable in a real sense. That is to say, the mind can not grasp what war between the two peoples would mean. Its destructiveness and its horror are unthinkable; its waste and its loss are unthinkable; its effect on the whole world is unthinkable; its consequences to the future of the race are unthinkable."

CAPTAIN FRIED'S SECOND VICTORY OVER DAVY JONES

THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, especially in the smaller vessels, will feel safer in future, predicts the New York *Times*, if they are certain that Capt. George Fried, of the United States liner *America*, is somewhere within range of an S O S radio message. For this intrepid skipper, in rescuing the crew of the Italian freighter *Florida* after a terrific battle with mountainous seas and a cruel gale on January 23, has proved that heroism is one kind of lightning that can strike twice in the same place. It was Captain Fried, editorial writers recall, who rescued the crew of the foundering British freighter *Antinoe* just three years ago, after a fight lasting four days and nights, and during which two lives were sacrificed and half a dozen life-boats smashed. At that time, Captain Fried was the master of the *President Roosevelt*. His more recent exploit, however, seems to have been even more difficult in that he was handicapped in his search for the rapidly sinking *Florida* by the fact that, with the captain's bridge and almost all navigation books and instruments swept away, the Italians were unable to give their exact position. "But," observes the Atlanta *Journal*, "Captain Fried knew how to find a lost ship with his radio compass, and he kept looking until he found the *Florida*." The rescue that soon took place, in the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "should rank as one of the brightest exploits in the annals of the American merchant marine."

International Newsreel photograph

"A KNIGHT ERRANT OF THE SEA"

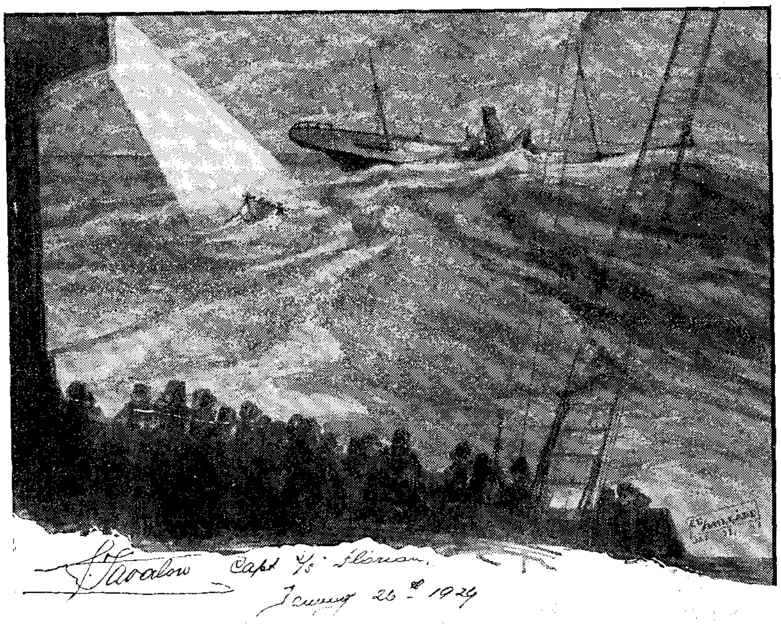
Is a New York newspaper man's characterization of Captain George Fried, of the United States liner *America*, here shown standing at the extreme left, who has saved a total of 57 persons in two rescues at sea. In the center stands the youthful skipper of the Italian freighter *Florida*, who was taken off his sinking vessel by First Officer Manning (right) and a volunteer life-boat crew of eight after Captain Fried had maneuvered the *America* into position.

It is not often that the same "skipper" of an American liner has two such opportunities for heroic rescue. It is rarer still, points out the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that he is able to take such full advantage of them. Of no inconsiderable value, aside from the actual saving of thirty-two lives, we are told, is the favorable effect it will have on public confidence which, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "was shaken by the tragic blunders that accompanied the sinking of the *Vestris* last November." "In one of the worst storms in recent Atlantic history, several hundred miles off the Virginia Capes," maintains the Grand Rapids *Press*, "the mere launching of a life-boat was a feat, the successful transfer of thirty-two men from a sinking hulk to the *America* is a miracle, and the location of the doomed vessel a remarkable demonstration of radio navigation." A picture of the circumstances that attend a rescue of this sort is given by a New York *Sun* writer:

> "The skies are dark and the waves roll past, their crest whipt into spray by the gale. The liner pitches and occasionally rolls as she makes her way at reduced speed.
>
> "The smoking-room is warm and comfortable. Cigaret smoke rises to the ceiling. The main topic of conversation is the storm. Will it hold the ship back much, so that appointments must be given up? There is no doubt as to whether or not the ship will make port.
>
> "But on a miserable little tramp freighter, the situation is different. She is battling for her life in the sea that merely delays the bigger boats. Every towering wave that looms out of the gray horizon threatens to smash in her hatches. One by one her life-boats are broken into kindling-wood or swept away. Her captain is worried.
>
> "And as day fades into night his fears are realized. His chief engineer reports that the boat is making too much water for the pumps, and that he thinks her plates are opening under the pounding. A brief inspection proves this to be the case.
>
> "The captain leaves the bridge and makes his way to the radio shack. His operator is there, swearing as the sea threatens to hurl him out of his chair. Orders are given.
>
> "In the radio room of the liner, the operator is talking things over with a friend on a steamer a hundred miles away. Just general gossip. Suddenly he straightens up in his chair, and starts tuning in. A general alarm, calling for immediate assistance—an S O S—whines in. The chief radio officer throws on his heavy service coat and runs along the boat deck to the bridge. He presents the message to the Captain. The Captain reads it, nods, and walks to the chart room. There he plots the position given in the S O S.
>
> "It is up to him to decide whether or not to leave his course and answer the call, and then lay his plans. He is carrying mail, and if it is possible, if other boats nearer the scene can make the rescue, he must keep on his course."

The assistant radio operator, meanwhile, has communicated with the other two liners in the same general area:

> "One, he finds, has reached the location of the bearings given in the distress signals and has found nothing. Neither of these two boats has a radio compass and both must, in consequence, work blindly.
>
> "The Captain makes his decision. His is the only boat within reaching distance of the freighter with the equipment to find her. He glances at the compass and quietly orders the quartermaster handling the wheel to change course, and calls out: 'Full speed ahead!'
>
> "On the bridge, the chief radio officer has taken his station at the radio compass. This delicate device gives the direction from which the distress signals are coming. The Captain has made his plans for the rescue. The chief officer is preparing the No. 1 life-boat. A call comes for volunteers to man the boat. All volunteer without hesitation. The chief officer picks those he knows to be best fitted for the work.
>
> "Eight hours later the other two liners, unable to locate the freighter, have gone back to their courses. The Captain has reached the designated point, and there is no sign of the sinking ship. The radio compass, however, indicates that she is to the southward and the course is again changed. The rain has stopt, and lights are seen about a mile off. The searchlight is swung to starboard and picks up the sinking vessel as the distance lessens.
>
> "Passengers crowd to the rail as the report spreads that the distress freighter has been located. Some are seen to be praying. Some talk nervously, but the majority are silent and tense.
>
> "As they look, they see the Captain, megaphone in hand, give orders to the boat crew, and see the answering wave from the chief officer. On the bridge the officers are busy maneuvering the ship to give what protection they can to the life-boat.



DRAWN WHILE THE *FLORIDA* WAS SINKING

This sketch of the rescue crew leaving the doomed Italian freighter was made by C. E. Millard, an illustrator, as he lay, clinging to the rail of the S.S. *America*.

"An hour later, a few men raise a cheer, a cheer that dies quickly, somehow, as the search-light turns downward and shows the life-boat returning, not a hundred yards from the lee bow of the liner. For success in this venture is not won until the last man has been taken on board and the life-boat cut away. Then the Captain orders the ship put back on her course. The storm continues, and he can not leave his bridge, but paces slowly up and down as the radio carries reports of the rescue to the world."

The story which Captain Fried gave to the world, through The Associated Press, was, in part, as follows:

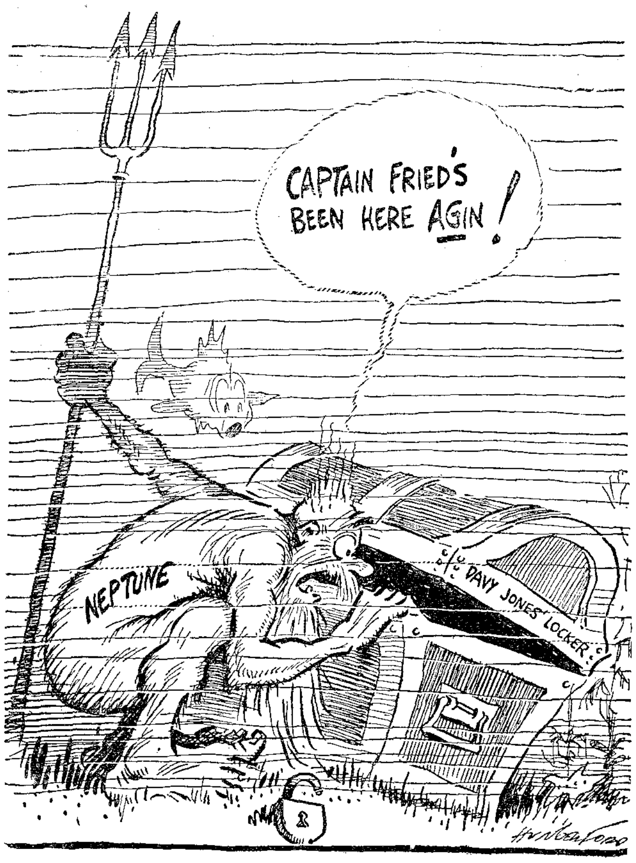
"We took a position on the *Florida's* weather beam a quarter of a mile distant, with weather overcast, light snow squalls, and threatening. Chief Officer Harry Manning, with eight members of the crew, were lowered in No. 1 life-boat, and proceeded to the *Florida*.

"Getting alongside was very difficult, owing to her heavy list and her lee rail being under water, sending a tremendous surge. Getting nearer, Officer Manning threw a line on board, keeping at a distance of about fifty feet, and instructed the *Florida's* crew to come off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water by this line to the boat, where they were dragged on board by the boat crew.

"The bow oarsman spoke Italian and translated all instructions and orders. Things went along in this fashion until the line carried away, due to a heavy surge. The life-boat was again maneuvered successfully and a line placed aboard. Thus we succeeded in getting the entire crew off and into our boat. The Captain was the last to leave.

"Then, loaded with nine members of the boat crew and thirty-two rescued, our life-boat turned about and headed for the *America*. The weather by this time had reached gale force, with violent snow and rain squalls and a high, rough sea running. The boat proceeded, running to leeward.

"The ship's side was strung with ladders, monkey-ropes, and cargo nets, and our highly prized home-made breeches buoys, which proved invaluable in getting the injured men on board. Not a single man of the *Florida's* crew was able to climb up the ship's side unassisted. They were in a pitiable condition, half of them being nearly naked. They were dazed and hysterical from their long exposure.


CAPTAIN FRIED'S BEEN HERE AGIN!
NEPTUNE
DAVY JONES' LOCKER

STEALING HIS STUFF

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*.

"All secured, we proceeded toward New York, leaving the *Florida* in a sinking condition."

Three of the *Florida's* crew were suffering from broken ribs when they were rescued, one had a fractured leg, and others had been bruised and battered by the seas that swept over the freighter. The loss of the vessel had been caused by a broken rudder chain. For three days and two nights, points out Percy N. Stone in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the freighter's single wireless operator stayed in his tiny cabin, "listening to the dots and dashes that spelled hope for himself and the crew. He could not sleep for a single moment." Among the other heroes were the firemen and engineers of the *America*, who toiled "below." As the Savannah *News* explains:

"Captain Fried and Chief Officer Manning are being hailed as heroes, altho they probably were no braver than half the men in the crew. But they knew what to do at the right moment. Captain Fried knew how to find the *Florida* on a sea where the dark had shut down and the waves were angry. He went directly to the ship in distress. After he got there, Chief Officer Manning went over to the *Florida* and took off the crew.

"Captain Fried knew what to do. Manning knew what to do. Courage permitted them to put their knowledge into effect. Captain Fried did not leave his ship, did not take the boat over to the sinking steamer, did not pull an oar. But it is possible that if Captain Fried's knowledge of the sea and its navigation had been less, the whole crew of the *Florida* would have been drowned."

There were several ships nearer the *Florida*, but they were unable to locate her for the simple reason that they were not equipped with radio compasses. According to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"This device consists of a sensitive receiver operating from a loop antenna. By rotating the loop from a known position, it is possible to determine the exact location of the ship transmitting the signal.

"The radio compass which enabled the heroic commander of the *America* to locate the sinking *Florida* is the invention of Dr. F. A. Kolster, well-known radio engineer and inventor. The device was developed during the war."

THE NEW EINSTEIN THEORY

A LITTLE SIX-PAGE PAMPHLET, published in Berlin on January 30 at the price of one mark, or about 24 cents, may prove, many commentators tell us, to be a mile-stone in the history of thought comparable in importance to those set up by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and Darwin. The pamphlet, in which the text consists almost wholly of complex mathematical formulæ, is by Dr. Albert Einstein, famous originator of the theory of relativity, and represents the labor of ten years. It is called "Zur Einheitlichen Feldtheorie," or "On a Uniform Field Theory." According to newspaper rumors circulated in advance of its publication, the purpose of Dr. Einstein's paper was to prove that "the forces of electricity and magnetism are the same as those of gravitation"; but in his own words, what he has done is "to give uniform significance to the field of gravitation and the electromagnetic field." H. R. Knickerbocker, in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Evening Post*, quotes him further as saying:

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"I CAN NOT UNDERSTAND WHY ALL THIS NOISE IS BEING MADE OVER MY LITTLE MANUSCRIPT"

> "For years it has been my greatest ambition to resolve the duality of natural laws into unity. The duality consists of the fact that physicists have hitherto been compelled to postulate two sets of laws—those which control gravitation and those which control the phenomena of electricity and of magnetism.
>
> "Gravitation and its laws give us the basis upon which we have built our whole system of mechanics and of motion. Electromagnetism and its laws give us the basis upon which we have built our doctrine of light, of electrical phenomena, and of heat.
>
> "The general theory of relativity did not attempt to, or at any rate did not sufficiently, span this gap. Many physicists have suspected that the two sets of laws must be based upon one general law, but neither experimentation nor theory has until now succeeded in formulating this law.
>
> "I believe now that I have found the proper form. I have thought out a spatial construction which is differentiated through certain conditions from that of the relativity theory and from other theories of four-dimensional space through certain conditions. These conditions bring under the same mathematical equations the laws which govern the electromagnetic field and those which govern the field of gravitation."

This correspondent gives us a glimpse of the man himself:

> "It was not easy for the visitor to worm himself into the presence of the quiet, middle-aged man, who is the greatest living scientist and perhaps one of the greatest thinkers of all time.
>
> "The professor's flat in Haberland Street is ideally arranged for the quiet labors of a philosopher. On the fourth floor are the rooms where he lives, eats, and sleeps.
>
> "Here Frau Einstein presides. Her life is literally devoted to shielding 'Albert.' During the past two weeks she has stood at the telephone for hours, explaining that her husband could not speak to any one and trying to make it plain that it isn't because he is proud or grumpy or unsociable, but because if he once took up the receiver he would spend his whole time answering questions which he prefers to let his dissertation answer.
>
> "Above their dwelling, on the fifth floor, just beneath the roof, is one high-ceilinged attic room. It has an iron door. This room is Dr. Einstein's retreat. In the true sense of the term, it is a workshop of thought in which have been evolved more theories, hypotheses, and laws of physics than have proceeded from the workshop of any thinker of this generation, and probably more than have come from any mental laboratory since Newton's time.
>
> "Indicative of the many-sided nature of the professor's intellect is the fact that in this room, devoted for the most part to ratiocinations which express themselves in equations, formulæ, and all those hieroglyphics which characterize the mathematician's art, stands opposite his desk a grand piano. He is a passionate lover of music."

For some time, we are told, mathematicians will be busy checking Dr. Einstein's arguments, but "the ultimate proof or disproof of his theory will rest with the physicists." As we go to press, mathematicians and physicists, in the main, seem to be either reserving their judgments or conceding that the doctor has probably made his case. But an exception is Dr. Charles Lane Poor, professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University, who has been combating the Einstein theory of relativity for ten years. "Professor Einstein has hypnotized the world, and every one is climbing on the bandwagon," says Dr. Poor, as quoted by the New York *Herald Tribune*, and he goes on to say of Einstein's methods:

> "They are the methods of the mathematician and the dreamer, who has no regard for the hard facts of reality; the methods of the 'not altogether unbiased' advocate who selects such observations as may suit him, and disregards all others.
>
> "Mathematical processes merely constitute a sort of specialized shorthand; they furnish simplified methods for carrying on elaborate and complicated arguments from assumed or stated premises.
>
> "A conclusion is derived from certain definite premises, and such conclusion must inevitably involve and depend upon such premises. There is in mathematics a law of 'conservation of knowledge,' and you can never get out of any mathematical equations or formulas anything more than you put into them in the first place. You can not, in reality, prove anything by mathematics."

It must not be supposed that Einstein's revolutionary ideas, if maintained and rounded out, will operate only in the sphere of science, remarks the New York *World:*

> "They will invade other fields and color many sides of human life. This was true of the great innovations of thought in the past. The demonstrations of Galileo shook the religious world of his time, fundamentally changed man's ideas of his relations to nature and to society, and made such a scheme of thought as we find in Dante seem suddenly antique and quaint. Newton's mechanics affected the structure of religion, society, and perhaps above all of politics. The stabilized and balanced Whig system which found its great exponents in Locke and Montesquieu and which left such a heavy mark on our Constitution, had a definite relation to Newton's ideas. It was an attempt to supply to government the checks, balances, and fixt movements which Newton's laws found in nature. As for Darwin, we are still in the midst of the sweeping currents of change which the evolutionary doctrine set in motion. It is impossible as yet to predict the forms in which the ideas of relativity, which only the expert few can now understand, will affect thought and society. But the effects will occur and they will ultimately be far-reaching."

CHICAGO'S WEEK-END RAIDS ON CRIME

FOUR MURDERS and more than a hundred robberies in Chicago during one week have resulted in what the Chicago *Tribune* calls "the most sweeping attack on crime in the history of the city." In the first raid, no less than 3,394 prisoners were taken in pool-rooms, gambling dens, beer-drinking parlors, cabarets, "athletic clubs," down-town hotels, vice resorts, theater lobbies, speak-easies, cabarets, "and other hang-outs," says the Chicago *Daily News.* This was staged by five thousand members of the Chicago police force during a recent week-end. Only 350 of those seized, we are told, were immediately able to satisfy the police that they were of good character. But as rapidly as the innocence of any persons arrested was established, they were released, and in a day or two all but twenty were free. Four of the twenty were aliens, subject to deportation, and four others were "wanted" for crimes in other cities.

The second series of week-end raids netted 1,529 arrests; by that time, says Owen L. Scott in a Chicago dispatch to the Consolidated Press, "the police had become more discriminating." This "batch" yielded six positive identifications, we are told, and in each series of raids approximately a hundred crimes were cleared up. As the New Haven *Register* describes the procedure at the various criminal courts:

> "Hundreds of robbery victims were drawn up in long lines, and the procession of crooks was made to pass before the inquiring eyes of those who had been victimized. Whenever one was spotted as a bandit or other sort of criminal, he or she was made to stand aside. All who passed the firing line unrecognized by onlookers, and who had no prior prison records, were permitted to go. Each had been finger-printed and his pedigree taken, so there was little chance of any old-timer getting away by this method."

The question that many editors are asking, however, in view of the small proportion of convictions, is whether this rather drastic method is a good one. Hardly one of the leading criminals of the city fell into the drag-net, say dispatches. Police-Commissioner Russell, however, says the one purpose of the series of raids was to give the city a demonstration of what the police department could do if the force were doubled, and that it was successful. As the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, in discussing the raid on one particular "hang-out," where the police smashed the doors with axes and broke up all the gambling paraphernalia in the place, points out:

> "If the raid was a rather drastic method, it must be held in mind that the underworld of Chicago has itself been subjecting her law-abiding citizens to a very drastic dose of crime and disorder. Exceptional circumstances call for exceptional treatment; and if a few well-behaved citizens were accidentally caught in the net, they should forgive the mistake in the interest of the general welfare."

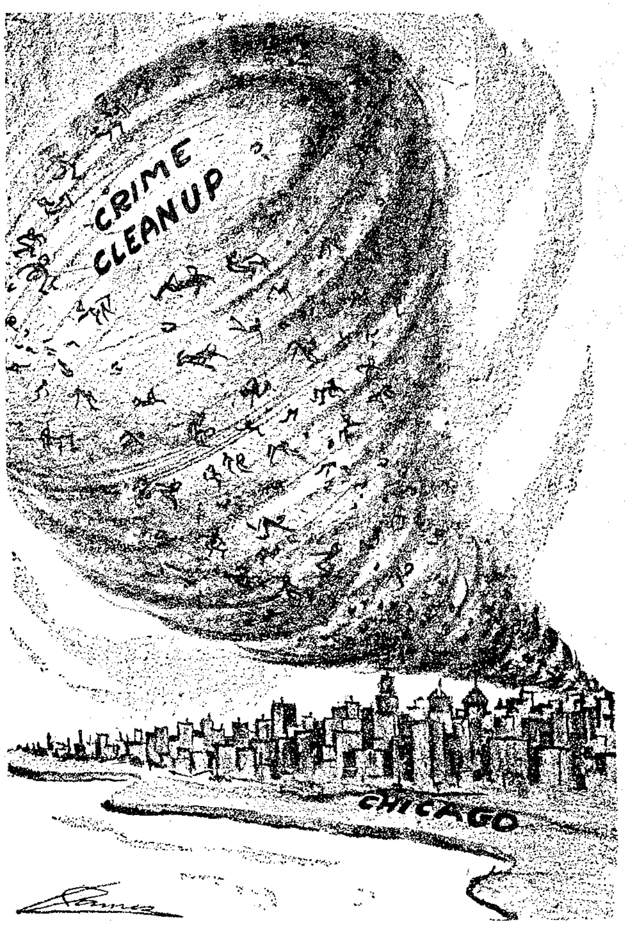
While admitting that "conditions in Chicago are serious," the near-by Indianapolis *News* is convinced that—

> "They are not likely to be greatly improved by promiscuous raiding. The defect in the 'drag-net' method of cleaning up a city is that, contrary to the general principle relating to nets, the small fry and helpless are brought in, and those who should be rounded up too often escape. It may sound like action to arrest thousands of people on suspicion, but each one among them has legal rights as a citizen. Such wholesale disregard for others is not likely to be productive of beneficial results."

Another paper which questions the value of these sporadic raids is the Atlanta *Constitution.* In this Southern daily's opinion:

> "What is needed in Chicago, and in every city, is systematic police organization for the protection of life and property that functions every hour of the day, every day in the year, along orderly, efficient, and well-balanced lines.
>
> "These occasional tempests may do some good, but they do not get to the root of the trouble, and in the large number of arrests made of innocent men and women, such a protest follows that there is naturally a lessening of respect for law. In the meantime the real criminals, the 'higher-ups,' and the criminal organizations, continue to function."

Within a week after the first raid, says the Chicago *Evening Post*, steps were being taken to provide, for immediate use, 250 additional policemen, with 500 more to follow by July 1. Moreover, a bill was introduced into the legislature to create a new criminal court for the city, with twelve additional judges, and steps taken to repeal the law whereby a criminal, no matter what his record, may go free on bail. The suggestion of Commissioner Russell was that a committee of representative citizens should conduct an impartial and scientific survey into the whole problem of policing Chicago effectively and this plan is endorsed by the Chicago *Evening Post* and *The Daily News.* Furthermore, says the latter daily:



A CYCLONE HITS THE WINDY CITY

—James in the St. Louis *Star.*

> "Judge McGoorty, of the Criminal Court, advocates additional power for the Municipal Court of Chicago in dealing with criminal cases, restriction of bail privileges after trial and conviction, reduction in the number of peremptory challenges in conspiracy and other cases, businesslike examination of talesmen by the court as well as by counsel, and such amendment of the jury law as would enable citizens to serve on juries without undue sacrifice of time and income. These, if given the force of law by the General Assembly, would expedite the administration of criminal justice."

The Portland *Oregonian*, however, has a different solution:

> "It is pretty well established that professional bootlegging is closely bound up in professional criminalism. The illicit liquor traffic is a common between-season occupation of major felons. Night club and speak-easy, no less than open saloon, are the meeting and breeding places of gangsters and yeggs. Yet in Chicago, and elsewhere, it is the citizen, representing a clear and indubitable majority, who permits these matters to persist."

OKLAHOMA'S "IMPEACHMENT COMPLEX"

THE STATE OF OKLAHOMA seems to be suffering from an "impeachment complex" in the view of outside editors, who see a twenty-one-year-old State now engaged in its third gubernatorial impeachment. "Yea, verily," remarks the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, the throne of Afghanistan is no more uncertain than that of Oklahoma, "where, when a Governor goes into office, he does not know whether he's seated in a firm chair or the saddle of an outlaw pinto pony." "Just as divorce follows swiftly on the heels of all normal Hollywood marriages, impeachment or talk of impeachment is the natural sequel to the election of Oklahoma's chief executive," comments the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. Or, as the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* more crudely puts it, "it is an Oklahoma habit to reach up and grab the Governor by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants." And such quotations might be continued indefinitely. Even in the capital city of the State itself the *Daily Oklahoman* admits that:

"POLITICS"

That is all there is to the impeachment proceedings, says Gov. Henry S. Johnston, of Oklahoma.

> "No other State in the Union, however old that State may be, has so many impeachment cases in its history. Nearly one-fifth of all the Governors ever impeached in the United States have been Oklahoma Governors. And it is only sixteen years since the impeachment process was first invoked in this State."

All this talk is, of course, due to the fact that the Oklahoma Senate is now trying Gov. Henry S. Johnston on impeachment charges preferred by the House of Representatives. And it is remembered that in 1921 there was an unsuccessful impeachment move started against Gov. J. B. A. Robertson, while in 1923 Gov. J. G. Walton was impeached and removed from office. The Johnston impeachment proceedings have been full of picturesque detail. He was elected in 1926 as a Democrat, a dry, and with the support of the Ku Klux Klan, according to press comments. Before he had been in office a year impeachment talk was rife, but in the winter of 1927 the legislature was not in session, and could not meet until 1929, unless at the call of the Governor. But the legislature, in December, 1927, decided to meet anyway, and start action against the Governor. There were secret meetings on the part of legislators, the calling out of the National Guard by the Governor, and, finally, after the attention of the entire nation had been attracted, the Senate decided, in accordance with court decisions, that it had no authority to act under the circumstances. But the anti-Johnston legislators were just biding their time. The impeachment issue dominated last year's primaries, and when the legislature met last month the impeachment was the first business of the session. A number of charges were brought against the Governor, involving alleged misuse of executive powers, general incompetence, and in particular his use of the militia in connection with the irregular session of the legislature in 1927. Each accusation ended with the declaration that the Governor "became, was and is guilty of wilful neglect of duty malfeasance, incompetency, corruption in office, and offenses involving moral turpitude committed by him while in office, contrary to the Constitution and laws of the State of Oklahoma."

"There isn't a man in the bunch who thinks I am guilty," said Governor Johnston, before the charges were voted on. But the House vote was decisive, and the Senate followed by almost unanimously suspending the Governor from office pending the outcome of the trial. Governor Johnston's comment on the House action is:

> "There was not one single man who voted in the affirmative who could put his finger down on anything whatsoever that was either in violation of law or an impeachable act. The leaders of the movement positively knew that there was not, and in violation of manhood and honor played upon misstatements, misrepresentation, bias, prejudice, and politics, and engaged in personal solicitation with others, traded committeeships and other favors in exchange for votes. The whole plan is an attempt to put the hands of certain persons on the finances of the State.
>
> "The thing that is at issue right now is that of constitutional government and whether an executive is to stand up like a man and officer, or to be the puppet of a few wilful men."

The trial began last week, and most press correspondents expect a conviction. Besides the formal charges, the testimony has brought out all sorts of interesting and amusing details. As the Baltimore *Sun* says editorially:

> "It was a fine potpourri of wild imaginings, wild charges, and wild actions. Everybody, from the ghosts of the Rosicrucians to the State Supreme Court and the National Guard, was included in the *dramatis personæ* at one time or another. The Governor himself appeared in a series of brilliant impersonations, playing, among others, the parts of Cromwell dispersing the Parliament and of the Shepherd of the Hills with a flock of one ewe lamb."

One of the chief complaints against Governor Johnston has been that he has allowed his confidential secretary, Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, virtually to run his office. Hostile legislators say she has dominated the Highway Commission and other State boards. Governor Johnston says she is "as pure as a ewe lamb"—whence the characterization of last winter's rumpus as the "ewe-lamb rebellion." And then Governor Johnston is said to be a student of Rosicrucianism and various occult and esoteric philosophies. As we read in a Baltimore *Sun* dispatch from Oklahoma City:

> "All those presentments are startling to Oklahomans who believe in solid things—the earth and the oil beneath and the First Baptist Church on Sundays.
>
> "Mrs. Hammonds called in her uncle, Judge James R. Armstrong, as her chief adviser in the battle with the legislature. Judge Armstrong is an admitted student of 'higher philosophy,' and attended classes by a yogi who lectured at a hotel in Oklahoma City. A witness at the impeachment probe testified he saw Judge Armstrong light incense pots and chant weirdly when a legislative bill was presented to him for his advice.
>
> "There is a spiritual 'healer' in the impeachment picture. She is Mrs. Pearl B. Ashbrook, of Oklahoma City, formerly of Perry, the Governor's home. Mrs. Ashbrook claims that she used her mediumistic powers to obtain advice from the spirits of Grover Cleveland, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and other departed statesmen. That advice was given to Johnston, according to Mrs. Ashbrook, and applied by him in his campaign."

"This in Oklahoma," exclaims the Hartford *Courant*, "once a cattle country where men were men, but where they now burn incense and where the Governor has a yogi and, for all we know, a swami, at his beck and call. How the noble Red Men, who have fortunes placed in the care of the Great White Father, must look upon the Oklahoma of to-day!" More seriously, the Philadelphia *Record* says:

> "Oklahoma needs peace in her council chambers. She needs a broad, constructive policy that will match her material development. Continuance of these turbulent, furious politics will only hold her back. The opportunity has come to wipe the slate clean of the old animosities. The State will gain greatly if this is done."

OPEN TAX REFUNDS, OPENLY ARRIVED AT

"CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENT," declares Senator Norris (Rep., Nebr.), "is the inevitable result of doing the public business behind closed doors, especially where large amounts of money are involved. The history of civilization shows that." He was speaking of a cash refund of $15,000,000 to the U. S. Steel Corporation, together with income-tax "credits, abatements, and interest" of $42,000,000—a grand total of $57,000,000 for one year. This formed the basis of a bitter Senate attack on the Treasury method of making income-tax refunds without a review by any other governmental or judicial body. And, while Senator McKellar (Dem., Tenn.), who led the attack, did not charge favoritism or hint dishonesty on the part of Treasury officials, he presented statistics and arguments that led the Senate to adopt his amendment whereby income-tax refunds amounting to $10,000 or more will in future be made only after public hearings have been held in Washington and the decision made public.

Among other things, the Senator from Tennessee brought out the fact that Treasury refunds over the period 1923-1928 amounted to the staggering sum of $935,704,000, and "credits and abatements" applicable on future taxes to $1,679,092,000—a total of $2,614,896,000. To Representative Garner (Dem., Texas) this is "astounding; shocking." "The power to make these big refunds," maintains Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun*, "is vastly too great to be in the hands of any unchecked-up individual, and an enormous refund, such as the Steel Corporation's, too big a matter to be decided in secret by the head of any bureau." "Every veil thrown around governmental operations should be torn aside, so that the taxpayers may know what public officials are doing, and may hold them accountable for their actions," adds the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. This is what the McKellar amendment, if it becomes law, will accomplish.

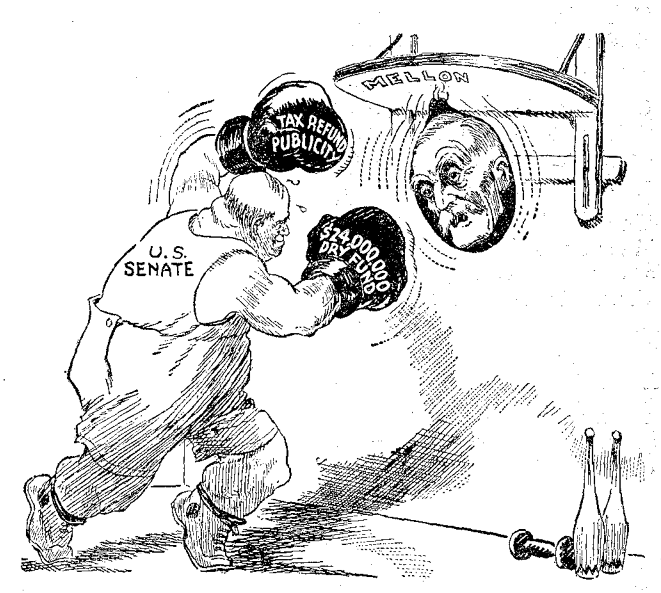
Originally, it was the Tennessee Senator's plan to take the large tax-refund cases away from the Treasury, and have them decided by the Board of Tax Appeals. And, while this amendment never came before the Senate, to the Milwaukee *Journal* its discussion amounted to "a vote of lack of confidence in the Treasury." In fact, January seems to have been an "open season" on Treasury officials. No sooner had Secretary Mellon replied to Democratic criticism of his Prohibition-enforcement program, and protested against an additional appropriation therefor, than pot-shots were being taken at his method of making income-tax refunds. Said Senator McKellar:

> "The Treasury Department asks for an additional appropriation of $75,000,000, an emergency fund, to pay these refunds for the balance of the year. We have already appropriated some $130,000,000 this year.
>
> "All these sums are paid out in secret; nobody knows anything about them. When I asked the question, I was informed that it was against the law for any Treasury official to tell what the sums were, to whom they were paid, or anything about them. In other words, the income-tax bureau says to the Congress of the United States: 'We demand $75,000,000 as a deficiency appropriation for this year.' And when the question is asked: 'What are you going to do with it?' the reply comes, 'It is none of your business.'
>
> "The tax refunds, including credits, during the last eight years have amounted to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. They are in the nature of favors granted special taxpayers. Those who are able to employ those on the inside know how to get the returns.
>
> "I am opposed to the system of tax-refunds that has been carried on in the Treasury Department since 1921. I am opposed to it because it is a secret system. I am opposed to it because it is a class system. I am opposed to it because it has resulted, in my judgment, in great wrongs being perpetrated on the Government and grave injustices being done to the great body of taxpayers in the country."

In any case, a number of editors agree, a law which makes it impossible to adjust such tax payments as the Steel Corporation's in less than ten years needs simplification.

But, as March 15 approaches, the New York *Times* urges us to "be kind to the income-tax people, even if we don't love them." In this paper's opinion, the recent attack upon the Treasury's tax-refund method was "ill-informed and intemperate." As the neighboring *Herald Tribune* explains:

> "The tax laws are made to do justice equally to the Government and the citizen. They are so complicated that errors and uncertainties are inevitable. Both sides make mistakes in figuring out amounts due. The Treasury can expose and correct the taxpayer's errors. Why should it not show equal alacrity in repairing its own blunders?
>
> "The Treasury should have no hesitation about admitting that it is wrong if impartial consideration of a case shows that it is wrong. Congress also ought not oppose repayments simply because they are repayments.
>
> "Probably no such effort would be made if the majority of the refunds did not go to corporations. Corporations are supposed to be impersonal abstractions, whose feelings can not be hurt. As a matter of fact, every dollar wrongly taken from a corporation is taken from individual stockholders. They are entitled to as much consideration as stockholders as they are entitled to as individuals."



THE PUNCHING-BAG

—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record*.

In the opinion of Under-Secretary of the Treasury Mills:

> "If we were dealing in thousands, rather in millions, in making this Steel Corporation refund, and with a small corporation instead of a large one, this discussion, in all probability, would not have arisen. We have paid out an immense sum in refunds during the last twelve years, but the total amount paid back constitutes but 2.5 per cent. of the total amount collected.
>
> "Ordinarily, neither the taxpayer nor the Government is to blame for the situation creating the necessity for a refund. It may result from a change in the tax law, from a misinterpretation of the law by the taxpayer, from the discovery by the taxpayer that he has paid too much, or his failure to take advantage of a provision of law enacted for his relief and later extended to him.
>
> "What I would emphasize is that under a tax law which deals with such a great variety of circumstances, reaches so many people, and produces so much revenue, cases must arise, even under the most favorable conditions, without any fault on the part of the taxpayer or the administrators, where the taxpayer finds that he has either overpaid or underpaid the Government. If the first, he is entitled to be repaid; if the second, the Government is entitled to an additional tax.
>
> "In neither case is there any occasion for criticism or for belief on the part of the public that it is confronted with anything abnormal, unexpected, or alarming."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

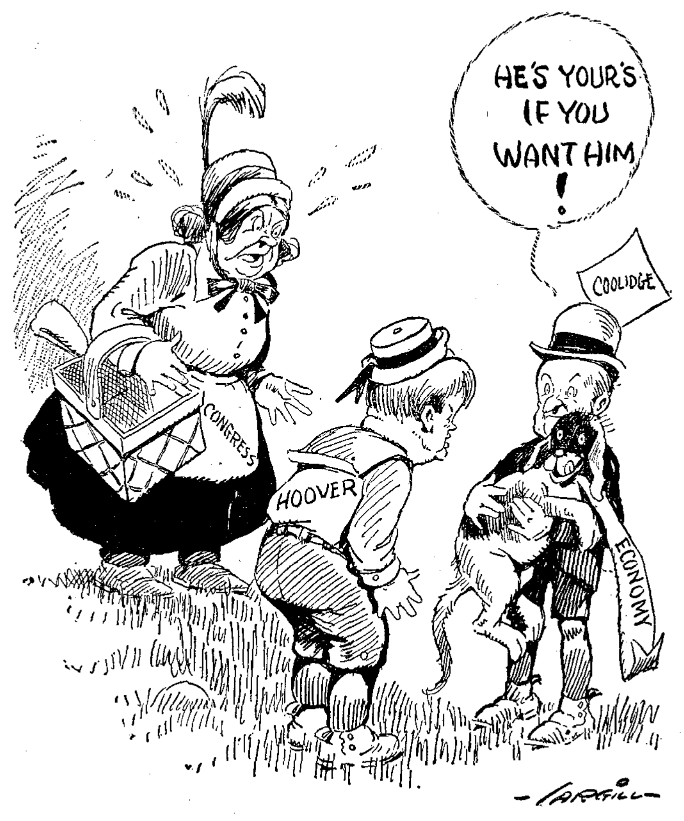
The claim that crime is news because it is unusual has begun to lose its validity.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

"Reduce the smoke nuisance" is now the cry in Washington. Candy trust propaganda?—*Boston Transcript.*

No wonder the temperature dropt in California with Mr. Hoover date-lined from Florida.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

That airplane that broke all records for sustained altitude should have been named "Stock Market."—*Southern Lumberman.*

We may expect future wars to be deadlier and more expensive if the outlawry of war has the same effect on them that Prohibition has had upon liquor.—*San Diego Union.*



"HERBERT!"

—Cargill in the Jersey *Journal.*

Those in the skirt business just naturally have to sell short.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Our idea of a State of uncertainty, for Governors at least, is Oklahoma.—*Lynchburg News.*

The new Einstein theory is said to be something like love. No one else can possibly understand it.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

At any rate, there is always a possibility that the murderer of Rothstein may be arrested for jay-walking.—*The New Yorker.*

A biologist has decided that the ape is not man's ancestor, and that ought to be comforting to the ape.—*Indianapolis News.*

Senator Swanson says the new cruiser bill simply holds out the olive branch of peace. We had no idea olive branches were so expensive. —*San Diego Union.*

A scientist has found a way to get gasoline out of inedible fish. The thing is not commercially profitable as yet, so it will probably be some time before we can have our big fish-oil scandal.—*The New Yorker.*

Insanity is said to be decreasing. Maybe it's because so many things that used to be considered crazy aren't any more.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A lady on trial in New York says she can't remember shooting her husband. Goodness! She should have tied a string around her finger.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The opinion of those Standard Oil stockholders seems to be that perjury isn't naughty if it doesn't interfere with dividends.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

The recent honors heaped on the inventor of the airplane are enough to make any man feel that he'd rather be Wright than President.—*Southern Lumberman.*

In London a society has been incorporated to aid wealthy persons in distributing their funds. In America such an organization is known as a night club.—*San Diego Union.*

The pronunciation of "margarin" with a soft "g," as advocated by the B. B. C. experts, is in our opinion less objectionable than the practise of pronouncing it "butter."—*Punch.*

A dyspeptic editor says that no intelligent human being can possibly be interested in the tabloid newspapers. Maybe that's the reason they are so immensely popular.—*Southern Lumberman.*

Chicago's troubles with gangsters will not end until its patience does.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

California reports a population of 5,000,000. No wonder patronage problems trouble Herbert.—*Dallas News.*

A scientist declares that man's beginning was an accident. Yes, and his finish is getting to be that also.—*Miami Herald.*

The last expert opinion on Wall Street is that all stocks are certain to decline except those that go up.—*Southern Lumberman.*

The arrest of 3,000 persons in one day in a Chicago gang round-up tends to create the impression that the police knew about where to go.—*Indianapolis News.*

Unleash the dogs of war, and civilization goes to the bow-wows.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

The Afghanistan chapter of the Anti-Reform League seems a bit more successful than the U. S. chapter.—*Tampa Tribune.*

"Religion by mail is Episcopalian plan," reads a head-line. Can it be returned after five days if not used?—*Lynchburg News.*

The Navy's business in time of war is to sink ships, but the statesman's duty in time of peace is to sink differences.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Devil's Lake, Michigan, is holding an ice-cutting bee, and while that's not our idea of fun, it must be more pleasant than holding an ordinary bee.—*Detroit News.*

The favorite food of Mr. William Walker, aged 107, the oldest man in England, is pork. Vegetarians maintain that he is bound to suffer for it in the long run.—*Punch.*

We see by the court calendar that it is almost time for Secretary Fall's regular semiannual trial and acquittal.—*Southern Lumberman.*

The peace pact allows the countries to carry war-ships in their budgets and friendships in their agreements.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A banker named O'Leary is one of the business men planning to clean up Chicago. A Mrs. O'Leary did it once, with a cow.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

If the country was as much concerned about the prevention of automobile accidents as about the prevention of flu, we wouldn't be so badly run down.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In the last election Mr. Hoover was supported by 21,429,109 voters, of whom he is now wondering if there are any who do not expect him to support them.—*San Diego Union.*

Henry Ford believes that young men shouldn't save their money, and that's one point where the young men seem to be in hearty accord with Henry.—*Southern Lumberman.*

A newspaper printed on cornstalk paper is no longer a joke. However, it behooves us to get off our chest a suggestion that the colyum therein be entitled "Shucks."—*Chicago Daily News.*

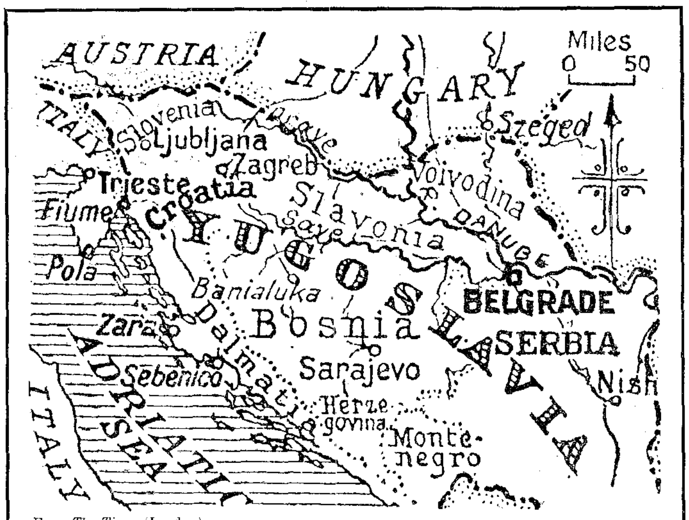
The Senate asks for suggestions for making military aviation safer. Congress might again begin to furnish those war-time contract planes that couldn't get off the ground.—*San Diego Union.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE KING'S STRONG MEDICINE FOR JUGOSLAVIA

THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE between the proclamation of a dictatorship in Jugoslavia as compared with other European countries, such as Italy and Spain, it seems, is that in Jugoslavia the head of the kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes succeeded in making himself dictator instead of submitting to the direction of a political leader. Jugoslavia's royal and military dictatorship, as has been noted previously in these pages, was established by a bold stroke of King Alexander, after he had failed to solve the country's political crisis by prolonged consultations with the various party leaders. The disputes of the jarring races led to bloodshed last June when the members of the Raditch family, the Croatian leaders, were assassinated in Parliament. The Croats then set up a Parliament of their own in Zagreb, their old capital, and discord has been rampant. The King issued a decree, as we read in the press—

> "1. Suspending the Constitution of 1921 until further notice.
>
> "2. Ordering a dissolution of the Skupshtina (Parliament) elected in December, 1927.
>
> "3. Notifying that during the period of the suspension, laws will be repealed or altered by Royal Decree only."



From The Times (London)

WHERE EUROPE'S NEWEST DICTATOR RULES

Jugoslavia's King Alexander abrogated the Constitution, suspended Parliament, and appointed a Ministry mainly of persons outside Parliament to carry on the Government of the country by decree, because he could get no help from the political parties of his country.

Immediately the eyes of all Europe were turned on Jugoslavia. In Germany the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* remarks that King Alexander has cut the Gordian knot of his country with "the sword of a general," but, it adds, as happens in all such operations, "doctor and patient are well; the only pity is that in such cases the end is more important than the beginning." This German daily goes on to state that the main cause of Jugoslavia's difficulties during the past ten years has been that the Serbs, tho numerically a minority in the new Jugoslav State, maintained the position of master over the Jugoslav majority, and especially over the Croats. This daily then gives the following interesting list of the sections that make up the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. According to the census of 1921, there are in the country the following sections with their populations:

Old Serbia	2,655,000
South Serbia (Macedonia)	1,475,000
Montenegro	200,000
Bosnia and Herzegovina	1,900,000
Croatia and Slavonia	2,740,000
Slovenia	1,056,000
Dalmatia	622,000
Woivodina	1,380,000

It is further pointed out by this Liberal German journal that all these sections of the country differ in social composition, history, culture, national economy, and even in their written language. The result has been, we read, that in the course of ten years twenty Cabinets have been unable to effect harmonious action in Jugoslavia. The *Vossische Zeitung* then takes issue with Conservative German newspapers such as the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* and *Lokalanzeiger*, which rejoiced at the overthrow of the Jugoslav Parliamentary régime, and voices the hope that King Alexander "in establishing his dictatorship will follow the precedent of old Rome, where a dictatorship was appointed for a definite time and for a definite task, but subsequently restoring the popular liberties now abolished." Quite another view of the situation is taken by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which thinks the return of Jugoslavia to absolute monarchy is fraught with danger, because such an event has not been witnessed in Europe for more than a hundred years. This journal hopes that King Alexander will eventually call a National Assembly.

The Vienna press, which always pays the closest attention to everything that happens in Jugoslavia, is pessimistic about the Belgrade dictatorship. Thus the *Neue Freie Presse:*

> "The sooner the situation develops in Jugoslavia, the better the interests of that country and of Europe itself will be served. The hope will prevail that the interregnum of absolutism will soon give way to the establishment of a healthy order of things under which the aspirations of the South Slav races will be fulfilled."

More gloomy even is the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, which declares that "one of the hardest jobs that any régime will face in Jugoslavia is the amalgamation of two different peoples like the Serbs and the Croats. We in Austria know something about these matters, and we know also that the present Serb-Croat-Slovene State is made up of mutually opposed elements that offer only a slim foundation for a homogeneous State organization."

As to the press in Jugoslavia, some outside observers find in its practically unanimous praise of the new order of things a sure sign of the efficiency of the censorship in Belgrade. At the same time there are those who say many Jugoslav editors must be given credit for expressing their sincere convictions in so cordially welcoming the dictatorship. Says the Belgrade *Politika:*

> "The Royal Proclamation suspending the Constitution is not only the logical consequence of the old state of things, but also a token of the peaceful solution of the present difficulty. Let us confidently hope that many mistakes of the past will be remedied in this new way."

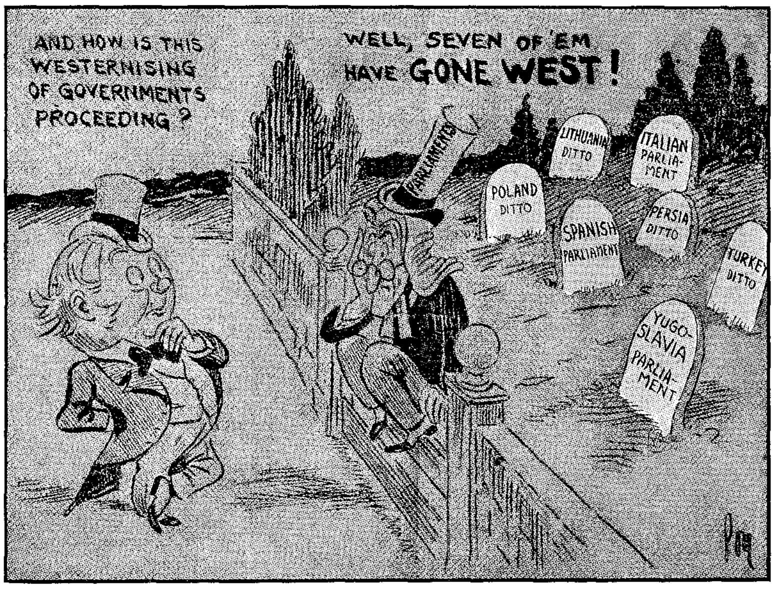
Another Belgrade newspaper, the *Novosti*, also expresses relief at the change in conditions, and looks forward hopefully, as may be seen:

> "Ten years of varied experiences with the political parties of Jugoslavia have made the last experiment necessary, even if the events of June 20 [the murder of Raditch] had not taken place. The new extra-constitutional régime must prepare the way for a real reform of the State Government and Parliamentary life."

The Croatian *Youtarni List*, published in Zagreb, expresses the hope "that the new Government will evolve a new governmental organization which will better respond to the needs and the interests of the nation." The same is the view of the Croatian *Obzor*, but the extreme Nationalistic *Hrvat* discontinued its editorials after the extablishment of the dictatorship.

A Croatian leader, Matchek, is quoted in the Budapest *Pesti Hirlap* as saying bitterly:

> "In all Croatia opinion is unanimous that this dictatorship is aimed against the Croatian people. The appointment of three Croats in the new Cabinet is to pull the wool over the eyes of foreign opinion. We Croatians declare to the whole world that any loans contracted by the dictators will not be recognized. From the moment this dictatorship was declared Croatia has been closed to the outside world. This explains how the dictators can tell everybody that their act has been received with joy by the Croatian people. We Croatians wanted satisfaction for the murder of Raditch, and we received the dictatorship, which means the *annihilation* of the Croatian people."



WESTWARD HO!

—*The Evening News* (London).

Italy, of course, is always keenly interested in Jugoslav affairs, and the remarks of some Fascist newspapers are significant. Thus the Rome *Tribuna* observes:

> "Italy can note events in Jugoslavia with equanimity. There is only one important aspect in the situation, and that is the complete bankruptcy of the Parliamentary régime, which, following the French system, manifested itself in the creation of a multitude of political parties, in fruitless elections, and in perennial government crises. The *coup d'état* of Belgrade carries in itself the condemnation of French policy in Jugoslavia, which was based on the principle of opposing Italy with a strong anti-Italian State. Italy has no grounds for changing her policy, which is founded on two principles: first, the solution of all Adriatic difficulties, and, secondly, the establishment of friendlier relations with Jugoslavia."

In case the dictatorship of King Alexander fails, not only will he lose his throne, "but the Jugoslav State itself will be dissolved," adds the *Tribuna*. Another Fascist paper, the *Giornale d'Italia*, in discussing the new régime in Belgrade, finds no analogy with Fascism, because the Italian dictatorship "came from the people, whereas the Jugoslavian is decidedly from above." This same view is voiced by the *Popolo d'Italia*. Still another journal, the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, declares the Jugoslav dictatorship to be the "final attempt to keep the triune State together. King Alexander plays his last card, and Italy is annoyed because she does not like to see her neighbors in the throes of internal trouble." Finally, the *Mattino* of Naples ridicules the Belgrade dictatorship as a cheap imitation of Fascism.

As was to be expected, France took great interest in the event of Jugoslavia, in view of the fact that King Alexander is a formal ally of the French Republic. The Paris *Temps*, said to be a semiofficial organ of the Foreign Office, asks "whether this dictatorship is just another act of the Jugoslav drama, or the definite settlement of the disturbed condition of that country." It expresses satisfaction at the statement of King Alexander that the Parliamentary régime will be respected in the future as soon as the danger threatening the unity of the State is eliminated. Also the *Temps* says that the only perilous element in Jugoslavia lies in the presence of the military in the new Government, but then "the King should be able to carry on, and preserve the peace." Another French view is disclosed in the *Echo de Paris*, whose political editor, Pertinax, writes:

> "The danger from this Royal dictatorship is great. In view of the fact that King Alexander was the only official figure respected by all sections of Jugoslavia, any mistake that he might make will be fatal to Jugoslav unity. When this once happens, anything may follow in Middle Europe. The Hungarians will be the first to take advantage of the unsettled conditions of Jugoslavia, and Austria would not hesitate to declare her union with the German Reich."

The thoughtful, well-informed *Journal des Débats* observes:

> "The events at Belgrade have only one interpretation, and that is the repudiation of popular government in favor of an absolute monarchy. This is shown in the way in which King Alexander has carried his plan through, thus proving that he had it long in mind. The King tried to favor the Croats, but was not successful, and when he found that the unity of the State was threatened, he assumed the supreme command. He could have appointed some statesman to carry his program through, but unfortunately Jugoslavia can not boast of a Venizelos."

Returning to the Balkans, we find in the Athens press two currents of opinion, for while government organs are skeptical of the success of Jugoslavia's dictatorship, the Opposition newspapers, because of their strong Royalist inclination, openly admire the *coup d'état* of King Alexander. *Patris*, a republican journal, sees no hope of immediate political stabilization in the "present military dictatorship," while *Eleftheron Vima*, a government supporter, says it was first suggested to King Alexander by the late Stephen Raditch, leader of the Croats, as a preventive of Jugoslavia's dismemberment. In Bulgaria the *Mir* does not believe the new régime will improve relations between Jugoslavia and Bulgaria, while in Roumania the semiofficial *Viitorul* speaks of Jugoslavia's new Premier, General Zivkovich, as "one of the foremost and most dreaded military men of Serbia," and reveals dread of this fact as a menace to the new dictatorship. Yet this journal hopes for its success because of its sympathy with Roumania, "neighbor and ally." A personal statement was given to the Associated Press by King Alexander, in which he said:

> "I must first get rid of the useless cogs which are clogging and upsetting the efficiency of the machinery. I must get my house in order and wipe out the political organizations whose chief idea has been to emphasize differences among our peoples and thus sow dissensions.
>
> "Our people are really all one in heart and soul and there is no real difference in national feeling among the Croats, Slovenes or Serbs.
>
> "All belong to one family, and no real separatist feeling exists. The Croats will remain Croats and the Serbs and the Slovenes will retain their individuality, but all will be proud to be Jugoslavs.
>
> "King Alexander adds that every effort would be made to keep foreign relations on a friendly basis with all."

THE MISERY OF BRITAIN'S MINERS

A QUARTER OF A MILLION MEN in Britain's coal-mining districts, with three times as many women and children dependent on them, are now hungry and in rags. This tragic news was broadcast to all England by the Prince of Wales in his appeal on behalf of the Lord Mayor's Fund for distrest miners, and it struck various British editors with the realization that the plight of the miners is "not a local but a national disaster." The Prince also disclosed that the miners have "not been in full work for the last four or five years." Almost every worker has experienced short time, fewer shifts per week, and less earnings to take home. With no work and no wages, the Prince added, the miners have been obliged to draw on what little they had in the way of savings, furniture, and the rest, and then "at last, helpless distress, starvation face to face—nothing—and few places to go for help." In a Canadian Press dispatch to the Calgary *Daily Herald*, from a town called Bishop-Auckland in the mining region of Durham, George Hambleton gives a characteristic picture of the human misery in that and other coal sections:

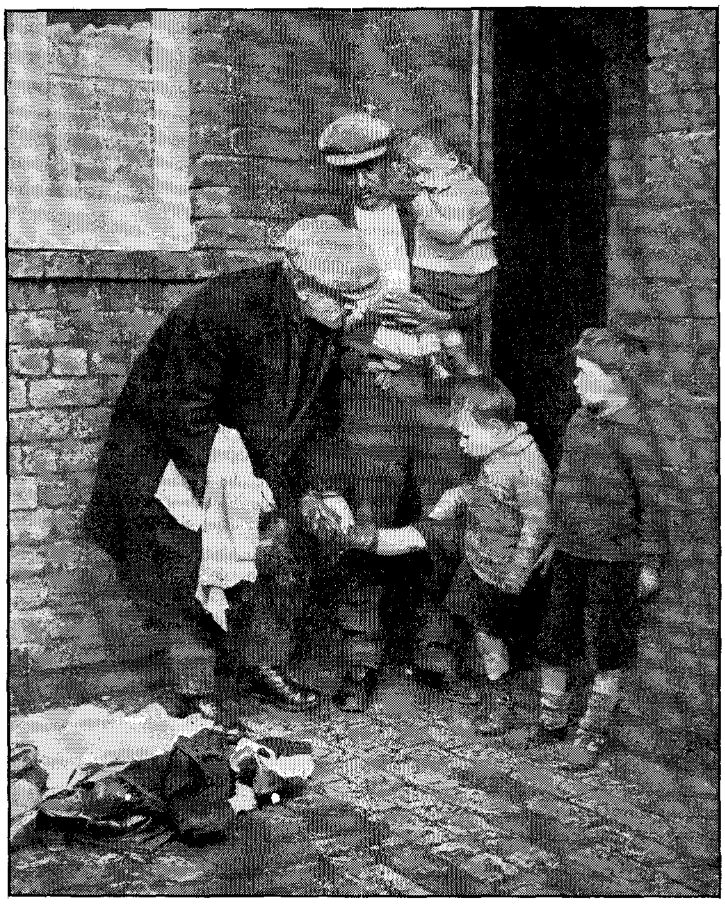
"Children with pinched faces, shivering through their ragged clothes in the raw cold; men wandering aimlessly about dirty, ill-kept streets; rows of houses huddled together, their broken windows stuffed with rags. It is such pictures of destitution as these one meets on every hand in the mining villages of Durham.

"Bishop-Auckland is a shopping center for a mining neighborhood in which destitution is probably the worst of any district in England. Those houses, huddled along dirty streets, all have their tragic stories to tell.

"Close by is the village of Witton Park, with a population of 2,000, of which 600 are ex-service men. Only about a dozen of those 600 are working. Like the miners of South Wales, they have been caught in the economic squeeze of no market. What with strikes and stoppages, some have had scarcely any continued work since they were demobilized. There are youths of nineteen who have not done a real day's work since they left school. They gradually are drifting lower and lower.

"Hundreds of families are dependent solely on parish relief or charity, for the men have been so long without work they have run out of benefits both in government employment insurance and miners' funds. Scanty purchases by vouchers reveal diets of bread and corn and bread and margarine. Saturday night the butcher sells his sixpenny worth or ninepenny worth of meat-bone. The worst cases wait till the butcher cart is on its return journey, hoping to get their Sunday supply still cheaper.

"According to Sargeant Carney, of the British Legion, who served with a Canadian ammunition column in France, and now is helping with relief work in Witton Park, many of the men could not do any hard physical work now if they got it. Their stamina is so reduced, he said, their hands have become so soft, they could not tackle anything heavy. Besides, they have no clothes to work in."



From *The Sphere* (London)

HELPING ONE LITTLE COAL-MINE SUFFERER

In Britain's stricken coal districts there are 250,000 men, with three times as many women and children dependent upon them, who are without a livelihood.

This informant goes on to say that notes which relief authorities receive, penciled in warning hands on scraps of paper, tell each its own story of despair. He cites the case of a family of ten existing on a week's voucher of twenty-five shillings from the Board of Guardians, with an additional eight shillings in money, which "works out at rather more than eighty cents a head," and he continues:

"They have five shillings sixpence rent a week to pay. They can not buy meat. Their bedclothes are gone. The whole family sleeps on two mattresses covered by ragged clothes and old overcoats.

"There is a family of six receiving twenty-eight shillings a week in poor relief. Three of the children are sick, chiefly, it is stated, as a result of poor food. The mother pleads for a shilling to buy beef tea which the doctor has ordered. Another mother wants bedclothes; there is a baby only a few days old. They are on short rations of food, but it is clothes and bedclothes they all ask. Old coats worn by men in the streets cover shirts hanging in tatters. Often they have no underclothing at all.

"And in all this destitution in Durham there is a bitter irony, for Witton Park was once a promising center of industry. Through it, George Stephenson ran his first railway train from Darlington to Stockton. Now it is just a mining village with underfed children in tattered clothes with three-quarters of its people on poor rates. So far, bettering trade prospects have affected it none. Thirty families have gone to Canada under various schemes of assistance. But, in the main, its men are drifting along aimlessly without work.

"It has become a village of industrial desolation waiting for something to turn up."

Naturally the Stanley Baldwin Conservative Government is subjected to sharp criticism for the miners' distress by its press opponents. Referring to the Premier's plan to grant the Lord Mayor's Fund £1 for every £1 received in voluntary subscriptions—which means £150,000 down, and for the future £1 for every further £1 voluntarily subscribed—the London *Daily Chronicle* observes sarcastically:

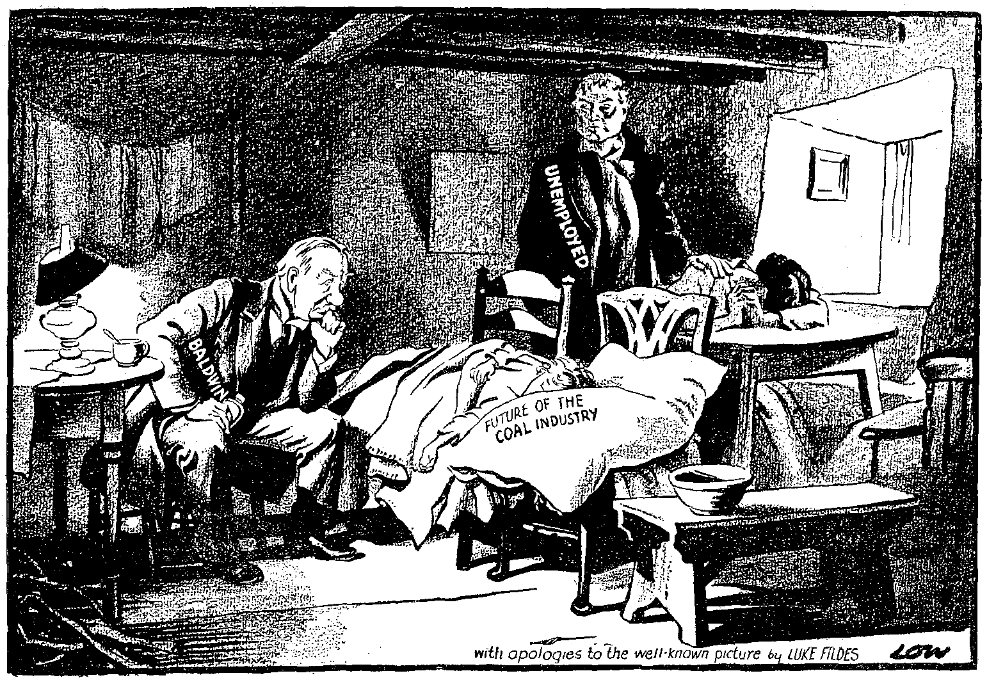
"That the mountain of the State should be in labor to produce this ridiculous mouse can only strike the miners as a mockery of their misery. . . .

"We could have understood, tho we should not have approved of, the position of the Government if it had definitely steeled its heart against the cry of need from the suffering areas, and had left the matter to private charity. Such a position would have been cruel, but it would have been intelligible. But to admit that the State must intervene because the need transcends the scope of private charity, and then to offer a niggardly sum which can not possibly meet that need, is to stultify its action alike from the point of view of sternness and generosity. . . .

"The Prime Minister said that this matter had been considered in relation to 'a policy'—a policy, he implied, for the more permanent remedy of unemployment among miners.

"What policy? Does he refer to the crumbs of assistance provided for transferring the families of those miners for whom the gods, and not the Government, are expected to provide work? Does he refer to the meager schemes for training men? Or to the derating scheme, the full benefit of which, we are told, may be reaped fifteen years hence?

"In relation to 'a policy'! Surely Mr. Baldwin means the old policy of the subsidy. But whereas in 1925 he was willing to give twenty-three million pounds to purchase the postponement of a quarrel, to-day he will not offer half a million to keep the victims of his policy alive."


UNEMPLOYED
BALDWIN
FUTURE OF THE COAL INDUSTRY
with apologies to the well-known picture by LUKE FILDES
LOW

THE PUZZLED DOCTOR

—Low in *The Evening Standard* (London).

A London Labor organ, *The Daily Herald*, also is cynical about the Baldwin plan to shift the unemployed miners to new fields of labor. Of this "industrial transfer" plan, it declares bitingly:

"The tragedy of the situation is daily being rendered more tragic by the chaotic operation of that crowning lunacy, the Government's industrial transfer scheme.

"Instead of producing good and wholesome effects, it is accentuating the already wide-spread suffering among the workless, jeopardizing standards and conditions, complicating industrial problems. And, in addition, there is only too much evidence to show that unemployed miners, misled by the hopes of work outside their own areas, are trekking from the devastated spots to other districts, only to find that there is nothing for them but to become beggars on the roads.

"Under such circumstances, charity, on even the most generous scale, is utterly inadequate to cope with the situation. Mr. Baldwin must find ways and means of providing work for the workless—by afforestation, by land reclamation, by highway construction, by the building of houses for the people, and by other means which have been outlined many a time by the Labor party. He must consider raising the necessary funds by loan or in some other way. Given the will, this can be done. Otherwise the canker of distress and want will increase in power and in destruction."

But a stanch supporter of the population-transfer scheme is the ultra-Conservative London *Morning Post*, which meanwhile urges care and tact in coordinating the various relief movements. On the subject of the reasons for the distress in the mining areas, this daily remarks:

"It would be offering false comfort to suggest that these causes are merely temporary, or that all that is needed is an outburst of charity. The main thing to be done is to transfer the population, whose livelihood has come to an end, to new fields of labor. But this is a work which can only be done gradually, as the occasion arises. In the meantime, the wolf has to be kept from the door."

POSSIBILITIES OF DISTILLED COAL

CANADA'S COAL PROBLEMS lack entirely the dreadfulness of the coal situation in England and Wales, note some Canadian journals in their sympathy, not only human but practical, for their kinsfolk overseas. At the same time, it appears, the coal tragedy in Britain urges them to watch every move made there toward the correction of so poignant and disastrous a defect in one of the British key industries. As the Toronto *Globe* views the matter, altho the coal-miners' stoppage is deplorable in its immediate results, it may yet prove to be the indirect starting-point for "a new era in the coal industry in all parts of the world." The troubles of the coal industry in Britain and the ensuing recommendations, we are told, intensified the research work that had long been under way to solve the coal question. The latest information *The Globe* has found about these endeavors, we are advised, concerns experiments in distilling coal, which are said to have brought results that open the way for "national development on a commercial basis." This Toronto newspaper goes on:

"*The Daily Record and Mail* of Glasgow recently told of what has been done at a plant at Dunston, near Newcastle. From the distillation of one ton of coal, priced at 12s, by-products valued as follows were obtained:

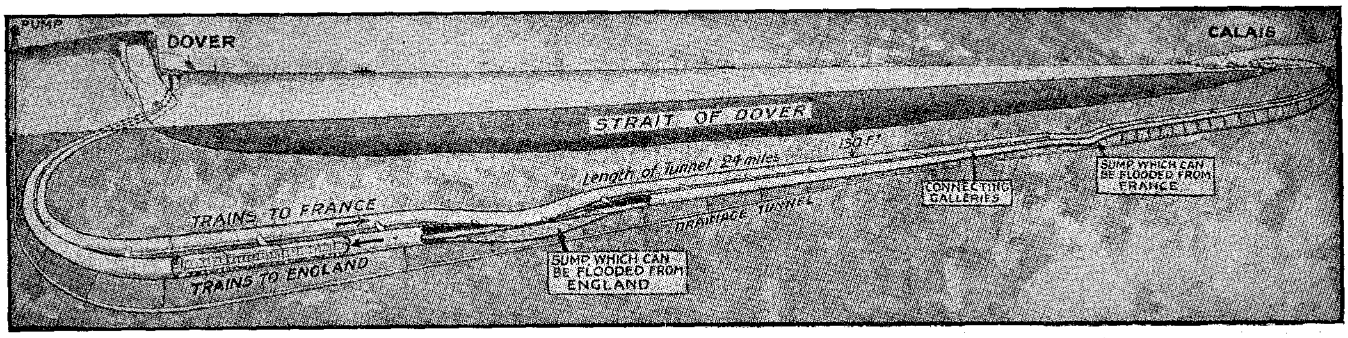
	s	d.
"1 gallon motor spirit	1	2
1 gallon white spirit	1	1
1.43 gallons crude paraffin	0	5.36
6.88 gallons creosote	4	8.76
5 gallons pitch	2	2.9
.507 gallon cresylic acid	0	10.14
Semi-coke and gas	9	1.44

"After allowing for cost of operation and maintenance there is a net profit of 3s per ton on by-products. While the distillation process is in progress, however, it is contributing to a national electrification scheme which, it is declared, will revolutionize British industry by providing cheap power. 'The system itself,' says *The Daily Record and Mail*, 'lies in the distillation of coal purchased from neighboring collieries in low-temperature carbonization retorts, heated by coke-over gas, the recovery of chemical and oil by-products, pulverization of the coke remaining after distillation, followed by combustion, along with surplus gases under boilers in a generation station. In this way coal as a raw material becomes converted into oils, tar, and chemical by-products, and emerges from the power station as electrical energy, which can be fed into the public supply network, and, ultimately, when the national scheme is complete, into the "grid" operated by the Central Electricity Board.'

"To supply 100 tons of fuel value to the power station 131 tons of raw coal would be needed. It is estimated that, if the electrical supply of the country were provided in this way, 29,000,000 tons of coal would be required annually by 1940. The cost of electrical current would be almost inconceivably low, and the millions of gallons of by-products would give a substantial profit."

To the Toronto *Globe* these revelations suggest that they may show the way in which the coal problems of Nova Scotia and the Western Provinces of Canada will be solved ultimately, for—

"It has been agreed for many years that the burning of raw coal in heaters is a waste, but necessity did not arise to compel a change. The day may not be far distant when neither Alberta nor Cape Breton coal will be available for Ontario; we may have to use its fuel properties in some other form."



THE NEW PLAN FOR THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL

A diagrammatic sketch of the latest scheme for a channel tunnel between England and France. This provides for a double tunnel twenty-four miles in length, with connecting galleries between. Two sumps at equal distances from the French and English coasts, respectively, could, in an emergency, be flooded by pressing buttons at suitable places in England and in France. The tunnel would be bored through a layer of chalk marl.

—*The Daily Mail* (London).

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL TO THE FORE

A NEW WAVE OF ENTHUSIASM for building a tunnel connecting England and France by ninety-mile-an-hour railway-trains, to escape the traditional disturbing waves of the English Channel on its surface, is arousing discussion in England in France and over the Continent in general. The home argument from British advocates is that the tunnel construction would vastly relieve Britain's unemployment situation. From Madrid a correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* reports that the possibility of sending fruits and other commodities by special train direct through France to England is welcomed in Spain, and he adds that "travelers would be glad to be able to visit England without having to make a sea voyage." A Budapest correspondent of the same London daily notes considerable interest in the Channel tunnel project in Hungary which, it is stated there, "would be of tremendous advantage in speeding up international communications." Not England alone, but all Europe, according to a Swiss authority, "would benefit from this new link with the Continent." The London correspondent of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* expresses the opinion that the outlook for the Channel tunnel proposal may perhaps be regarded more seriously now than on any occasion during the past fifty years. A firm advocate for the Channel tunnel scheme is Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, the famous British exponent and defender of the principles of the League of Nations. He is quoted in the British press from a speech he delivered at Newcastle as saying that the suggested disadvantages of the Channel tunnel are remote and fantastical, and he "could not conceive anything less likely to take place than a sudden and unforeseen attack" by France on England. The dangers that would threaten England "would not be those of invasion through the Channel tunnel, but would be from the air and from starvation, neither of which would be affected by the tunnel."

In striking contrast we find a supporter of the old-time military objection in the London *Saturday Review*, which is positive:

> "The longer we examine the arguments for and against the tunnel the clearer is our conviction that the real issue is political and strategical, not commercial. We doubt very much whether intercourse between England and France is greatly impeded by the sea-passage, or whether there really are people who refuse to cross because the Channel might be too fresh, but would be delighted to come by tunnel. Any one who honestly examines his heart will agree that by far the most important deterrent from crossing the Channel in a ship is the discomfort of the Customs when he lands. It is not necessary to build a tunnel to diminish this. There is no reason why all hand baggage should not be examined in the trains on either side; there is certainly plenty of time, and there ought to be plenty of room too. But these are, after all, trifles. The really serious question—the answer to which will settle the question of the tunnel one way or the other—is this: Will the construction impair the freedom of our military and political dispositions? If the answer be 'No,' the tunnel will probably be made sooner or later. But if the answer be 'Yes,' the tunnel should be opposed, even tho the commercial arguments for it were fifty times more powerful than they are.
>
> "More and more are we convinced, as the full story of the war is revealed, that the entanglements of continental strategy served to increase our losses without proportionate increase of gratitude or prestige. We were tied down to the defense of a small area of France when we might have rendered equal or greater service to the Allies elsewhere at far less cost. Is there not a danger that the tunnel will make that entanglement permanent? At present, in any future war in which we are engaged on the same side as France, it by no means follows that we should again make ourselves responsible for the defense of the French side of the Straits.
>
> "But if there were a tunnel, would it be possible to resist the argument that the other end of the tunnel must be defended by our army as tho it were British soil? And should we not in those circumstances lose our freedom to choose the directions on which our strategy should develop and be committed to another war on the same lines as the last, in which our young men had to pay the penalty not only of our own but of the French mistakes, too? Nor would the consequences be military only, or confined to the period of actual war. They might also be political and deflect the normal course of our peace policy, giving it a French bias and subtly undermining the force and independence of our views. These seem to us the really serious issues raised by the project of the tunnel, and until they are cleared up satisfactorily all other arguments are relatively of so little importance as hardly to be worth discussion."

Crossing the Channel, as it is possible by boat or air in these days, we find the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* relating that all the French authorities he has consulted say the Channel tunnel scheme is held up in England because of the objections of the British Committee of Imperial Defense, and this informant further reports:

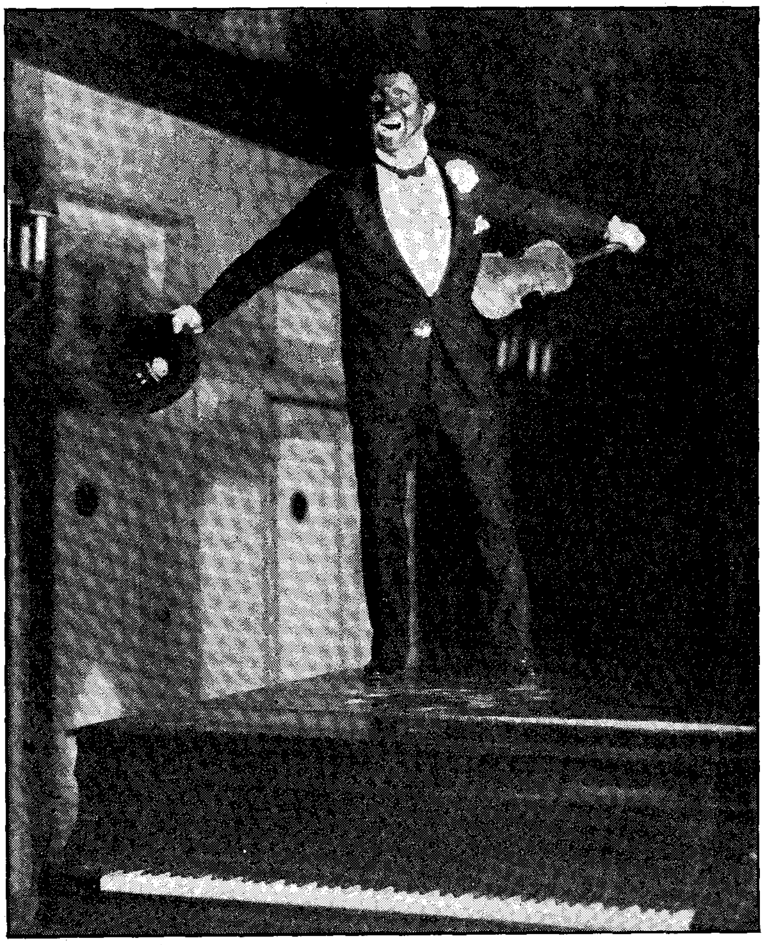
> "Neither military nor civil authorities here understand this attitude. I am assured that the highest French military authorities, after giving their own blessing to the scheme, have placed themselves in the position of the Committee of Imperial Defense, and have been unable to discover any sufficient military reason for its veto.
>
> "It is true that if the tunnel were made it would probably be found necessary to equip it with means of cutting communications at a moment's notice, and with defense works to cover its mouth. A certain amount of extra expenditure on such works, and on personnel to man them, would be necessary; but this expenditure would be small compared with the total cost of building the tunnel, and French expert opinion appears to have no doubt that this cost would be amply covered by the earnings of the tunnel within a few years. . . .
>
> "The French advocates of the tunnel reply that the military danger is remote. What, it is asked, could be more easily defended than a railway tunnel running under twenty miles of sea, to say nothing of several miles under land at each end?"

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

"JOHNNY STRIKES UP THE BAND"

JAZZ ENTERED THE METROPOLITAN OPERA by way of the ballet several seasons ago, now a pseudo-jazz of Mittel Europa make sings in full operatic regalia. Ernst Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf," Englished for us as "Johnny Strikes Up the Band," comes to New York's aristocratic house after a record of hundreds of European performances, and brings forth a bewildering array of critical comment. In places least expected, like Mr. Henderson's columns in *The Sun*, the work is treated with amiable tolerance, and found to be a "good show." The austere Mr. Gilman of *The Herald Tribune* writes two columns of frank damnation. Mr. Downes of *The Times* is apparently complacent, tho the type-setter jazzed his article to an extent to cause frequent bewilderment as to the writer's meaning. Others are more or less in one or another of these categories. The combined impression is that injustice has been done to the original work in adapting it to American taste and prejudices; that the burlesque was funny on the staid Metropolitan stage through its incongruity, but would be counted far from first-rate stuff on a stage where it rightfully belongs; that the audience, outside the regular subscription clientele, relished it perhaps for the foregoing reason; that as music it is dull and quite innocent of the real jazz rhythm; and that its satiric purpose, a satire of Europe for its surrender to barbarous America, fails to come through its transformations. To recount the plot of this work, which rushes through twelve scenes with cinematographic speed, would not conduce to much clarity, so perhaps it is enough to present the ingredients as they were visioned by Inez Calloway in the New York *Daily News:*



Photograph by Carlo Edwards

NOT OFTEN SEEN AT THE STAID METROPOLITAN

Michael Bohnen, à la Al Jolson, as he sings atop the piano in "Jonny Spielt Auf."

"The spirit of Al Woods and the Columbia burlesque held rendezvous at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and the result was 'Jonny Spielt Auf,' the first jazz opera ever to send its syncopations and cacophonies through that staid house which has sheltered Wagner, Verdi, Bizet, and Mozart for decades.

"And if the uproarious applause which greeted the American première of this jazz work by a young German, Ernst Krenek, is a true indication of popular approval, then the standard repertoire of the Metropolitan is going to be invaded by the first sweet and low-down poppa in its history.

"Take two adjoining bedrooms, a keyhole that just fits the eye, a hotel chambermaid lifted from a French farce, the best ensemble from 'Blackbirds,' an auto wreck in plain view, a moaning saxophone and a derby hat, and you have, not too roughly speaking, 'Johnny Strikes Up the Band.'

"The performance last night was a personal triumph for Michael Bohnen, the German barytone, who created the rôle of *Jonny*. In a make-up that indicated he might break out with 'Mammy' at any moment, Bohnen was a plumper version of Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson.

"Jolson, who had come all the way from California to attend this première, went back stage between scenes to help Bohnen with his make-up.

"And if you cherish the idea that opera lovers never remove their tall millinery, you should have heard the loud guffaws that went up from the orchestra and boxes when Bohnen applied his eye to the keyhole of a bedroom wherein were carryings-on of the Mae West school of drama.

"And the audience just laffed and laffed when Bohnen, taking a leaf from Third Avenue burlesque, whacked the maid, Editha Fleischer, with his violin where whacking is spanking.

"Guilio Gatti-Casazza has a wow in his new offering.

"'Jonny Spielt Auf' lived up to Gatti-Casazza's creed: 'Anything that bores one is not artistic.'"

If you wish to listen to an indignant observer, here is Mr. Oscar Thompson of the New York *Evening Post:*

"'Jonny,' if a jazz opera only by courtesy, is all too palpably a product of the day. Weak as it is on the musical side, especially in its effort to utilize the American jazz idiom, which Europeans imitate, but seem never to achieve, it crams into twelve scenes about every objectionable characteristic of the age of jazz. It is vulgar, profane, speed-mad, sexy, soulless, superficial, scoffing, brassy, hard; a blend of the mechanical and the animal. And, so, we have at last the equivalent on the operatic stage of much cheap magazine literature and many even cheaper productions of the so-called legitimate stage. The opera has caught up with the times."

But as reports tell us an overcrowded house enjoyed the piece, we will harken to the tolerant Mr. Henderson of *The Sun*, who was not bemused by the noise either on the stage or in the house:

> "A critical consideration of this work should be based on a frank recognition of the truth that it is no such portentous thing as some of the ludicrous comments made in Germany must lead us to expect. It is not a solemn work of art at all, but a keen satire and a theater show. The dialog is written in prose and, except when *Max* tries to become lyrical over the glacier, from which he extracts inspiration and soul comfort, is what one might hear in any smart farce. But in order to carry out his scheme Krenek has set most of it to music of a modernist German opera type.
>
> "This is an inevitable result of his design. His aim was to travesty the kind of recitative so often heard in very grand opera, which disguises commonplace and even silly remarks in lofty sounding phrases. To be sure this method of applying the *reductio ad absurdum* in operetta and musical comedy is not new. It was practised with radiant humor many years ago by a team billed as Gilbert and Sullivan. Krenek does not confine his burlesque attacks to opera; all conventions of music are his target. Without doubt when he composed with pompous solemnity the polite conversation of *Max* and *Anita* on the glacier he was mindful of *Manfred* in the mountains communing with the spirit of *Astarte*.
>
> "Naturally, Krenek does not miss the opportunity to employ parody. The pretentious but commonplace theme which represents the glacier soon after its appearance is jazzed up, and there are other touches of this sort. The grand opera music is frequently dissonant in the approved style of the day, and there are some peppery instrumental combinations. The xylophone, the rattle, the railroad whistle, and the automobile horn lend their divine aid. There is not much of the blood of life in this music, but it is more convincing than its enemy, Mr. Krenek's jazz.
>
> "Here the lordly bass drum overpowers the xylophone and the automobile horn. But the fox-trotting of Krenek is pretty heavy business. The children of the gay white way will mock at it. One grown-up frequenter of the alley sighed as he recalled the classical jazz of one Hugo Riesenfeld, and would also have given a hard-earned simoleon to hear just the first page of George Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' flashed across the murky screen of Krenek. Returning to the general view, let it be said finally that this is a pretty good musical comedy with some outstanding moments, and that if you don't take it too seriously you can have a pleasant evening at its performance."

As Mr. Bohnen was the hero of the piece, it is well to add Mr. Downes's tribute to him:

> "Mr. Bohnen is a comedian, when so he chooses to be, of an uncommonly high order. He wore a black-face mask. The rest of him was white, in deference to dreaded prejudice. He was light as a cat on his feet, and no one will forget his strut, impudence, and swagger; the black 'mug' and the shining saxophone; the leap to the top of the piano, the brazen proclamation of *Jonny's* creed, to a chorale-like parody of 'Old Folks at Home.' As if in a church, the jazz-artist delivered his sermon, the admiring *Anita*, legs irreverently extended, but otherwise sitting as in a church pew, at his feet."

THE COVER—Mr. Ferris, in his historical series displayed on our cover, comes to the great event of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and we quote his words thereon:

> At about eleven o'clock the Presidential party reached the platform. Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, was late to arrive and did not commence his address of two hours' duration until noon; when he did, he spoke with his usual eloquent description and argument, his polished diction, his carefully studied and practised delivery. When he had concluded, Lincoln rose to speak. Statements by eye-witnesses of minor details of the occasion are numerous, and so contradictory that to mention them is idle; it is well to be content with Secretary Stanton's comment on the address itself:
>
> "Edward Everett has made a speech which will make many columns in the newspapers and Mr. Lincoln's perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possibility. It is elegant and learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men, where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks the English language."

MORE "HIGHBROWS" NEEDED

AMERICA MADE THE WORD "HIGHBROW." Will Irwin has the credit of the invention; and its opposite "lowbrow" came along inevitably. Highbrow is more or less a term of derision, but an English novelist and short-story writer, Norman Venner, gives it a significance we can all understand when he calls the highbrow a pioneer, the explorer in the artistic desert, but when his discoveries have become popular, the general public becomes highbrow without knowing it, and their leader has gone away into other fields. "He is only one of the general public acting alone," says Mr. Venner, and adds, "there are many people we could more easily spare." That does not relieve the highbrow of a certain taint of snobbishness, as Mr. Venner's analysis in *The Daily Express* (London) pretty clearly shows. "The true highbrow can never be a popular figure," we are told. "He must always be lonely, and lonely people are never popular." Also—

> "He is always a little comic, as he goes about scratching in the rubbish heap of endeavor, in the hope of coming across one small speck of the gold of achievement.
>
> "Sooner or later, after he has found it, the middlebrows and the lowbrows come to hear of it. The news is bandied about from mouth to mouth. Popularity sets in. But by that time the highbrow is off after something else.
>
> "He has no time for what is popular. His work can only be done alone. He must always be in a minority of one. He reads and swears by the books no one has ever heard of. He becomes enthusiastic over the music no one else can understand. His favorite painters are obscure nonentities, and he would be ashamed to praise a work of art or craft which any one else had seen or admired.
>
> "By a highbrow, I mean one who cares passionately for what he considers to be the best, before he has been told it is the best by popular applause. He has no relation with the absinthe-drinking, side-whiskered brigade, who live in Chelsea, St. John's Wood or Bloomsbury, nor with the gang who think that nothing is good which does not come from Russia or Central Africa.
>
> "The true highbrow's creed is 'I will find beauty for myself. I will look for beauty where there is no label of popularity. When I find it, I will talk about it and make it known. And when other people begin to talk about it, I will leave it alone and find something else.'
>
> "He is, of course, somewhat arrogant. He is an individualist. He is very often insufferable. But we ought to thank heaven for highbrows, for they leaven the whole lump.
>
> "Everybody reads Conrad to-day. His works are published in all manner of editions, and they sell and sell and sell. But if it had not been for a small group of highbrows, who encouraged and helped him to go on writing, when book after book was unsuccessful, he might have been starved to death.
>
> "It was the highbrows who, in the dark ages of Victorian music, kept the Bach tradition alive. Bach was looked on as too cold, too involved, altogether too highbrow for normal human beings.
>
> "Yet I know of a working-man's family to-day whose amusement it is of an evening to sing the Christmas Cantata unaccompanied, and Bach concerts become every year more and more popular.
>
> "Could anything be more indicative of a highbrow attitude than a passionate devotion to early English music at a time when most people did not know there was any such thing?
>
> "Yet the result has been to make the wealth of seventeenth-century music known, and the last time I saw Arnold Dolmetsch he said that once again musicians were coming here to study our music, instead of our musicians going abroad to study exclusively the music of other countries.
>
> "Modern art is supposed to be highbrow, and there was a period when it was so unpopular and so little understood that only the highbrows supported it.
>
> "But the best posters on our hoardings are the product of modernism, tho the highbrows who supported these artists in their difficult days are now ranging alone in new and less popular wildernesses."

Mr. Venner is too polite to name any highbrows, but perhaps the first name that suggests itself from the description is that of the Sitwells. They would probably glory in the title. Ezra Pound would be another, an American who lives abroad and chides us for our artistic sins. "We need more highbrows, not fewer," claims Mr. Venner. "We need them in the theater, in fiction, especially in magazine fiction, in architecture, in films, in the domestic arts." For why?

"We can all recognize the greatness of Chippendale, Purcell, Conrad, Swinburne, Gay, Turner, Wren, and those whose achievement has been sealed, signed, and delivered. It is the highbrow's task to seek out and support the newcomers.

"Some few names are already beginning to appear above the horizon. There is William Gerhardi in fiction, Peter Waals in furniture designing, Wilfred Norton, Bernard Leach, and Staite Murray in pottery, Humbert Wolfe in poetry, John Skeaping in statuary, all names which are growing more and more important each year.

ONE OF THE SITWELLS (OSBERT)

Who would like to become Dictator in England, so he insinuates, and set about rearranging life in general.

"Once they were known only to the highbrows, and they had to be content with the highbrows' appreciation, because there was no other. Sooner or later, their work will become known and loved by the great public, and they will have the double reward of success and of knowing they have never tampered with their own artistic ideals.

"For, in the end, the public comes to the best. The greatest mistake is to underestimate the public taste. Yet it is constantly underestimated.

"Every time a good book, a good play, a good piece of work is a popular success, the pessimists are surprized. They forget that the great mass of people only put up with indifferent work in the hope of one day stumbling across something really good."

If one is still puzzling over the highbrow, some further light may be shed on the matter by the following article which gives us specimens of the peculiar genre in which the highbrow works; and to confirm the above writer's opinion of the public, we may add that Mr. Sitwell won an admirer who delivered himself thus in *The Daily Mail* a few days later:

"Sir: May I be allowed to express my thanks for and admiration of the concise way in which Mr. Sitwell has exprest what I feel confident 90 per cent. of the men in the street want most in 1929? F. Roberts."

AND WHAT ONE "HIGHBROW" WISHES

"SITWELLIAN" AS AN ADJECTIVE, or "Sitwellism," a noun, has almost come to supplant "highbrow" in England. Perhaps it is well to have a word embodied, for then it becomes more graphic. The three Sitwells, Osbert, Sacheverell, and Edith are an English trio whose books are rather well known here; and while the three pursue their course of correcting their own country's esthetic sins, some of their gospel spills over upon us. Mr. Osbert Sitwell is regarded important enough to be included in a list of people asked by the London *Daily Mail* to tell what they most desire for 1929. If his politics concern us little, his humanity may contain a bit of a message for us. At any rate, his comments give us a hint of the conditions of public life over there. He begins by wishing he could own a car, "but it would be equally agreeable, and more practical, to have a system of traffic control which would permit one to make use of it." The next wish embraces a world-wide need:

"That people would realize that another war would destroy everything of beauty, everything that makes life worth living for them, every remaining shred of prosperity in Europe.

"That, in consequence, there should be a real and genuine outlawry of war.

"That the numerous old gentlemen who say that such a condition is impossible should be relegated to asylums.

"That all those younger men who like and believe in war, headed by several politicians, including Mr. Winston Churchill, should be conscripted to form a special permanent 'League of Nations' Army, which should act for it, as the police do in any town in every serious dispute.

"That it should be the rule of every nation that before it goes to war its chief war-makers must first engage in single combat with their rivals of the other countries, and that it must be a fight to a finish.

"That Mr. Baldwin should retire at the earliest possible opportunity into that private life of agriculture and reading-the-classics-by-the-fire for which he so often sighs in public."

The next wish deals with the Home Secretary who now bears the brunt of the criticism of a marked tendency toward a literary censorship:

"That Sir William Joynson-Hicks would join the Anglo-Catholics, and allow us to read the Prayer Book in peace if we want to.

"That in the cause of kindness to animals, electric foxes and electric poets should be substituted for the genuine article in our national sports of fox-hunting and poet-baiting.

"That there should be a permanent program of opera, omitting the works of Wagner (this last wish is for myself), in a permanent national opera house, and that Mr. Edgar Wallace should be compelled to attend it every night so as to become familiar with the music; but that this might not interfere with the output of his books.

"That horses, dogs, and most statues, should be barred from London's streets.

"That actors and actresses should give up golf and take to acting instead.

"That the Albert Memorial should be placed on the top of the Albert Hall opposite (each seems to cry out for the other), and that the Victoria Memorial should be completed by a gigantic glass case placed over it.

"That if the next Royal Academy exhibition at Burlington House is as dull and bad as the last one, some after-dinner speaker should tell the truth about it at this year's annual banquet.

"That two plays by Shakespeare should enjoy a long, simultaneous, and successful run in the West End of London.

"That people, generally, would at last realize that to be intelligent is not only more satisfactory, but also better fun, than to be stupid; and that therefore the word 'highbrow' in their mouths is more of a compliment than a reproach; that brains are given us, just as much as the foot, to be used, and that there is nothing intrinsically wrong in using them.

"That people would read the books they talk about, and understand the books they read.

"That the entertainment taxes should be abolished, and instead a special 'boredom tax' levied on golf, cricket, hockey, and footballs.

"But perhaps it would be better to compress all these wishes into one. 'Sitwellism'—tho I know not for what it stands except love of beauty, ability to express it, some wit, and a good deal of common sense—seems already, judging from the correspondence on the subject, to have reached the dimensions of a political problem.

"Would it not be wiser, therefore, to crystallize all these desires into the simple one that I should become Dictator? There is only one drawback . . . alas! I do not believe in dictatorships; yet public spirit again enters in, and I would be willing to overcome even this personal disinclination in order to be of help and benefit to my country."

A THEATER ROLLED INTO ONE

IF YOUR SHOW CAN CONQUER the stage hands and make them leave off their crap games to listen, you are surely something to count with. The audience comes to be entertained, but those who are part of the business, the ushers as well as the back-stage people, don't have to listen. But they listen to Ruth Draper. There is nothing else quite like her monolog impersonations. She calls them "character sketches," and Robert Littell, critic for the New York *Evening Post*, agrees that "they are exactly that." Monologs are a common form of entertainment, and doubtless the generations before Charles Mathews had their exemplars, but that is long past the memory of any living. To-day there are younger aspirants like Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner in the field where Beatrice Herford before Ruth Draper held the public's attention. But no one now disputes Miss Draper's supremacy. She has become the nightly bill in one of New York's theaters, and her task is to people the stage with types that would be handled by a half-dozen or more performers in the ordinary play. "She could keep you laughing uproariously through the whole evening," says Mr. Littell, 'but she prefers to do something much more original, more subtle and more interesting. Miss Draper adds to the regular subject matter of monologs the creation of 'straight' characters, no more ridiculous than you or I, but no less ridiculous than you or I would seem to ourselves if we could stand aside and take a long, hrewd look." Here are some of her creations:

"One of the items on her program is a lady at an art exhibition, making slightly ridiculous but always characteristic and plausible emarks about the invisible pictures. Miss Draper's restraint n not going to the limit of the farcical possibilities of the situaion is remarkable. It is an extremely comic character sketch, but Miss Draper doesn't try to make it funny just for the sake of being funny. She sticks to her character, she hints at all sorts of things about her which are not funny, and when she goes off he stage we feel we have made the acquaintance of a real person, a person who is likable even if unconsciously foolish, a person we would recognize if we saw her in actual life.

"An even better example of Miss Draper's light touch on the hrottle of the absurd, which she could open wide with a roar any time she wanted to, is the American lady, one of the many haracters (an Italian beggar, an Italian girl, an English amateur rtist, a German tripper) who come in and out of an Italian cahedral. She reads out of Baedeker, and stops reading to identify nd asks her friends to find the brass plate mentioned by the learned Karl and keep their foot on it. It's very funny, but at he same time it is hardly exaggerated, or exaggerated only so much as keen, friendly observation will exaggerate any human ct. Far from laughing at the tourist in a superior way, and etting her down as one of the ridiculous travelers who make us shamed of our country while abroad, we feel that every one of s sounds a good deal like that when we stand in the center of n Italian cathedral reading out of Baedeker.

"It's a rather easy game to take off Englishmen or Englishwomen and make an American audience laugh. Miss Draper s many miles beyond this elementary mimicry. She imitates hree separate Englishwomen at a house party, all three entirely ifferent people, and all three talking what must seem, even to an American ear, three different brands of English. It is an uncannily clever performance, and certainly the most brilliant parody f the less obvious inflections and peculiarities of a foreign language have ever heard. And the character of the sweet young thing whose father is a parson, and who always remembers exactly what she ate at the last church sociable, is as good as a short story.

"Besides these, I heard Miss Draper do 'At a Telephone Switchboard,' 'Five Imaginary Folk Songs,' 'Love in the Balkans,' 'A Cleaning Woman,' 'A Débutante,' and 'Vive la France'—all quite different, and each one with its individual mixture of caricature, humor, imagination, dialect, pathos. The 'Débutante' is extraordinary—and when you contrast it with the French peasant woman whose husband is not with the regiment as it returns to the village after Verdun, you realize that for these two characters to have been shaped and acted by the same person is a feat of sheer genius.

"It's only a detail, but it's a detail that astonishes you and convinces you of the intensity of imagination that makes it possible: the way the Irish cleaning woman washes an imaginary window. As she rubs in circles with her cloth, the window's rectangle magically takes invisible shape in the air. And it is so real a window that Miss Draper, as she rubs, seems to lean against it, and lean hard. . . ."

As was hinted at the beginning, we learn from Thornton Delehanty in the New York *World* that "of her numerous admirers in all walks of life none pays her greater tribute than the stage hands"—

"In all the theaters where she has performed these fearsome persons, the most ruthless and least fallible of the drama's many critics, have tendered her the supreme compliment of abandoning their crap games to stand and watch her, night after night, in the wings. One can imagine what the art of Miss Draper must do to these men. For with her there is the technical miracle of comedies and tragedies with their settings and plots and their multitude of characters all passing in a swift succession, without so much as the shifting of a set or the pulling of a rope; and when the final curtain comes down, the scenery melts away; the elaborate English drawing-room, the anteroom of the hospital, the bench in Hyde Park, the towering Cathedral, the Irish hut with the green earth and the rain and the sunshine and the squealing pig outside; and the characters too, with their variety of costumes, all vanish in a magical evanescence, like some medieval sorcery; and the solitary Miss Draper walks off the stage. There must be, to the stage hands, accustomed as they are to the claptrap and confusion of the ordinary show, something awesome in the simplicity of it all; a spectacle far surpassing in its achievements the most elaborate of musical revues, and for that reason, if for no other, deserving of their whole attention."

Photograph by Densford Barney

RUTH DRAPER IN CHARACTER

The American monologist, who presents some thirty-six different characters in her entertainments.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

WHY THE SALVATION ARMY REVOLTED

A BATTLE ROYAL between autocracy and constitutional government—such is the real meaning, some onlookers tell us, of a series of events that began January 17 with a dramatic scene in the quiet English village of Sunbury-on-Thames. Midnight had passed in anxious debate, and the representatives of a great religious organization were casting the ballots that demanded the abdication of the chief who had ruled them as an absolute monarch for sixteen years. It was revolution—democratic ideals battering once more at old foundations—the High Council of the Salvation Army declaring Gen. Bramwell Booth physically "unfit" by a vote of 55 to 8. Tears coursed down the cheeks of many, we are told, as they turned thumbs down on him they loved, and only an overwhelming sense of duty to the body of which they were members prevailed on them to take this radical step.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

CHIEF UNDER FIRE

Gen. Bramwell Booth, who has been declared by the High Council of the Salvation Army "unfit" to carry on as head of the organization.

In a neighboring town lay the seventy-two-year-old general, ill in bed, awaiting the decision. He had already indignantly refused a request to resign. During that night of suspense, exclaims the Philadelphia *Record*, what thoughts must have coursed through his brain! He was nine years old when his father, Gen. William Booth, took the great step that led to the creation of the Salvation Army. Nine years later the youth joined in the work of aiding the downfallen in the East End of London. Years of training passed, and he became his father's chief of staff at twenty-four. The work of organization led him over the entire world, and to his genius, we are reminded, must be credited much of the success and growth of that gallant body which is now known wherever there are poor to be helped.

When the founder died in 1912 he handed the supreme command down to his son, and now the son is claiming the same right to name his successor—presumably his own daughter, Catherine Booth—so that, as the Indianapolis *News* remarks, "the present movement seems to involve a question of continued control by the Booth family." Another phase of the problem, however, the reformers contend, is found in the world-wide extent of the organization and in the millions of dollars' worth of property it owns in eighty-one different countries. Absolute control of this property—except in America—is vested in the chief, far away in London. This long-distance, one-man power, many editors recall, is what caused Ballington Booth, Bramwell's brother, to secede from his father in 1896 and organize the Volunteers of America. Now the eight months' illness of the General has made the same issue acute again, and the attack this time, according to the New York *Sun*, is led largely by his sister, Evangeline Booth, commander of the Army in the United States. The New York *Herald Tribune's* London correspondent takes up the tale, as follows:

"The council has set its mind upon two things: First, the hereditary principle must be scrapped; and, second, the power of dismissal and of promotion must not be invested in the general alone. Under the Army trust deeds drawn up in the time of the founder, William Booth, the general exercises amazing powers. He can appoint and dismiss at will, and sell any or all Army property at any time. No monarch in the world is so absolute."

When the High Council planned to depose its leader, however, it failed to reckon with his fighting spirit and with his interpretation of the trust handed down to him by his father. Upon being asked to resign, General Booth replied:

"I am responsible before God for the well-being of this great organization to which I have devoted my life, and which in less than seventy years has achieved a success unique in the history of the world. I feel I should be less a man, let alone the leader of a great religious organization, if I agreed to a request to retire at a time, when, as I understand, there is agitation to change the foundation upon which it rests."

International Newsreel photograph

THE INSURGENT LEADER

Evangeline Booth, who revolted against the autocratic power vested in her brother, General Booth, as supreme head of the Salvation Army.

After informing the General as kindly as possible that he had been deposed, the High Council proceeded next day to elect his successor—and ran into another dramatic crisis. Just as the vote was about to be taken, the correspondents tell us, a telephone call announced that the Court of Chancery in London had issued an injunction forbidding further action in choosing a new general. Efforts were made later to effect a settlement, but General Booth chose to have the court decide whether the High Council had acted properly. Speaking of the effects of the news of the injunction, a New York *Times* correspondent says:

"The first reaction of the 'reformers' in the council was one of utter surprize, and then of deep indignation. Three out of the four commissioners who had stood by General Booth deserted his cause and insisted they would have nothing to do with the Booth family in the future. Thus only Commissioner Kitching, whom the council dismissed as editor of *The War Cry*, remained alongside the four members of the Booth family supporting the General."

The same writer adds:

"In applying for an injunction General Booth's lawyers not only contested the justice of the High Council's recent action but denied the legality of the supplementary deed poll of 1904 under which the High Council was empowered to choose another general in case the occupant of the office was declared unfit. This aspect of the legal case was a complete surprize to the council members. They had never for a moment believed—and still do not—that the legality of the twenty-five-year-old deed poll was questionable."

Admiration for the work of the Salvation Army runs through all the American comment on the subject, coupled generally with a hope that the crisis may cause it no permanent injury. "It would be nothing short of a world calamity," declares the Boston *Post*, "to have its work halted." The Milwaukee *Sentinel* thinks that "an organization so inspired will, of course, work out its destiny, and perhaps come through the travail with greater strength than ever." Sympathy in this country is almost wholly on the side of the reformers, as the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* points out, and the Birmingham *Age-Herald* thinks that "even serious damage can be borne if a democratic principle is to supplant the method hitherto in vogue." "The control of the Army can not continue to be a family asset or a family monopoly," in the opinion of the Chicago *Daily News*. "It commands the unselfish services of many able men and women, and the time for benevolent autocracy is past. A split should be avoided. With so much important work for the Army to do, friction and discord over matters of form and direction should not be tolerated by those in charge of its manifold activities." Noting that the average service of those voting for reform is forty-four years, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* observes: "When men and women have given that much of their lives to an organization, they may be expected to use very effort to preserve its spirit and to promote its welfare." Before the matter had reached the courts, the Brooklyn *Eagle* offered this unbiased view:

> "It is fair to say that one side is as conscientious as the other side in this controversy. Greed of power, unwillingness to surrender control of vast amounts of property, we think, are not the controlling motives of Bramwell Booth. Nor is he alone in the belief that centralization such as has existed in the past is vital to the future of the Army. Democracy in civil government is on the defensive in the thought of our age. Democracy in the Army has manifest possibilities of friction. On the other hand, the parts of the world that are giving most to the Army work have long been restive under direct control of funds by one man in London. All the indications are that the democratization experiment will be tried; and, granting that there is no court interference, patriarchal domination will be ended, for good or for ill; and a new chapter begun in the history of the Salvation Army."

No fear is exprest that the Army will disintegrate under the stress of change. It is, indeed, probable, thinks the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, that "unity and fresh zeal will eventuate." A parting tribute to the old form of organization for its "admirable results" is uttered by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which tells us:

> "Beginning in mission and welfare work in 1865, and adopting its present name in 1878, it is now represented in almost every country of importance in all continents. It has never published its membership proper, but its corps number nearly 10,000, its officers and cadets about 16,000 or more, and its workers without rank in excess of 6,200. Its trust funds and other property are placed at a total value of $150,000,000 the world around."

A NIGHT-HAWK TAXI VIEW OF THE CHURCH

A REVEALING BIT OF TAXI RESEARCH in New York City by a preacher who descended from his pulpit to drive a taxicab, leads him to conclude that people hunger as much for religion as ever, but give up going to church to find their bread of life elsewhere. This investigator, the Rev. Thomas Whelpley, pastor of the Chelsea Presbyterian Church, New York, did not find nighthawk taxi-driving to see life an unmitigated joy ride, for he writes in *Scribner's Magazine* (February):

> "What price taxi-driving? An aching back, eye-strain, hurt pride, and great weariness. It took real courage not to give it up. But the brief glimpse behind the scenes which it provided was worth all it cost. The promise of that fleeting glance held me to it another night and another. As the weeks went by, I became accustomed to the hardships of my incognito. I learned how to hold my tongue, how to stand the gaff from butter-and-egg men and their fur-trimmed ladies, how to get along with red lights and one-way streets, and how to give and take.
>
> "I settled down to organized effort, was a good listener, reported regularly to my dictaphone, attended afternoon teas and committee meetings, and performed wedding ceremonies, christenings, and burials in between times, and late afternoons hurried to the garage for my taxi with constantly increasing enthusiasm. I felt that I was getting somewhere. I felt alive again."

Keystone View photographs

SEEING "LIFE—LIP-STICKED, ROUGED, AND CLOTHED IN SILK"

That is what the Rev. Thomas Whelpley, pastor of the Chelsea Presbyterian Church, found when he became a taxi-driver to learn something of the other side of life. He found the people of New York not less religious than those of New Brunswick. "For the most part they are trying simply to get away from themselves, to lose themselves in the bright confusion of New York at night."

As a preacher, pastor Whelpley confesses that he had been much concerned about where he was going. As a cabby, he says, "my concern was altogether about where other people were going." To his surprize he discovered that "they were going nowhere in particular, did not know where they were going, and did not care. For the most part they are trying simply to get away from themselves, to lose themselves in the bright confusion of New York at night." Then, this preacher-cabby tells us:

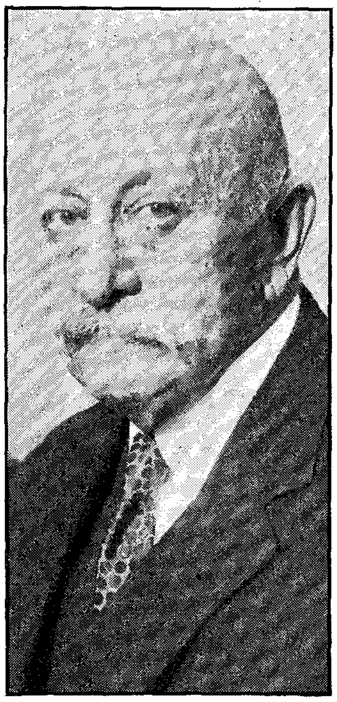
> "I realized suddenly the tremendous gap between the Way of Life as we preach it and the way of life as we live it. Life—lip-sticked, rouged, and clothed in silk. Life—ugly, blackened, broken on the wheel. Life—seeking, calling, reaching for God.
>
> "I found men and women not less religious to-day than yesterday, not less religious in New York than in New Brunswick. But

because the church has failed them, they do not go to church. The reason it has failed them is because its ministers live in a world apart, having no real understanding of the needs of those they purpose to serve. For the church is the shadow of a man. And is sadly lacking in man-power.

> "It has been said by a well-known psychologist that there is no place in the ministry to-day for best minds, for creative thought, and intellectual effort. It seems to me that there is not only place for best minds, but a tremendous, a supreme, need for men of high resolve, with breadth of vision, wide sympathies, and understanding hearts and minds.
>
> "Men are not fools. Discouraged and disgusted with religious bigotry, interdenominational strife, and stupid sermonizing, they have gone their way. And have lost their way. They have gone so far afield that we who are supposed to be their shepherds can no longer even hear their cries."

"It was not until I abandoned the quiet pulpit, the stained-glass windows, and glittering brasses, to follow my people where they have gone, that I learned the truth about them," declares this taxi-driving parson. "It was difficult, disillusioning, and perhaps unorthodox, but it was worth it."

LIFTING "DEAD HANDS" FROM CHARITY



International Newsreel photograph

AN INVESTOR IN MANKIND

Lucius N. Littauer, who doesn't believe in hand-outs, but gives a million dollars, without restrictions, for the betterment of humanity.

A HAND-OUT NEVER DID A MAN any good, says Lucius N. Littauer, retired New York millionaire glove manufacturer and former Congressman, who recently invested a million dollars in "Mankind, Unlimited," as the New York *World* phrases it. "A crutch is a bad thing for a well man," goes on the philanthropist, expressing his philosophy. "Help set a man on his feet, but never keep holding him up. The only sound idea of direct philanthropy is to help others to help themselves." But the chief point noted by some observers is that Mr. Littauer makes his gift absolute. No strings are attached to it. The directors of the Lucius N. Littauer Foundation are empowered to use the principal as well as the income, in their discretion. "This is the new spirit in philanthropy," comments Dr. Isaac Landman, editor of *The American Hebrew*, through which the announcement of the donation was made. "Mr. Littauer recognizes changing needs and circumstances which may alter the purposes and requirements of new institutions almost overnight," continues Dr. Landman, as he is quoted in the New York *Times*. "New exigencies may arise which a foundation such as this might desire to support. Therefore, Mr. Littauer, in the modern spirit of the forward-looking humanitarian, refuses to fetter the trustees of the foundation in their employment of the principal of his gift where it may be deemed most beneficent at any given time."

It is his "desire and hope, through the agency of this foundation," says Mr. Littauer in his announcement, "to enlarge the realms of human knowledge, to promote the general, moral, mental and physical improvement of society so that the sum total of human welfare and wisdom may be increased and the cause of better understanding among all mankind promoted." More specifically, he states:

> "With these objects in view, I trust that you will devote the funds at your disposal to altruistic activities of every nature, charitable, humanitarian, educational, religious and communal; that in the advancement and promotion of such activities, you will include research and publication, the establishment and maintenance of altruistic agencies and institutions, and the aid of any such agencies and institutions already established, the functions of which tend to advance the public welfare. The care of the sick, the young, the aged, the helpless; the encouragement of recreation and self-improvement for all people should always merit your consideration and assistance. Beyond this, you will best conform to my wishes by the exercise of your own good judgment and humane instincts."

This is by no means Mr. Littauer's first venture in philanthropy. He has given to other causes, wealth to him being a means to an end. His philosophy is best exprest, perhaps, in an interview with a reporter for the New York *World*. It is fifty years now since he rowed on the Harvard crew, and fifty-three since he played on the football team which had to go to Canada, to McGill University, to find competitors. But now, he says, he has come to the time when a man is apt to drop off suddenly, and he wants to do the most good with his money. "What is the aim in life?" he asks, as we quote from the interview:

> "Happiness, certainly. But it's hard to attempt to define happiness right off, without taking thought. Who can maintain that his definition is the right one?
>
> "I'd say, from my own experience, that happiness is occupation with a motive, with a purpose. It is not enough to be busy. You must have direction. But once you have your motive, your purpose, then occupation is the highest form of happiness.
>
> "There is the question whether men should accumulate wealth for their children. Even people in modern circumstances bend their efforts to laying up a small amount of property to shield their children from want. Myself, I have no children. But there are my sister's and brother's children, who are no less dear to me than children of my own would be. Look at them there, in those pictures, six of them. I tell you, they are dear to me.
>
> "But bequeathing wealth is a problem which has not been solved. I would say that it should be done only within the limits where ambition is not weakened. There is always the tendency in men and women not to strive if they have inherited ease; to live lives of ease and comfort.
>
> "But aside from that, here is the immense problem of philanthropy: how best can money be employed to help mankind. Excluding direct charity and admitting that happiness is the proper aim of man, then how best may we assist general happiness?
>
> "I believe there are two great things which mankind eternally needs. First, research, which brings knowledge; second, education, which disseminates that knowledge and makes it the general property of mankind. They are the two necessaries, I think."

The terms of Mr. Littauer's gift excite much laudatory comment. What singles out this latest donation and makes it unique among foundations, says the Schenectady *Union-Star*, for instance, "is rather the manner than the magnitude of it and the breadth of its stated purpose, to promote a better understanding among all mankind. Thus does it transcend the limits of communion and creed, race, color, and nation." And in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "the wisdom of Mr. Littauer in conferring upon the trustees the right to use their own judgment and to follow their humane instincts can not be too highly commended. The 'dead hand' often defeats the real purpose of testators." "In following the plan of placing power in the hands of trustees," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "Mr. Littauer and other givers undoubtedly take the course that promises the best results at the present time. It takes more generosity to give away the liberty of disposing of funds than simply to give away money, and in this respect the donors of the present day deserve recognition for their self-subordination. Even in charity it takes strength to subordinate self."

BIG BUSINESS USING THE GOLDEN YARDSTICK

BIG BUSINESS MUST PRACTISE the Golden Rule to be successful, for it has found by experience that "honesty is the best policy," if only as a matter of expediency, says Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, and one of the American experts on the international committee of financiers and economists who are to determine the final settlement of Germany's reparations payments. There is, he says, a moral problem involved even in fixing the bank rate, but it is often hard to determine exactly what is right and what is wrong, and one can learn only by experience. "The bank rate," points out this internationally known financial expert, "affects credit; increases or diminishes the value of money; gives every aged person dependent upon his savings more or less of good things to eat. That is why it is a high moral responsibility to fix the bank rate." That is what Mr. Young attempted to drive home on a recent Sunday night when he lent himself to the pulpit of the Park Avenue Baptist Church in New York to talk on "What Is Right in Business." His sermon was one of a series arranged by the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor, on the general theme of "What Is Right with the World." Nearly a thousand listeners hung on Mr. Young's words, we read in full press reports of the unique occasion, and when the financial expert, who looked like a divine in his gown as Doctor of Laws, had finished, the audience broke through its spell and applauded him.

ONE IMMORTALITY

By Norbert Engels

MEN march to war and come back on their shields,
Gaunt soldiers pressed back to the womb of earth;
And flowers break, petal and leaf, in fields
That bore them; rocks of might and stones of worth
Crumble to common dust; the oceans surge
And catapult their flying foam to spray
The grinning clouds that bank, and swerve, and merge
Like yellow heathen hordes in Mandalay.

All earth rebels, and all of earth goes down,
Crushed knee on cobble-stone, bruised lips
To lips that sweat in anguish; but above
The chaos, deathless with the blood that drips
From immortality, and with one crown,
Supreme is God, and by His side is Love.

—*America, New York.*

A story illustrates Mr. Young's point that there is a moral problem involved even in the cold matter of finance. When he was in Germany in 1924, sitting with the Dawes committee, the purchasing power of the mark diminished so rapidly that business firms paid their employees daily so that they could rush to the grocery stores before the mark became worthless, and he goes on, as we quote from published reports of his sermon:

"I remember putting a question for the Dawes committee to the representative of German labor: What can this committee do for labor? I expected him to answer with one of the usual slogans, such as: Give us the eight-hour day, or: Guarantee us employment. Much to my surprize, he said: 'The one thing your committee must give to labor in Germany is a stable currency. Do you realize,' he said, 'that now when a child is coming into a family the father can not, by any effort or enterprise, save money which will guarantee a doctor and nurse when the child arrives?'

"Never had I realized how the stability of a currency goes to the basic things of life, and when any sudden change affects the purchasing power of currency it touches every kind of moral question and every kind of complication.

"If you ask me to apply the Golden Rule to the bank rate, I find it an amazingly difficult thing to do. I do not know how to do it; I can not know, until experience tells me."

Mr. Young explains his own conception of a trustee's responsibility, thus:

"If I am a trustee of an institution, my conception is that several groups of people have an interest in that institution. Those who have put their capital into it have an interest in seeing that capital honestly and wisely used. Those who put their lives and labor into this concern must make fair wages and must have a recognized right to their jobs in which they have become skilled by educating themselves. Moreover, the customers should get its service at as low a price as possible, consistent with a fair return for invested capital and just wages for the employees. And, finally, the general public has an interest in seeing that the corporation is performing its duty as a good citizen.

"It is not a simple matter to determine the right and wrong in administering all these interests. As time goes on I think that right and a larger wisdom will more and more prevail. Men are being developed to meet the responsibilities.

"Now I am not here to say that all is right with business. It is far from that. But I am here to say that in the last quarter of a century we have made great progress toward the right. Our difficulty does not come so much from bad men or bad principles as it does from the difficulty of applying right principles to increasingly complicated situations. Our greatest risk is mistaken human judgment."

Defalcations occur, of course, says Mr. Young; but "the percentage of plainly dishonest things in business is very small compared with the vast total of the operations going on," for, he tells us:

"By and large, business visits very quickly its own penalties on the dishonest man. It is not the crook in modern business whom we fear, but the honest man who does not know.

"I think what is right in business is influenced very largely by the growing sense of trusteeship which I have described. One no longer feels the obligation to take from labor for the benefit of capital nor to take from the public for the benefit of both, but rather to administer wisely and fairly in the interest of all.

"It is no simple matter to determine right and wrong, as between the groups of interests in every big business, which I have indicated. To protect capital one must build up reserves against bad years or unforeseen contingencies. To grant fair wages or high wages and adequately reimburse employees means adjusting the price so as to provide sufficient income. To try to increase a price for the sake of labor, without regard to whether your labor is efficient, productive, and progressive, would be to take the road to ruin. It would be distinctly wrong. It would destroy continuity of employment, because one morning we would wake up and find our business gone; our price too high; a product not good enough; employees discharged.

"Just what is right we can not foresee, even with the greatest effort. We make mistakes and we learn from them. Capital will get too much or labor too little, or the public not enough occasionally, when management misjudges the application of the Golden Rule to the complicated problems which we have."

That Big Business is on the up-grade, morally speaking, is agreed to by several editorial readers of Mr. Young's sermon, but, granting that the small stockholder gets the benefit of dividends without having any real power in the determination of policies, the New York *Evening World* says that "there is unquestionably a disposition to assume that so long as these small owners get their dividends they will cheerfully acquiesce in any policy, moral or unmoral, that brings them in." A case in point cited by this paper is the struggle going on in the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. "There, certainly," says *The Evening World*, "is a moral issue involved."

"The stockholders are making money and Colonel Stewart is Chairman of the Board. The small owners are being asked to give him their proxies on the ground that dividends are being paid. If these small owners go to the Colonel, the public will reach its own conclusion as to the moral effect of distributing stock to the many."

ESSEX

THE CHAL

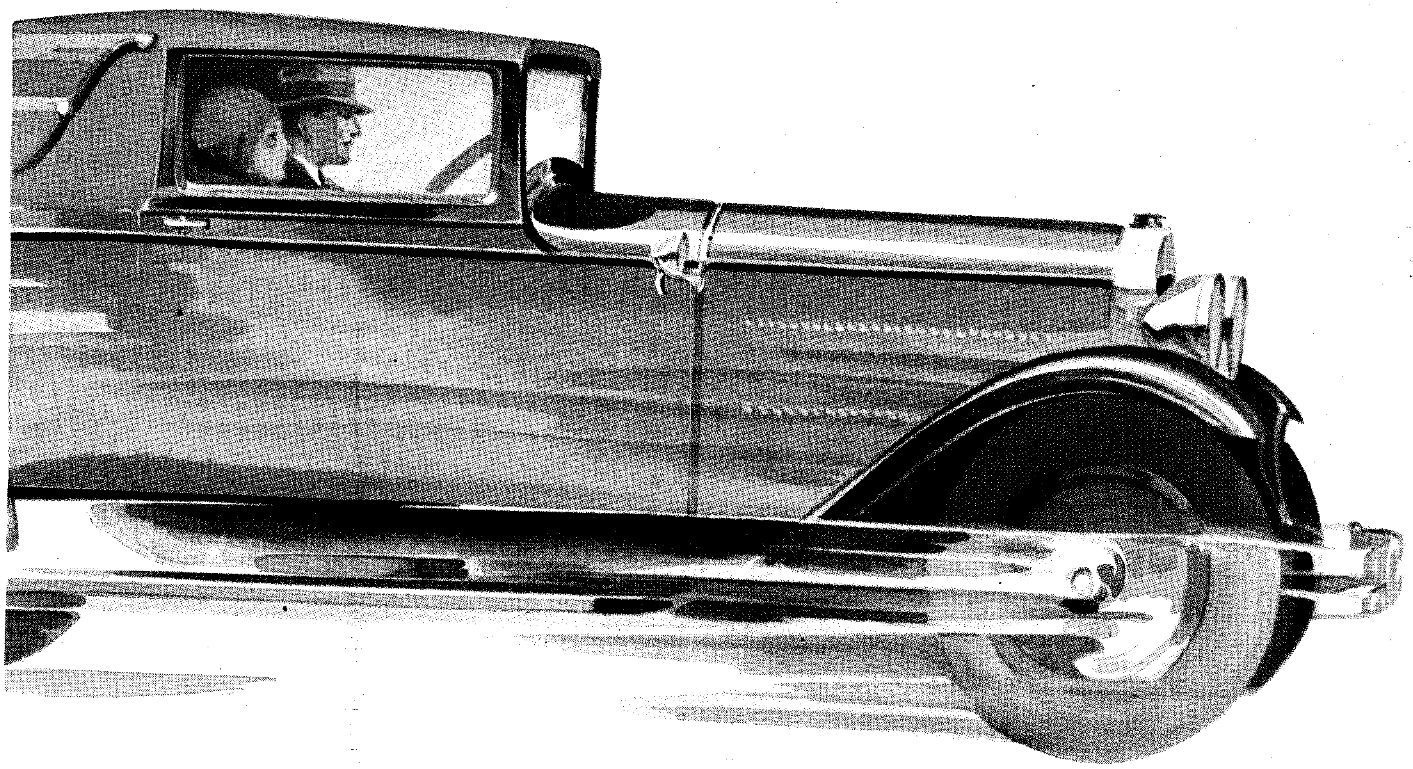
One Million Super-Six Owners
Lead the Acclaim

Here is a challenge that rings with fulfillment. In fast getaway—no car is excepted. In speed—anything the road offers up to and above 70 miles an hour. In appearance—match it for smartness with costlier cars. In endurance—60 miles an hour is well within the range.

Here is offered the most powerful, largest, smoothest, easiest riding, most complete Essex ever built. And with 76 improvements the price is lowest in Essex history—but little above the lowest-priced car on the market.

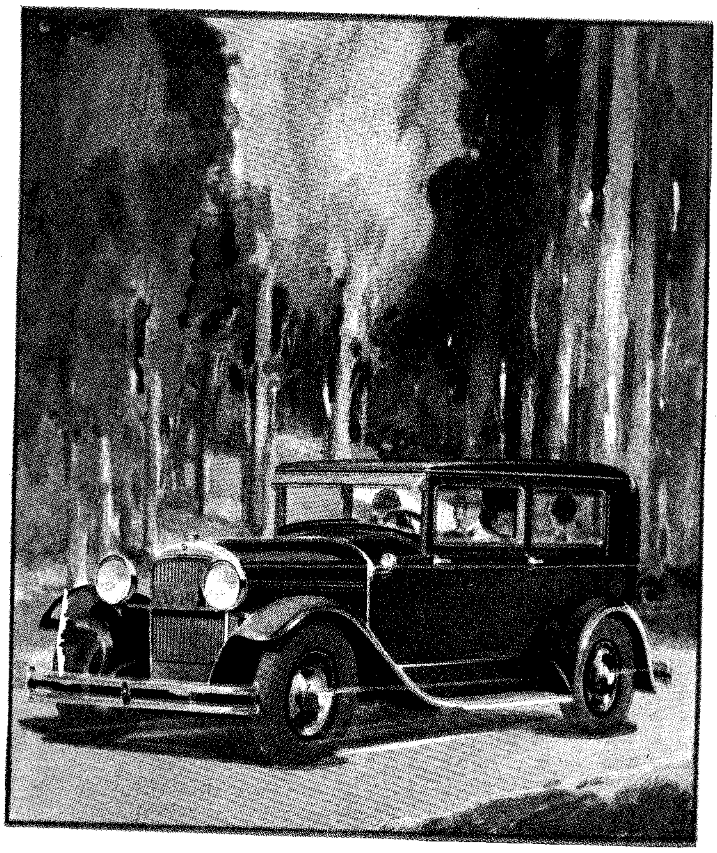
Come examine and drive it. You will join the vanguard of 1,000,000 Super-Six owners in declaring it motordom's greatest value.

76 special features include: ***24% greater power—over 70 miles an hour—light-weight aluminum alloy pistons—new Marvel carburetor adjustable for climatic changes—larger, roomier bodies—seats easily adjustable to comfortable driving positions—effective double-action 4-wheel brakes, efficiency not affected by water or mud—starting switch on dash—chromium bright work.***



L E N G E R

A BIG FINE SUPER-SIX



$695

and up at factory

Coach - - - - -	$695	Standard Sedan - -	$795
2-Pass. Coupe - - -	695	Town Sedan - - -	850
Phaeton - - - - -	695	Roadster - - - - -	850
Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	725	Convertible Coupe -	895

Standard Equipment Includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

NOT since we first saw Miss Letts's "Spires of Oxford," have we been willing to let one of her poems pass by, and they are richly rewarding. Here in *The Cornhill Magazine* (London) is a picture of any city street, tho we guess she has Dublin in mind:

DUSTBINS

By W. M. Letts

At night it makes me laugh to see
The dustbins standing in the street,
They look like squat old revellers,
Dishevelled, dirty, full of guile.
The haughty houses of the Square,
So prim and Georgian, so demure,
Pretend the dustbins are not theirs,
And shut their eyes with careful blinds.
But as I pass the dustbins seem
To leer at me with oafish jests:
"Oh! ho!" they say, "we stand outside,
But still we haunt you like your sins.
Dust to dust—so ends your pride!
We keep your secrets in our bins.
Tall your houses are and great,
Ashes are their final fate."

I watch by night the prowlers come
To search the dustbins cautiously.
Tibby and Tom creep down the steps
With nose and whisker all alert,
The slum cat like a shadow steals
To snatch his share from pampered puss,—
A chicken bone, a herring's head,
Are riches for the finest cat.
The dustbins chuckle as they come—
"Oh, help yourselves, but share the feast,
For hunger makes us all akin.
There's a trifle for the least;
We'll please you all who seek our bin
Rake the ashes till you find
Bone or tit-bit to your mind."

Then all the dogs come out betimes,
Thievish at heart, though high their breed:
The stolen morsel is more sweet
Than any dinner on a plate.
With eager nose and searching paw
They rake the ashes for a prize.
The dustbins mutter to the dogs—
"Paddy and Peter, Jack and Tim,
You're not so fine as each pretends—
Wait till day is growing dim,
You'll turn to jackals then, my friends,
Skulk and snatch the bone you like,
Cocker, terrier, and tyke."

There's an old woman I have watched;
She steals out softly from her lane
To gather cinders in a sack,
So fearful and so furtive she,
Like one who has known kindlier days.
The bits of bread are treasure trove,
She hides them quickly in her shawl.
With bird-like, furtive look she fills
Her sack, then off she creeps again
Into the shadows of the arch.
I almost hear a dustbin sigh—
"It's well for her that waste is rife,
She values what the rich despise.
My house holds a thriftless wife,
She squanders what the poor would prize.
We who keep our watch by night
See a world that fears the light."

The street lamps make a topaz chain,
Like golden chariots the trams
Clank by with humming song of haste.
Pale and indifferent as a flower
The moon floats high above the street;
The dustbins serenade her grace.
They have no reverence, no awe;
They jest at great men and at rogues.
"So many things that we could tell
Of high and low life, though we're bins!
We must keep our lids on well
To hide your refuse and your sins.
Here we sit so squat and sly
Laughing at the passers-by."

A SPEECH before the curtain (reprinted from *Variety* (New York) is given by Mr. Morley for his new enterprise in theatricals in Hoboken, New Jersey, across the river from New York, and here is voiced the essence of the theater's delights such as Charles Lamb used to feel them:

SHE TROUPES TO CONQUER

By Christopher Morley

Lights, Henny! And then Henny gives us lights.
To illustrate our new Hoboken Nights.
Now for a moment, while there hangs between us
Our favorite Psyche at the Court of Venus
A word before the ancient canvas rises.
What is it that our curtain symbolizes?
Suggestions have been made, conjectures vain,
Interpretations sacred and profane:—
The Muse of Movies, suppliant for her sins?
The Spirit seeking Where the Blue Begins?
Perhaps the Nymph of Cocktails we have here
Abashed before the Purity of Beer.
At least the blazon painted down below,
Is understandable and apropos—
Three hour glasses: three hours of relaxation—
The other emblem needs no explanation.
And see the little peephole, noting how
The cloth is stained by many a moistened brow
Where the Manager, the Drama's anxious spouse,
Peered and perspired and counted up the House.

The curtain brightens, and this well-loved place
Lifts by some magic into finer grace:
By rich tradition of the trouper's trade,
By memories of all who here have played,
By love and laughter, in her frolic age
She brews us the pure Lethe of the stage.
There is no moonlight sweeter than her spots,
Her footlights burn with something more than watts—
For all who face that mystic line of fire
Rise for a moment past all mean desire;
Beyond that radiant nimbus in the air
There might be all the world, or no one there;
The greenest extra in the smallest bit
Knows he's immortally alone with it;
The most habitual ego, greedy elf,
Responds to something greater than himself—
This is the Highest Common Factor
And special honor of the actor.

Our Hudson Street, investigation yields,
Was once the site of the Elysian Fields
And still preserves, adventurers have found
The humors of that famous picnic ground.
Here, free from Mazda Lane's monoxide scent,
Without New York's huge profit—and huge rent—
Here, on this last unspoiled Bohemian coast,
We staked our claim, ejaculating Pros't!
But humble as we are, we have our pride:
One night we hung the S. R. O. outside.
The merriest antics shown upon this scene
Could not be happier than we have been.
Consider, if our scheme surprises you,
That Shakespeare played Across the River too.
Time to ring up! I add, to close these rhymes,
That we were christened, by the New York *Times*,
"A merger of Thalia and Gambrinus."
What role more pleasing could the gods assign us?
Whether you come for drama or for beer,
Whether you come from far away or near,
Remember, in apportioning your bounty,
The only legit house in Hudson County—
Remember, in your evenings unbespoken,
The Old Rialto Theatre, Hoboken!

THERE is something engaging in the frank confession of these lines in *The Daily Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City):

TAME DUCK

By Kenneth Kaufman

There are three tame ducks in our back yard,
Dabbling in mud and trying hard
To get their share, and maybe more,
Of the overflowing barnyard store,
Satisfied with the task they're at,
Of eating and sleeping and getting fat.
But whenever the free wild ducks go by
In a long line streaming down the sky,
They cock a quizzical, puzzled eye
And flap their wings and try to fly.

I think my soul is a tame old duck,
Dabbling around in barnyard muck,
Fat and lazy, with useless wings,
But sometimes when the North wind sings
And the wild ones hurtle overhead,
It remembers something lost and dead,
And cocks a wary, bewildered eye,
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in,
But it isn't the duck it might have been.

THE New York *Times* prints this which won the first prize in the tenth international poetry contest of the American Section of the Poetry Society of Great Britain. The author in private life is Mrs. Daniel Carr of Mount Kisco, New York:

MORTALITY

By Blanch Shoemaker Wagstaff

None shall penetrate the mask . . .
Until the last long desperate breath,
Until the last symphony is sounded,
I shall go smiling
Into the great beyond,
Looking upon the Silence as release,
Looking upon the darkness as a dream,
Looking upon the deep unknown as rest . . .

There will be none to know . . .
The infinite impassioned Silence
Will hold me fast,
The passionate solitude of my soul
Will be unbroken to the end!

Gayly I went
With laughter on my lips,
(Tears but a hidden truth)
And when the long Night covers me
Youth will be calling in my veins,
Love will be reveler in my dreams—
Beauty will be my body's pyre
Remembering all the lone, the long,
The easeless years that are no more . . .

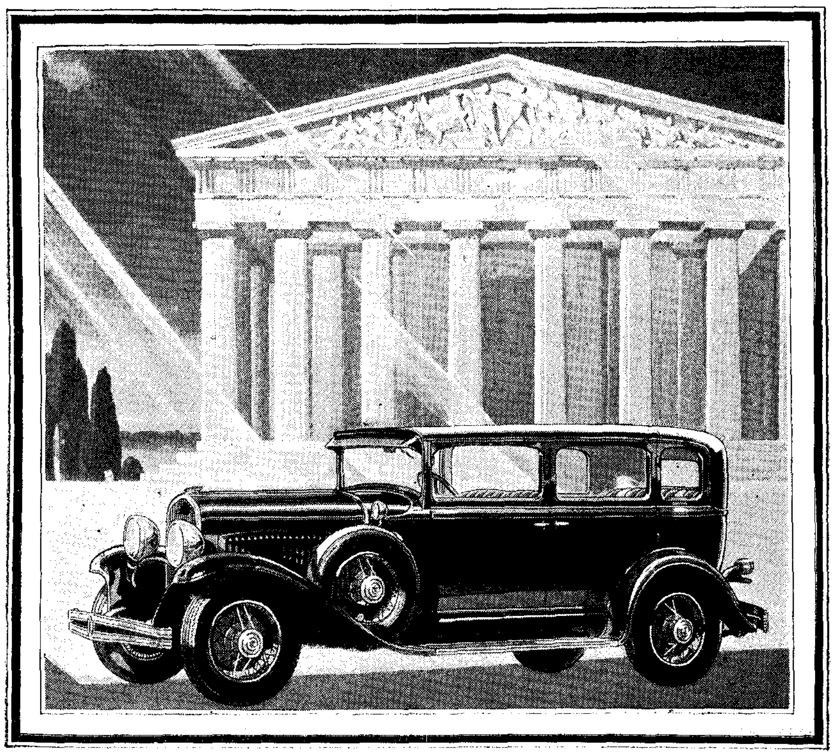
It will be good
To join hands once again with Silence,
(Silence from which I came)
Calm, easeful Silence like a mother's breast—
And to depart
From all this vain,
This lurid and unsatisfying life
So sharp, so bitter and so unbenign.
Oh, who would miss the cymbal-sound
Down the long, peaceful way of Death?

Heart, there is nothing left for your desire—
All things have been possessed,
All gifts, all joys;
All twinging pleasures and all beautiful sorrows.

None shall penetrate the mask
Unbroken to the end—
Unto the last, immitigable hour
When Silence will enfold me once again.

CHRYSLER BEAUTY

IS NO CHANCE CREATION



Chrysler's classic style and beauty have won the admiration and enthusiasm of thousands of motorists the country over—New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, illustrated.

FOR the first time *in the history of motor car design an authentic system has been devised, based upon the canons of ancient classic art.*

Chrysler designers realize fully that beauty is an elusive thing and that the pursuit of it in motor car design must not be hampered by too rigid adherence to laws and conventions.

But Chrysler has also found that there are so many glorious precedents and inspirations in art, architecture and design, that the search for authentic and harmonious symmetry can actually be reduced to something like a scientific system in which results are certain.

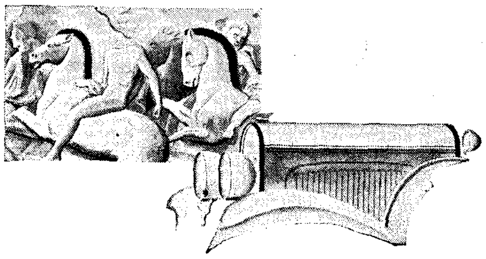
Chrysler has left nothing to chance . . . Chrysler has **not** relied alone upon the inspiration of individual designers.

Chrysler has sought instead to do something never done before in motor car design—to search out *authentic* forms of beauty which have come down the centuries unsurpassed and unchallenged and has *translated* them in terms of motor car beauty and motor car utility.

The lengths to which Chrysler designers have gone in this patient pursuit of beauty will doubtless prove a revelation to those who have probably accepted Chrysler symmetry and charm as fortunate but more or less accidental conceptions.

* * *

The Chrysler process goes far deeper than any charming but accidental conception.



Chrysler's matching of the exclusive slender profile radiator with the cowl bar moulding has its inspiration in the repetition of motif in the historic frieze of the ancient Parthenon.

New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145* · · · New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345* · · · New Chrysler Imperial—*Five custom styles priced from $2675 to $3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

SCIENCE · AND · INVENTION

International Newsreel photograph

WRECKAGE OF AN EARTHQUAKE IN CHILE

"The fact that the recent disaster in Chile did not bring a larger death list was due to the sparseness of population in the surrounding country. It was not merely a shock, but a series of some of the most violent shocks on record."

EARTH'S SPEED CHANGED BY ITS PALPITATIONS

THIS WINTER'S VIOLENT QUAKES may be due to shrinkage of the earth's crust, speeding up its rotation, we are told by Dr. E. E. Free, in the New York *Evening Post.* That the earth's speed of rotation does alter, has been established, he says, by measurements made under the auspices of Prof. E. W. Brown, a Yale astronomer. Writes Dr. Free:

> "The fundamental things to be remembered in connection with earthquakes is that they are periodic. There are times when there are many, and times when there are few. And nobody knows why.
>
> "The theory that now holds ground as to their causation is that the speed of the rotation of the earth varies slightly from time to time. The law of this variation has not been determined. It amounts to only a small fraction of a second per year, but that small fraction, it is believed, is due to a contraction or expansion of the earth's crust. This speed has been measured astronomically by Dr. Ernest W. Brown, Sterling Professor of Mathematics at Yale University, who has done the most notable work in this field.
>
> "As to what can be producing this, the most reasonable hypothesis shared by most experts is that the size of the earth's diameter changes slightly from time to time. This brings about an acceleration of rotation by the principle of the conservation of angular momentum.
>
> "It is best explained in this way: If you take any spinning fly-wheel and make it shrink, it will revolve more rapidly. Again, if you can induce a planet to take a smaller orbit, its speed will increase.
>
> "If the equatorial diameter of the earth increases so much as a fraction of an inch, the earth will move more slowly and, accordingly, if the equatorial bulk decreases, the earth will move more rapidly.
>
> "There is a good deal of evidence to indicate that this variation is accompanied by an increase and decrease in the number of earthquakes. It is a reasonable assumption, therefore, that the shrinking and swelling of the earth's crust set up a strain in the mass, which anybody can see would produce convulsions.
>
> "During the last three years there have been exceptionally numerous and violent earthquakes. The fact that the recent disaster in Chile did not bring in a larger death list was due to the sparseness of the population in the surrounding country. It was not merely a shock, but a series of some of the most violent shocks on record.
>
> "Within this three-year period there have been vehement and disastrous quakes in Japan, China, Jerusalem, an eruption from Rokatinda, and rumblings from Krakatoa.
>
> "How much longer this period will last, we do not know. The subject offers a vast field for research work.
>
> "Before we shall be able to make any predictions, it will be necessary to reduce these things to definite terms so that we may know what these periods are, how the cycles move. We must correlate the change of the earth's speed with the number of earthquakes from year to year.
>
> "When we have full details of the cycles controlling these effects we can venture into the field of prediction concerning such upheavals, but not before.
>
> "All the experts know at present is that earthquakes may be expected at almost any time, and in almost any place, and that violent disturbances may especially be expected in the seismic zones.
>
> "Precision of time and place is beyond the power of human prediction as yet, but it is not beyond probability in the future. But it will only be relative and of a strictly local application.
>
> "Valuable work has been done by Japanese seismologists, who since the disaster of 1923, have discovered suggestive relations between shocks and previous upheavals of the earth. As stresses accumulate, the surface seems to be tilted in one direction or another. They may measure only an inch or two in a mile, but they will be significant.
>
> "Whatever discoveries are made, however, will be significant only in the particular region where the research of this character has been carried on.
>
> "In other words, whatever the Japanese experts learn wil apply particularly to Japan, and will be no safe guide to conditions in California."

The calculations made by Professor Brown of Yale were based we are told, on 340 observations in 1927, taken all over the world of occultations of the moon; that is, of the obscuration of th stars when the moon passed in front of them. The variable sta observers supplied nearly two-thirds of these data. He said a this time:

> "The earth's rotation is our clock for determining time. W might also, if we wished, use the moon or any other body in th solar system as the clock. But comparison of the earth with th other bodies showed that one of the clocks was wrong, and observations have fixt upon the earth's rotation as the time instrumen which varies."

OUR BRIEF SPAN

MOTHER EARTH WAS IN EXISTENCE so long before man, and will hurtle through space so long after his disappearance, that the episode of her habitability is almost vanishingly brief. So thinks a French scientist whose conclusions are quoted in *La Victoire* (Paris) by Dr. Herbeau. Says this writer:

"Through his little eyes, man sees a world made for him, and forgetting too much the wise advice of Spinoza, he thinks himself an empire within an empire. This is perhaps not the case, and man's life doubtless counts for little in the evolution of worlds. In fact life is possible only within such narrow limits of temperature that very probably between the molten and frozen states of planetary bodies it is able to exist for only a tiny fraction of their development.

"Paul Fumouze has just published an interesting review of this subject. The temperature of life, he says, would appear to lie, for organisms in general, between 20 degrees and + 110 degrees F., or less for the higher races. Besides, there are microbes that resist boiling and others that live in ice.

"Each race has its preferential temperature, and tho the white bear and the seal like to live amid the ice-floes, most living beings would quickly perish under these circumstances.

"The most favorable temperatures for wild life would appear to lie between about 40 degrees and 100 degrees F. It is very probable that, freed from the struggle against cold that not only took up his time but also employed a great part of his energy, both physical and moral, ancient man (I do not say prehistoric) developed, especially in the warm and temperate regions. The Egyptian, Greek and Roman civilizations prospered largely by reason of the mildness of the Mediterranean climate.

"Light and heat, Mr. Fumouze tells us, have been the generators not only of physical strength, but of the sciences, the arts, poetry, eloquence, and literature.

"In an arctic, or merely a cold, climate, these civilizations would never have been born; man would have had but one impulse—to migrate in savage hordes to more temperate regions, where sun and water make it possible to live in comfort, refining the muscles and the mind."

We are then treated to some engaging imaginary catastrophes that might end all our fine plans in a cake of ice or a cloud of steam:

"If our earth were captured by some huge extinct star, and forced to circle about it instead of about our sun, the temperature would fall in a few days by over a hundred degrees. This would mean swift death despite boilers and radiators, despite descent into the bowels of the earth where the poor and the miners might take refuge in seeking survival, if indeed they could find food there and free their subterranean dwellings from carbonic-acid gas.

"If the sun should blaze up by reason of the sudden disintegration of a larger number of atoms, or if a new sun should add its burning rays to those that now give us life, the temperature of the earth's surface would mount rapidly toward the boiling point. Before reaching this the albumins in our tissues and organs would coagulate, despite the protection of houses and caves. It would be necessary to descend far into the earth, where we should meet the powerful heat from the incandescent matter at its core.

"And if by chance there should be a return of the conditions of temperature and pressure favorable to the appearance of life on the earth, there would be new organisms, a new evolution of existing races, a few of which might survive in primitive form, arrested by pressure and cold. These would then develop into new forms like the tadpole when he changes into a frog, or the worm when he becomes a butterfly.

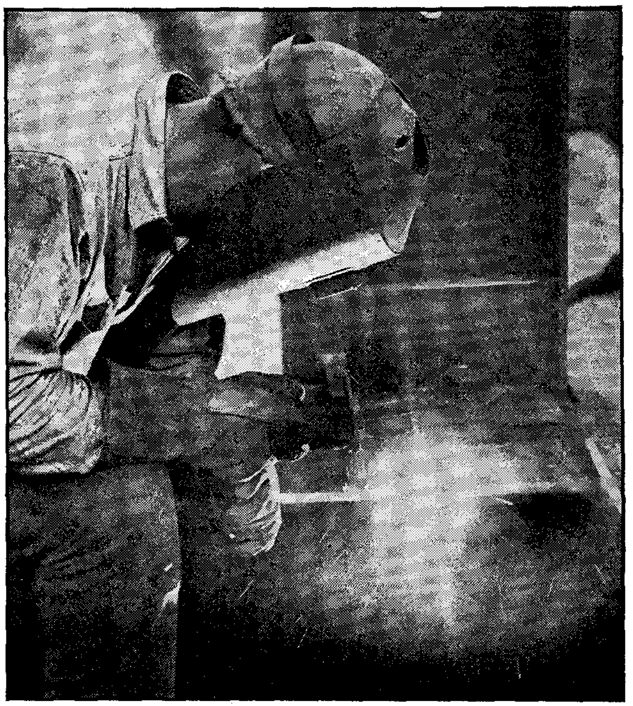
"Life thus depends on a few degrees of temperature; a slight difference one way or the other, and lo! living beings would become blocks of ice or clouds of vapor.

"So that life is a very unstable and delicate phase in the evolution of worlds. We are ignorant—absolutely ignorant—of their origin and development, but we may say that logically planetary worlds should have a beginning and an end—should evolve, doubtless, through millions of years. Only during a tiny part of this evolution, while they are just cool enough and just warm enough, is life possible upon them. According to the little that we know of the world's history, life has left us its traces for about three million years. The day will doubtless come when earth or sun will have cooled. Life, that is to say the sum of physical and gaseous exchanges that permit it, will then cease. So that, even if our reason tells us that the universe about us is not eternal, our own span of life is so little a thing compared with its own that we ought to live as if we believed in its eternity."

LOOK OUT FOR FALLING OBJECTS

ONE-THIRD OF THE ACCIDENTS in building-construction are due to falling objects, says R. B. Thomas, counsel for the Structural Steel Board of Trade, New York, writing on "Safety Twenty Stories Up," in *The National Safety News* (Chicago). These objects, he says, are not heavy pieces of material, but rivets, bolts, and tools. About one-half of those or one-sixth of the total are injuries to men of other trades on the same building who are working below the iron worker, such as carpenters building forms and concrete laborers putting in floor arches. He goes on:

"The erection gang raises the beams and columns, sets them and bolts them in place. Then along comes the riveter, who takes out the bolts and replaces them with rivets. The floor on which the erection is going on is always planked over, but the riveters are usually at work on the two floors directly below this and immediately above the concrete men. It would seem that if an extra floor of plank, or some other protection, was interposed just below the riveters, a number of these distressing head and back injuries would be eliminated.



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LOOK OUT FOR SPARKS!

Electric welding-machine at work on a steel frame of a sky-scraper.

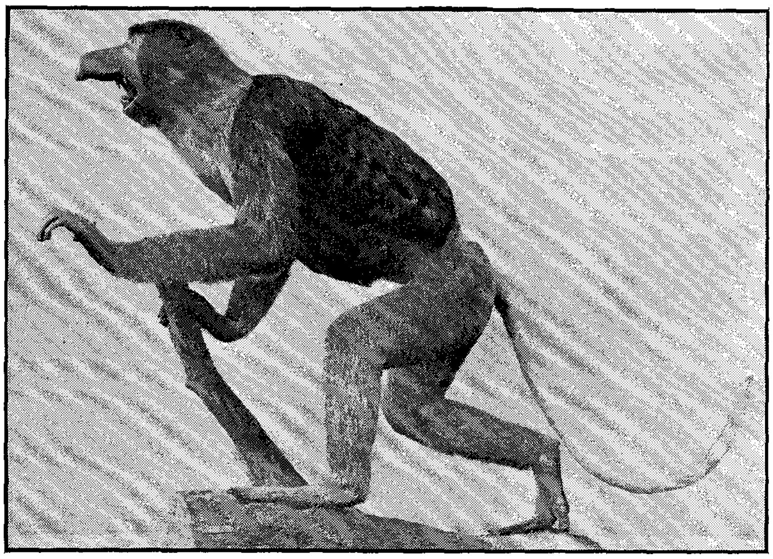
"Unfortunately we can not do this in New York because of statutory requirements that compel the concrete arches to follow closely the steel erection. This particular law should be changed so that the proper protection could be afforded, but even in that event it would be necessary to have the requirement written into the job specifications so that the careless and unscrupulous contractor would not reap the benefit of the lower cost. The erection-floor planks are comparatively easy to handle, as they are lifted to new levels through open space, but to provide an extra floor of planking below would prove somewhat more expensive.

"The heavy character of our material makes it difficult to handle, and we have a number of cases in which men suffer contusions and bruises to their hands and feet. A beam rolls over or a connector pinches his fingers between a beam and a column. These account for one-fifth of all our accidents. Strains from lifting cause another 2.8 per cent. Apparently there are no safeguards for this class of cases except the education of the worker and competent supervision.

"'Foreign matter in the eyes' is the cause of 13.6 per cent. The stronger breezes up high on the sky-scrapers blow around a lot of dirt and dust. Some eye injuries come from steel chips and others from sparks from forges and burning torches. Obviously the burners should wear goggles during the actual burning operation, during which they are generally settled in a stable position. For the other men the cure might be worse than the disease, for the man who walks a beam at a dizzy height needs his full range of vision."

ANIMALS NOT IN ZOOS

SOME OF THE WORLD'S most interesting animals never have been seen in the United States, says Dr. William M. Mann, director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, writing in *The Science News Letter*, issued by Science Service (Washington). Others, he says, appear in American exhibits so infrequently that they are known to the public only from specimens in museums or pictures in text-books. He goes on:



Photographs from Science Service, Washington, D. C.

"THE QUEEREST AND QUAINTEST OF ALL THE MONKEY RACE"

The proboscis monkey. It can not live in zoos. While other monkeys as a rule have no noses, this one's proboscis keeps growing longer and longer.

"No zoo can hope to present a complete collection of the animals of the globe. The great and inevitable gaps are due to a variety of reasons. In the first place, no zoo could hold all the animals. Many creatures can not, or will not, live in captivity. This weakness may be purely physical, as with some of the delicate and beautiful South American monkeys; with others it may be essentially temperamental. Some animals fret themselves to death in captivity.

"Some creatures are worth, literally, their weight in gold. Zoo directors naturally are loath to pay enormous sums for creatures which are likely to die in a week or two.

"Some animals are so rare that they never come into the hands of dealers—so rare, in fact, that their very existence is open to question. Still others are highly specialized feeders whose diet can not be provided for them far from their birthplaces. Some, on the verge of extinction, are so carefully protected by law that permits to capture them are practically unobtainable. A few, it is barely possible, still are unknown to science, altho it is extremely doubtful if any animal of major importance remains to be discovered.

"Few Americans ever have seen the duck-billed platypus or the echidna, those curious egg-laying Australian animals which seem like reptiles in the process of becoming warm-blooded, but undecided whether to become birds or mammals. They are the greatest curiosities in the mammal world, and would be highly prized exhibits in any zoo. But in the first place it is extremely difficult to obtain the platypus. Permits to capture them are issued by the Australian Government very infrequently, and never to private individuals. In the second place, they don't live. One echidna has lived for years in the Philadelphia zoo, but this is a solitary example of success among many failures.

"I recently saw a dead proboscis monkey in the store of a dealer in New York City. It had died before reaching the States. This monkey inhabits the island of Borneo, and is probably the queerest and quaintest of all the monkey race. Its most remarkable feature is its nose. Monkeys as a rule have no noses. But this animal has a pointed nose several inches long, reminding one of the trunk of a tapir. The nose keeps growing during the life of the owner. A small specimen lived for a short time in the zoo in Amsterdam.

"None of the many varieties of bats is seen often in zoos. They can not endure daylight. Fruit bats sometimes can be seen in the monkey-houses of zoos. Others of this family are highly specialized creatures which can not be kept alive in captivity. Among these is the vampire bat of South America, which actually does suck human blood. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the Socirine bat of Central America. Its great peculiarity is that it has a very long, very slender, and very extensible tongue with a brush of reversed bristles at the extremity. Some believe that it can hover in front of over-ripe fruit and lick out the pulp with its tongue."

Among our well-known North American animals, the moose is perhaps the rarest of all in collections, this again due to specialized feeding habits. Attempts to keep them in captivity nearly always fail, according to Dr. Mann. Likewise, few persons in the East have seen the prong-horned antelope, which now is disappearing rapidly from the western plains. Any of these animals brought into captivity simply brings the species that much nearer extinction. To quote further:

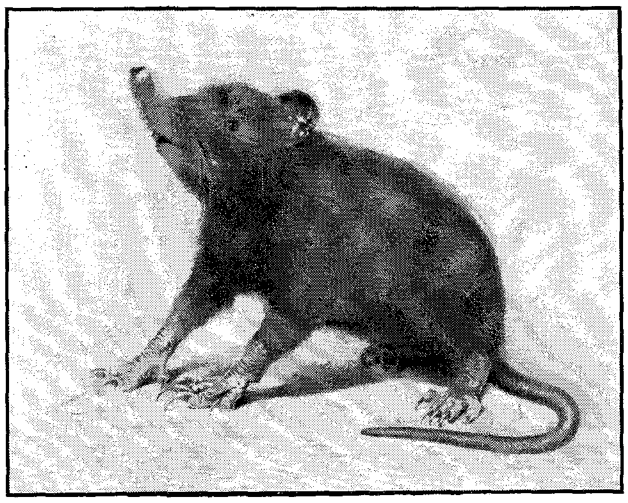
"The bear family has two members, one of which has never been seen in North America, the other seldom. One of them has seldom been seen by anybody anywhere. This animal, the panda bear or parti-colored bear of Tibet, has been known to science only since 1869. Practically nothing is known of its habits, tho it is said to feed on bamboo and other vegetables.

"Almost equally rare in captivity is the spectacled bear of the Peruvian Andes, the sole representative of the family in South America. It is a small black bear given an extremely grotesque appearance by tawny circles around the eyes. The animal is only about three and one-half feet long. The endemic bear of North Japan, the sacred bear to the Ainus, is equally rare.

"Widely separated from the elephant in size is its closest relative among living mammals. This is the hyrax, an animal very similar in superficial appearance, size, and habits to the rabbit. All hyraces are playful, intelligent creatures, and are much hunted for their soft skins. Why they do not thrive in captivity, in general, we do not know.

"The greatest prize any zoo could possibly obtain would be a white rhinoceros. The animal is on the verge of extinction, but still is met with occasionally in South Africa. One was killed last year by George Eastman. It is the largest of the rhinos. The color actually is a slate-gray, only a shade or so lighter than that of other members of this family.

"Still another type of rhino has been known to science only a couple of years. As described to *Die Umschau* by Dr. F. Vageler, it seems like a scaly monster of the pre-human ages of the earth surviving into modern times in the almost unvisited swampy country of southern Java. Its almost naked hide is covered closely with small, hard, horny scales. No effort has been made, so far as is known, to capture one of these creatures alive.



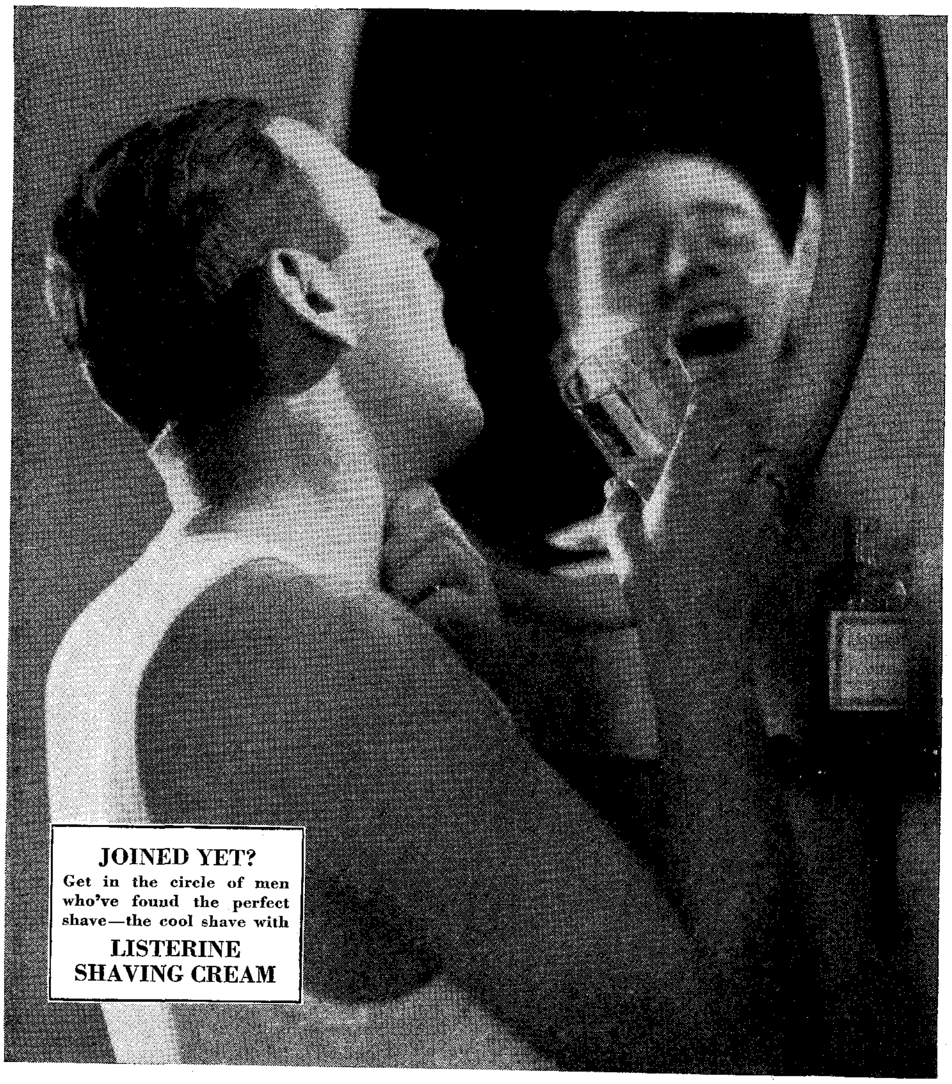
OUTDOES ALL OUR BEST SNOBS AND CADS

In the art of turning up its nose. The solendon, from Cuba, is rarely seen in captivity.

"Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, it is possible, may have other interesting animals to offer which are now unknown to science. The natives have some queer legends, and folk-lore quite frequently has a basis in truth.

"There is now no specimen in the United States of the wisent,

How to avoid SORE THROAT...and COLDS



JOINED YET?

Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Tests show amazing power against bacteria

Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds

MORE than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

Therefore, an irritated throat demands immediate attention. It may be the symptom of a cold—or worse. The germs causing the irritation must be killed before they get the upper hand.

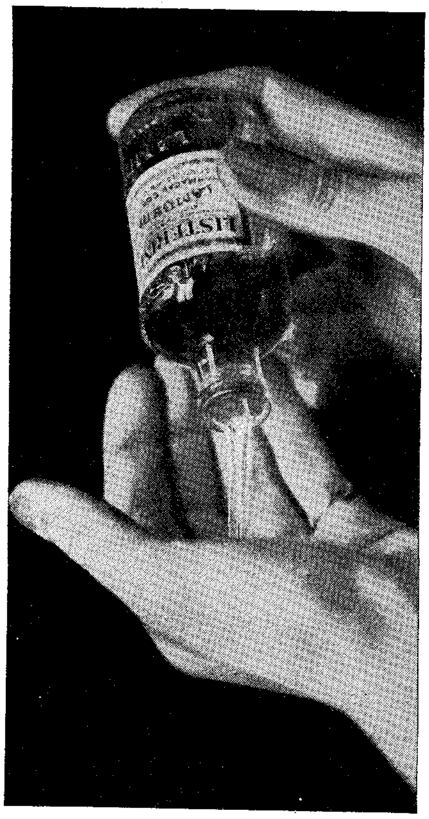
Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germs.

Yet Listerine is so gentle and safe it may be used undiluted in any cavity of the body.

Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office, and at the first sign of throat irritation gargle repeatedly with it full strength. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Prevent a cold this way?

Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown before, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

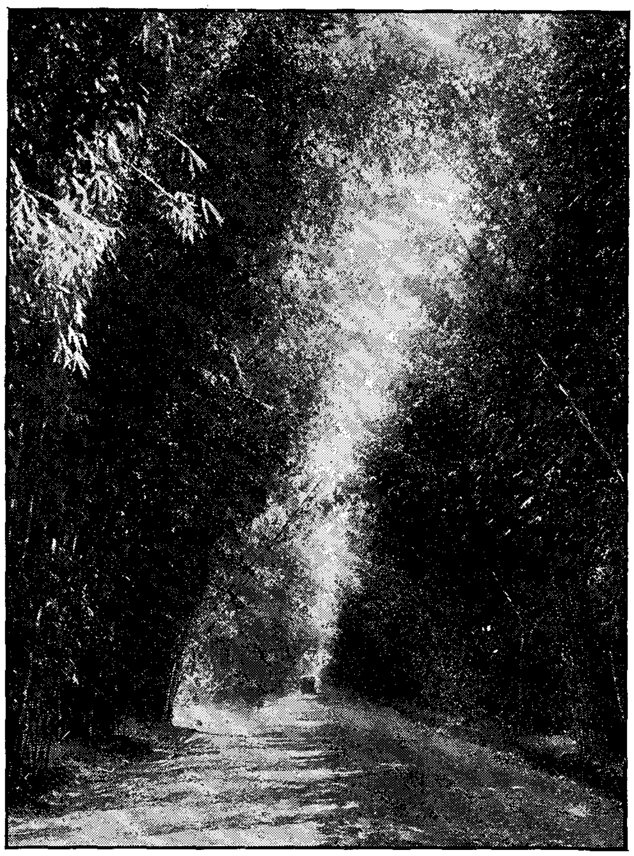
It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

or European bison. In 1925 a census showed only sixty-six of them in Europe—all on private estates or in zoological gardens. A society has been formed for their preservation.

"But if one peruses the list of animals that have lived at one time or another in the great zoological garden of London, he will find a most wonderful array of animals. The pangolin, heavily scaled and almost impossible to keep alive, has been exhibited on numerous occasions. The fossa cat from Madagascar, the aardvark, the takin, the bandicoot, the pouched Tasmanian wolf, have all been seen there by the public. Each year brings animals new to collections into captivity. The bongo, a wonderful red and white antelope of West Africa, until recently stood pre-eminent among the list of animals never seen in captivity, but one is now in the zoo at Paris. The nyala is living in Washington, and both St. Louis and San Diego have captive sea elephants."



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BEAUTIFUL AVENUE OF GIANT BAMBOOS IN BRAZIL

Brazil will stage a good-roads congress in June that will pave the way for a world congress to be held in the United States next year.

POISON IN COMETS—Comets are veritable bombshells of poison gas, as tho some celestial enemy skilled in gas warfare were firing bubbles of death at us from outer space, says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York). He goes on:

"One poison gas exists in the comet's head, seeming to jet out continually from the more or less solid nucleus of this head like spurts of burning gas out of a coal fire. This poison is cyanogen, one of the deadliest known gases to human life and related chemically to potassium cyanid and to prussic acid. Another poison gas exists in the comet's tail, and is carbon monoxid, the poison sometimes contained in the exhaust gases of automobile engines, and which has killed so many people who carelessly stayed in small, closed garages with such an engine running. Presence of these poisons in the gases of cometary heads and tails is discoverable from photographs made by the astronomers' light-analyzing instrument, the spectroscope, as has been proved by recent studies carried out by Dr. N. T. Bobrovnikoff of Lick Observatory, in California, and reported to the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. One result, however, is to make the mysteries of comets deeper instead of clearer, for neither Dr. Bobrovnikoff, nor any one else, can imagine where the poisonous cyanogen of the comet's head comes from, or how this cyanogen is converted, as it seems to be, into the other gaseous poison of the tail. Astronomers might discover this if a comet came close enough to the earth, but perhaps too close a visit from such a poison-charged bombshell is not altogether desirable."

A WORLD OF GOOD ROADS

NO SINGLE FACTOR is of greater importance to international trade to-day than the good roads campaign, says *The American Exporter* (New York), in an article on "The International Good Roads Movement." At present, the demand for better roads is literally world wide. The ship is the recognized symbol of international trade, but the motor road may yet claim equal rank, for as roads are built and motor transport established new markets are opened, new sources of wealth created, and the horizon of trade is widened. We read:

"The new year 1929 will be marked by the publication of the world survey of the Highway Transport Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce, and the setting up by that body of a clearing-house for the dissemination and co-ordination of information on the extent of current road building and projects authorized.

"Another event in 1929 will be the Rio de Janeiro road congress, which will be held the last week of June and the first week of July, and which will pave the way for the International Road Congress of the world, to be held in the United States in 1930, at which forty-seven countries of the world will be represented by at least 1,000 delegates. The Rio de Janeiro congress discussions will cover such subjects as international highways, national highways and plans for future conventions.

"The International Road Commission, the governing body, met in Paris for the first time during 1928, and official delegates of the United States Government, headed by Thomas H. MacDonald, leading highway authority of the United States Government, attended sessions.

"Greater interest than ever before is being displayed by highway engineers of the world who want to come to the United States to see the practical results of the greatest road-building program ever carried out, but particularly the financing, maintenance and economic phases.

"Sessions of the congress will be held in Washington, followed by bus tours of the United States by the delegates, the cost of which will be defrayed by United States industries.

"Speaking generally, the 1928 good-roads movement in Europe, especially in the larger countries, was largely confined to the resurfacing and otherwise keeping in condition the already existing highways.

"Mussolini put many thousands of men to work repairing the main arteries of transportation into Rome. France is rebuilding, and nine-tenths of Belgium's and Germany's road work is similar.

"Late in 1928 a contract was let to the Fox Brothers International Corporation for the building of a thirty-foot cement toll road in Spain, of 250 miles. The subject of toll roads is now receiving much attention, particularly in Italy.

"Finland and Sweden are raising the standard of their roads through government aid to the old tried-and-true method of having each land owner take care of and help build roads touching on his own land. This had worked well for miles and miles of dirt roads, and now progress is being made toward better construction through federal monetary aid.

"Now that China's difficulties of civil war are diminished, thousands of her soldiers are at work on roads. Despite the need of construction tools, China is taking a fresh start, for she does not have any labor shortage.

"The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce sent two of its representatives to Europe in 1928 for long trips, Walton Schmidt and George F. Bauer, the latter manager of the Chamber's Foreign Trade Department. Mr. Bauer visited Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Latvia.

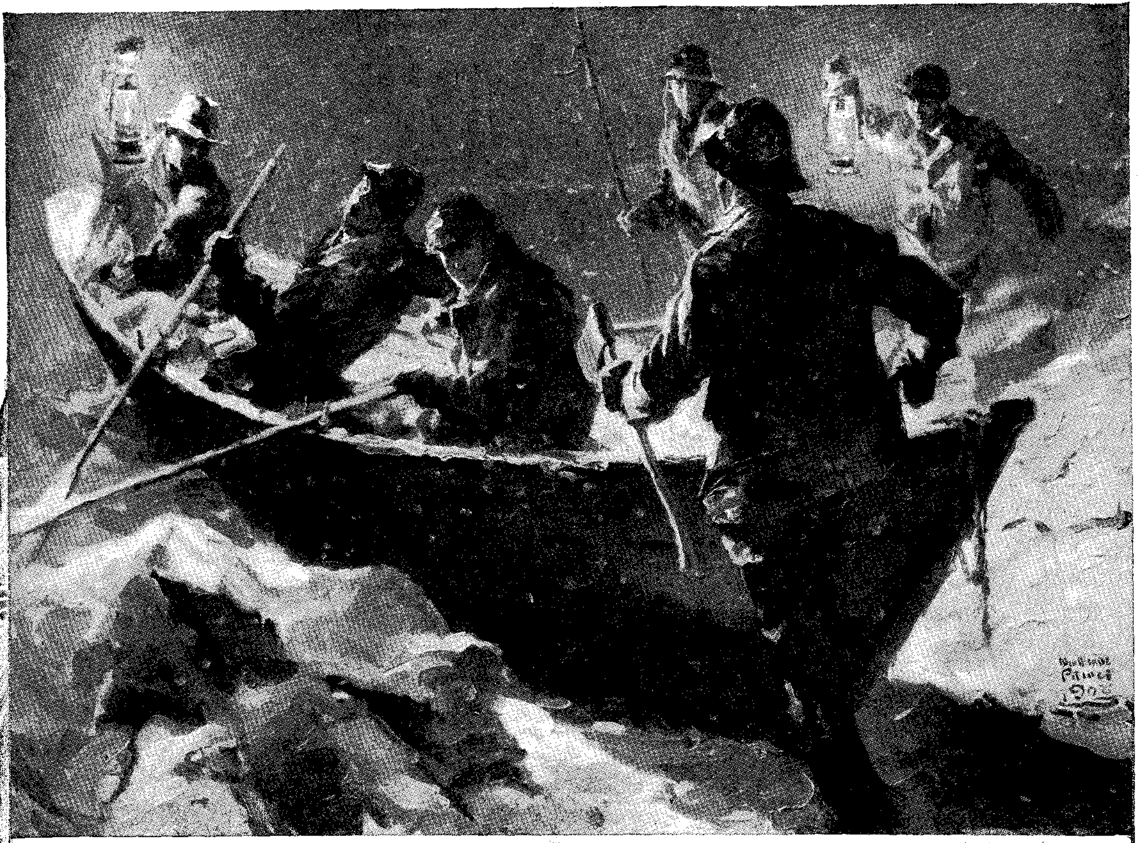
"The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce also sent John V. Lawrence, special representative of its foreign department, on a long tour of Latin America and Mexico.

"The following table of world road-mileage, not including city streets, was prepared by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce:

Continent and Country	*Road Mileage*	*Area (Square Miles) to 1 Mile of Road*	*Automotive Vehicles (Total)*	*Automotive Vehicles to 1 Mile of Road*	*Persons to 1 Automotive Vehicle*
WORLD TOTAL					
America	3,574,731	4.4	25,001,625	7	9.2
Africa	205,902	48.1	277,800	1.35	493.2
Asia	418,457	248.8	375,910	.89	2,642.3
Europe	1,976,037	5.2	5,244,695	2.65	100.4
Australia, New Zealand, and islands in the Pacific	406,874	8.1	717,585	1.76	12.8
Grand Total	6,582,001	7.69	31,617,615	4.81	59.91

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Get an axe, Tom— we're froze fast!"

From Great Chebeague, on Casco Bay, it's a long eight-mile pull to Cliff Island. That December night when two husky Maine fishermen fetched Dr. Ryan on a hurry call from Tom Taber, the salt spray was turning to ice as it blew over the bow.

It took Tom ten minutes with an axe to dig the three men out of the boat, when they beached at Griffon's Cove. Their boots and oilskins had frozen to thwarts and bottom boards.

A few hours later Dr. Ryan told Tom "it was a boy" and Mrs. Taber was doing nicely.

"I like my neighbors"

"I like my neighbors", said the only physician in a hundred square miles of Arkansas hill country to us recently. "They keep me guessing, though. Will it be a much-needed night's rest—or a call from the other side of the county at two in the morning."

No wonder the country doctor is loved and respected by the rugged, hard-working men among whom he lives. His kindly smile and familiar bag are signals of hope whenever the shadow of pain falls across a home.

Comforting, too, is the quiet sympathy in the voice of the doctor's wife over the telephone, "He's started—he'll be there soon!"

Experience plus modern medicines

The family doctor of today brings to your aid not only the resources of modern medicine but also the resources of widely varied experience. Single-handed he meets emergencies of a thousand and one kinds.

The controlling motive behind Parke, Davis & Company's work since its inception in Detroit in 1866 is this: To put at the disposal of physicians throughout the world medicines in which they can place absolute confidence. Physicians visiting the Parke-Davis laboratories are impressed with the pioneering work that is done here. New medicinal agents are constantly being evolved to keep pace with the growing needs of both general practitioners and specialists.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Spoonfuls of Summer Sun

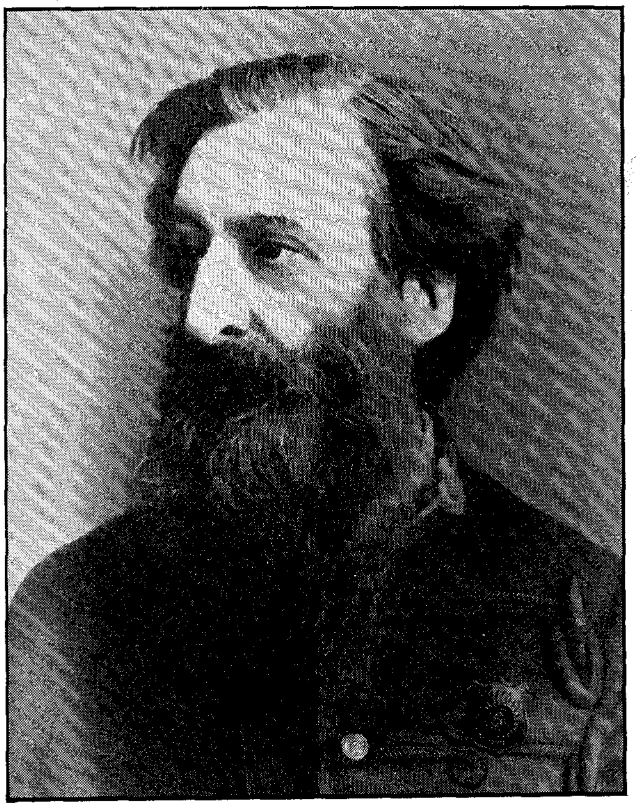
Your physician will tell you that next to clear summer sunlight, vitamin-rich cod-liver oil best promotes strong healthy bones and sound teeth in growing children.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is exceptionally rich in vitamins A and D. It is light in color, practically odorless, and as nearly tasteless as a pure cod-liver oil can be. Children find it much easier to take. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

"WILFUL WILL" BOOTH AND HIS SALVATION ARMY

BEARDED LIKE A PROPHET, with eagle nose and flashing eyes, the great organizer and evangelist faced a foreign audience, ill-disposed toward his country, and braved its hostility by requesting its prayers for the recovery of his King from a serious illness. 'Twas in Berlin, in 1902, when anti-British feeling was running high in Germany on account of the Boer War. King Edward VII lay dangerously ill, his coronation delayed. And General Booth, founder of one of the strangest and most successful religious organizations of history, was disregarding the entreaties of his advisers, and doing what he himself afterward confessed to be a "difficult, daring, nay, an almost impossible" thing. Perhaps it was the prophetic fire and exaltation of the man that enabled him to "get away with it." Earlier in life he had earned the sobriquet, "Wilful Will," and now he lived up to the name. First he told the great German audience of a message of sympathy he had sent to Queen Alexandra of England. Then he offered up a solemn prayer for the recovery of the stricken Edward. A stir passed through the congregation, then it froze ominously. Addressing himself to his hearers, General Booth declared that if their Emperor were ill, the people of England would pray for him; and by that telling stroke he evoked a measure of Christian sympathy. The danger of a hostile demonstration subsided, and "Wilful Will" Booth had won again.



Photograph by courtesy of the Salvation Army, New York City

THE GREAT SALVATION GENERAL IN HIS FIRST UNIFORM

A rare picture of the original General Booth in his prime, when he first applied the military idea to religion.

It was this very independence of General Booth that made him able to develop the Salvation Army from a local mission to a world-wide spiritual "empire," with workers in practically every land—creating the spirit which won probably its greatest recognition for its heroic service during the World War. This year the centenary of the founder's birth will be observed, and unusual interest is given to the event by the recent debate in the high council of the Army over its future leadership. The history of the Salvation Army shows that there have been other clashes before the present one, we learn from the New York *Evening World*. But altho the Booths have not always agreed on matters of administration, "they have loved one another and maintained their loyalty in all other affairs." As in his management of the Army, the founder insisted on strict discipline in his own family, and this brought about the first dissension, of which *The Evening World* tells us:

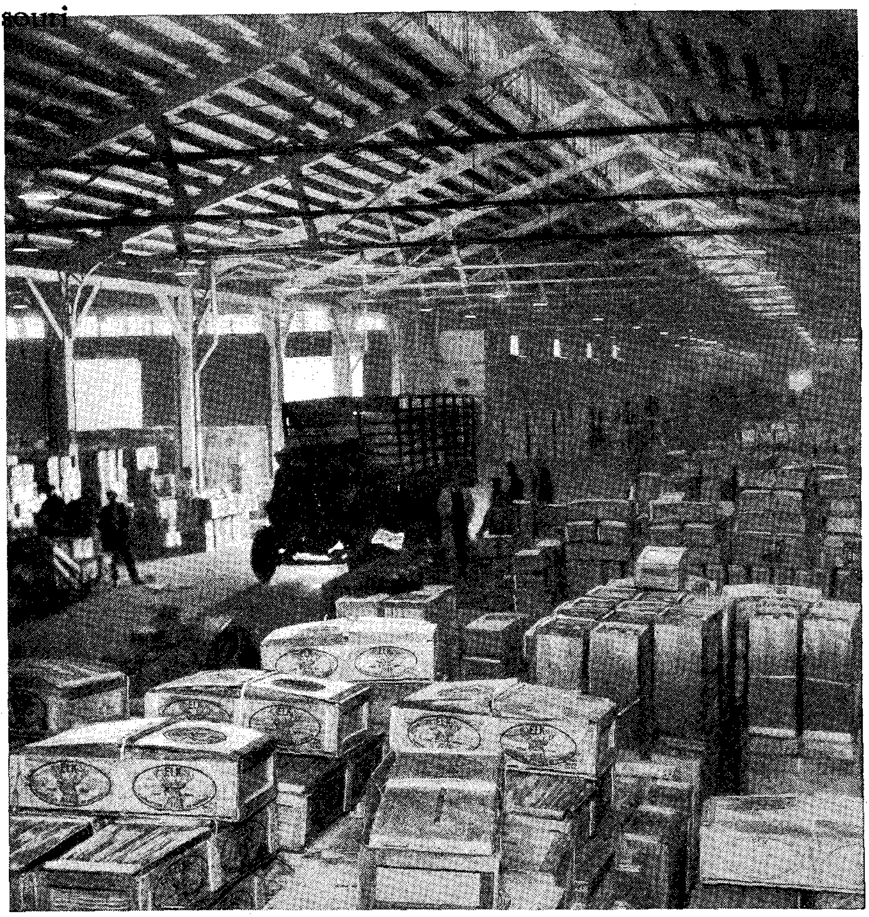
> Ballington Booth, the second son, and his wife, Maud, had been sent to the United States in 1887 to take charge of the organization here. Nine years later, after Ballington had successfully established the organization in this country, he received orders from his father and his eldest brother to return to London to be assigned to some other work.
>
> Ballington Booth balked at this, and when the head of the family refused to reconsider his orders, but insisted on his son's return, the latter resigned from the Army and, with the assistance of his wife, founded the Volunteers of America.
>
> This rift in the family was not completely patched up until after the death of William Booth in 1912. Bramwell Booth, who had been designated as his father's successor as early as 1890, came to the United States a few months later, and the two brothers met and shook hands. They have been on good terms ever since.
>
> The second clash occurred in 1902 when Herbert Booth, the third son, who had been commander of the Army in its home territory, sent in his resignation after having been in charge of the organization in Australia for some time. He refused to obey certain orders which he had received from his father because, as he wrote, they were against his convictions.
>
> In the letter offering his own resignation and that of his wife, he wrote, in part:
>
> "DEAR GENERAL:
>
> "You are our father! We are your son and daughter. Misjudge as you choose our silence, but tempt us not, we entreat you, into self-vindication by descent into detail concerning personal differences."
>
> This son became a writer and lecturer in the interests of the Pentecostal faith, and died a few years ago in Yonkers.
>
> Evangeline Booth came to this country in 1904, and has been in command here ever since. She, too, has considered her duty to her work more important than her loyalty to her brother, and for that reason she has repeatedly refused to obey orders sent her by Gen. Bramwell Booth to bid farewell to this country and to return to London.
>
> In 1920, an order for the recall of Commander Evangeline Booth was prepared by her brother, but she remained here. Two years later it was announced from London that "the farewell of Commander Evangeline Booth from the United States had been under consideration for a number of years."
>
> But so many protests were received from prominent Americans, including Herbert Hoover, Henry W. Taft, Bishop Manning, and Otto H. Kahn, that her brother replied, "The fall of 1923 is the earliest date contemplated by me." When that time came around, however, the pressure brought to bear on her brother resulted in her reappointment for three years. And this happened again in 1926.

The love and reverence which Herbert Booth felt for his father, altho he disagreed with him, was exprest in his eloquent description of how William Booth started as a "Salvationist" in 1865, *The Evening World* continues, giving us this quotation from the son:

> One evening in July a man left his house in the East End of London. He was tall and slim, with well-marked features over a black beard. He carried two books under his arm, and walked with a firm stride.
>
> He was one of those men who attract attention unwittingly, and folks looked at him as he passed. He turned down one of the lowest streets of London and traversed it till it struck another broad thoroughfare. It was about 7 o'clock when he

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

An interesting corner in the Pennsylvania Railroad Produce Terminal in New York: wholesale buyers inspecting samples of oranges to guide them in the spirited auction bidding which will follow.



Photos by Paul Hesse

An early morning scene: Looking from the bulkhead down one of the three gigantic piers, where the contents of 725 cars can be displayed at one time —heated, lighted, and ventilated day and night.

9 acres of fruits and vegetables *in the heart of New York*

"It's like taking a tour through the orchards and truck gardens of all quarters of the Union. The place is wonderful" . . . .

So said a well-known nutrition authority after she had explored the Pennsylvania Railroad's immense new Produce Terminal in New York City—the world's largest.

"I started with Oregon and Washington. I was shown vast amounts of rosy apples and winter pears shipped here from that section.

"Then I was taken to California. There I found thousands of crates of seedless grapes and tokays. Not far away were oranges of all kinds, and lemons.

"I learned, too, that the delicious celery we had during the holidays was grown in California and that the artichokes we now use at smart dinners as a vegetable entrée, and the alligator pears which are such a delicacy, come from the same state.

"From the West, so to speak, I traveled in this market to the South. There was romaine from New Orleans with tomatoes from Florida. Oranges, grapes, and grapefruit also came from Florida, and I saw spinach, lettuce, and string beans from the Carolinas and Norfolk."

This colorful scene illustrates a new era, both in national agriculture and in public health.

These fresh fruits and vegetables, essential to the healthful diet of city dwellers, have been brought an average of 1500 miles to market.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Produce Terminal in New York is only one of many serving a territory which includes well over half the urban population of America.

The one at Philadelphia is second largest in the world.

Equally adequate to needs of the communities they serve are others in such cities as St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and Washington.

At each of these well-organized distributing points, speeding cargoes, timed to the market's needs, fan out to spread the nation's harvest on consumers' tables—fresh, delicious, healthful.

A SILENT REVOLUTION in transportation practice is summed up in the following facts: —

1 Practically all Pennsylvania produce trains run on schedules as punctually maintained as those of passenger trains.

2 Refrigerating stations keep fruits and vegetables always fresh in transit.

3 A system of "passing reports" enables shippers to divert goods in transit to markets where demand is greatest.

4 Practically all produce is cleared through terminals without a day's delay.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

reached it. This thoroughfare is unique among the roadways of the world. It is in itself an exhibition of industry unrivaled even by the Crystal Palace. There is nothing necessary or unnecessary to this life that can not be accomplished for you with ready skill by the stall-keepers lining its foot-prints, from getting your hair cut to getting your pocket picked. Neither is there any article you can not sell, from a shirt button even to your own child. It is perhaps, too, the best practise ground for chicanery the world has yet produced. Hundreds of thousands throng it every hour. Thousands go that way to ruin.

THE SALVATION ARMY HAS MADE MANY CONQUESTS AMONG STRANGE PEOPLES

Here we see Japan passing the reviewing stand at a great international demonstration in London, when "the Army" paraded its foreign divisions.

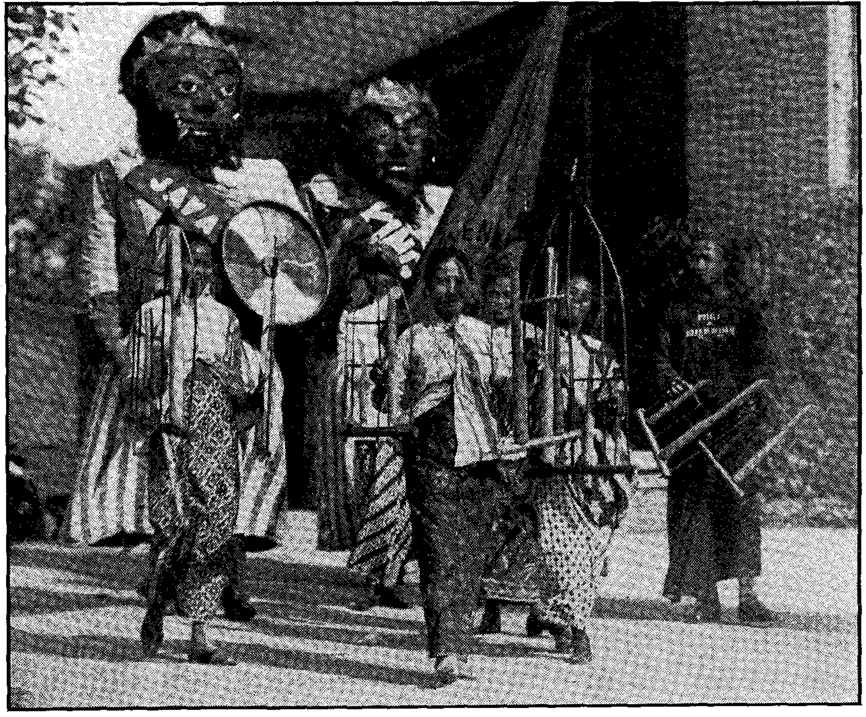
The man stopt before a public house called "The Blind Beggar." There was a little space there, he stood in the middle of it, took one of the books from under his arm, and gave out in a high voice the verse of a hymn.

The effect upon "The Blind Beggar" was prodigious. Men scrambled up to the windows holding pots of beer, and crowded out to the doorway. These men grinned, the drinking stopt, the publican swore.

The newcomer began to preach. A little crowd gathered. Then a big crowd came to see what the little crowd was looking at. When they saw they jeered and chaffed. Those who stood long enough became imprest with the speaker. There was a ring of earnestness about his voice, an expression of something in his words, beyond the meaning of mere English. It was a love of souls. They had not seen much of it at "The Blind Beggar."

The crowd got much bigger. Some of them behind who could not hear tormented those in front who could. They got restless. The preacher got the full benefit of their irritation. A great many laughed him to scorn, a few turned away sadly. Then some one threw a rotten egg. The preacher stopt, prayed, put his book under his arm, pulled his hat over his eyes, and departed. He did not seem to have done much. It was apparently a discouraging business, this saving souls.

The name of the man who had just preached was William Booth. The place where he stood was Mile End.



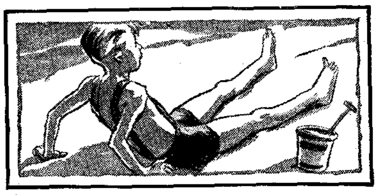
JAVA CONTRIBUTES SOME OF HER HALLELUJAH LASSES AND LADS

With their tinkling native instruments, and the monstrous masked figures of their ancestral ceremonies, they represent the old and the new in Java.

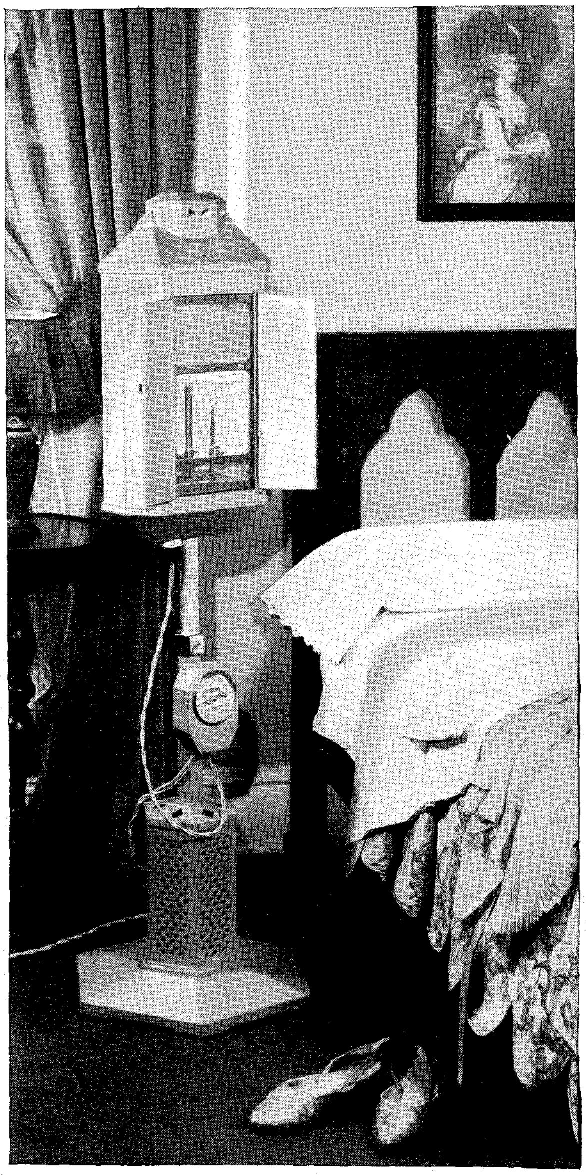
The days and even years that followed were a time of unpopularity and even physical danger for General Booth and his adherents. A letter written to his biographer, Harold Begbie, during his preparation of "The Life of General William Booth" (Macmillan) gives an instance of what had to be endured, and also illustrates the love which the Salvationists felt for their leader. The writer was an Army officer, and his letter, quoted by the biographer, said in part:

> The infidel rowdies of Bradlaugh's town (Northampton) in 1887 vowed they would kill the General. A public welcome and a procession from the railway station had been arranged by our leaders.
>
> I was a Cadet (in training for officership), and playing in the band just behind the carriage. Outside the station we were set upon, our instruments smashed by sticks, belts, etc. Along the whole march we were assaulted with sticks, belts, fists, and shoemakers' paring-knives. They flung soot, flour, eggs (ancient and modern), the old General being the center of these attacks.
>
> It was his undaunted courage that won my admiration. In the midst of that storm he would persist in standing up in the carriage, shouting out (as Salvationists got knocked down) "Help that man up"; "Get that woman into a shop," etc. Had he sat down, few of the missiles would have touched him. There was no driving down a side street or putting up the hood. He was a Leader. I was delighted.

More important, however, were the verbal attacks, in which no less a person than Thomas Henry Huxley, the scientist, was a leader, which greeted the publication of General Booth's "Darkest England" scheme in 1890. This was one of the first of the Salvation Army's social-service plans, and the book which outlined it grew out of the leader's pity for the misery of the London poor. How many people in England, asked the General, according to Mr. Begbie, lived worse than the London cab horse? "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain," we read, "said that between four and five millions 'remained in a state of abject



Here by your bedside, warm and glowing, is the Sun itself



Ask your physician

SNAP the switch and you have wrought a miracle. Out of winter's darkness springs summer sunshine, glowing with all the warmth and vitality of June.

Only a lamp, you may say, but a lamp that is one of the triumphs of modern science, because it is in reality a miniature sun duplicating the essential rays which have made sunlight the source of life and energy for all mankind.

Turn on this light and expose your body to it. What is the result? First of all it will develop a healthy summer tan. But the real benefits are far deeper. The tide of health rises with the sun in summer, and the light of this Eveready Sunshine Lamp exercises a similar vitalizing influence that brings renewed strength and builds up resistance against illness. It is soothing to the nerves. It induces sound and restful sleep. It does for you what clear summer sunshine will do because it is exactly the same in all essentials. Reporting on tests of carbon arc light such as this, the U. S. Bureau of Standards said: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

Not only does this light have all the vital rays of the sun (ultra-violet, infra-red and visible light rays), but it has them in the same proportion as natural sunlight, which scientists agree is a most important requirement.

Because it is simply sunlight, the Eveready Sunshine Lamp burning Eveready Sunshine Carbons may be used with beneficial results by anyone who is not actually ill. It is particularly valuable to growing children and to adults who wish to avoid physical depression. In case of illness your physician should be consulted before using any light treatment.

A very interesting booklet, "Making the Summer Sun Stand Still," will be mailed free to anyone who is interested.

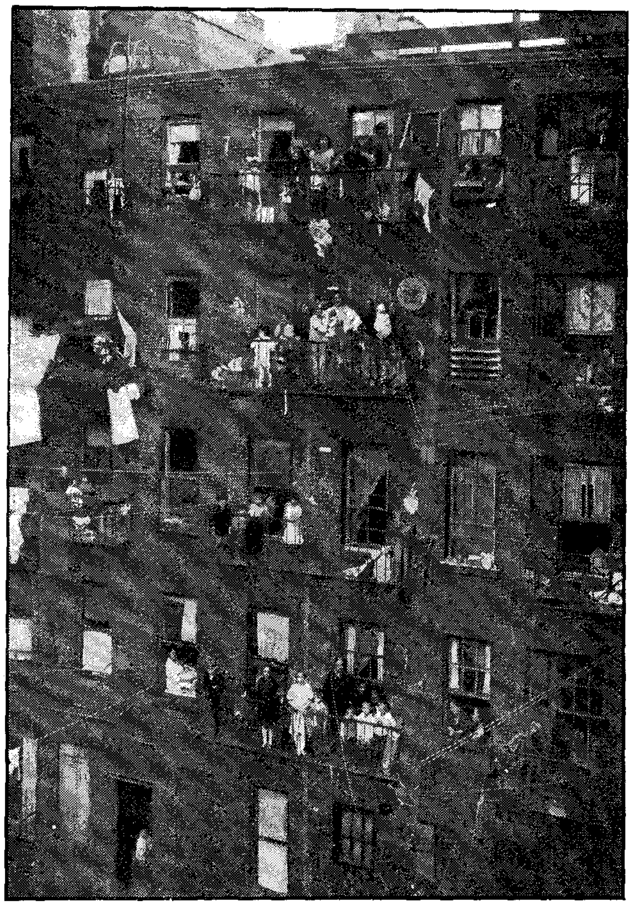
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., Cleveland, Ohio

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

The new Eveready Sunshine Lamp plugs into any convenience outlet, and comes complete with two pairs of special goggles and ten Eveready Sunshine Carbons, ready to operate. Price, $137.50. Sold by electric light companies, electrical merchandise shops, department stores, and physicians' supply houses.

EVEREADY Sunshine Lamp **Eveready Sunshine Lamps** EVEREADY Sunshine Carbons misery and destitution.' William Booth declared, 'I am content to take three millions as representing the total strength of the destitute army.'" Reading on in the Begbie life:

He announces his scheme, which "divides itself into three sections, each of which is indispensable for the success of the whole." And he says, "In this threefold organization lies the open secret of the solution of the Social Problem."



AN EAGER CONGREGATION ON THE FIRE-ESCAPES

Tenement dwellers of New York's East Side attending a service conducted for their benefit across the courtyard, as shown below.

General Booth, in his book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," wrote:

> This scheme I have to offer consists in the formation of these people into self-helping and self-sustaining communities, each being a kind of cooperative society, or patriarchal family, governed and disciplined on the principles which have already proved so effective in the Salvation Army.

Returning to Mr. Begbie's outline of the plan:

> These communities he calls, for want of a better word, Colonies, and styles them:
>
> 1. The City Colony.
> 2. The Farm Colony.
> 3. The Over-sea Colony.
>
> The City Colony was to stand "in the very center of the ocean of misery . . . to act as Harbors of Refuge for all and any who have been shipwrecked in life, character, or circumstances. The Harbors will gather up the poor destitute creatures, supply their immediate pressing necessities, furnish temporary employment, inspire them with hope for the future, and commence at once a course of regeneration by moral and religious influences."
>
> The Farm Colony was to be an agricultural estate in the provinces, to which men improved by the City Colony were to be drafted.
>
> The Over-Sea Colony was to be a tract of land in "South Africa, Canada, Western Australia, or elsewhere," which the Salvation Army would prepare for settlement.

The plan required money, and the idea of entrusting money to what Professor Huxley derisively termed "corybantic Christianity" was abhorrent to that studious scientist. His protests are summarized thus by Mr. Begbie.

> Respectable people were asked to pause before they gave money to William Booth for saving 3,000,000 miserable and suffering fellow-creatures, lest they should be endowing "a new Ranter-Socialist sect." He actually brought himself to speak of General Booth's "socialistic autocracy." Carlyle's writings on social miseries, he tells us in one place, made upon his mind "an ineffaceable impression forty years ago"; but the appeal of William Booth, who cried out, not rhetorically from a student's library, but with authentic piteousness from the very abyss itself, only produced in the mind of the middle-aged comfortable professor in his Eastbourne villa a feeling of terror for the safety of society. He warns the people against "the great social danger of the spread of Boothism," and against "despotic socialism in all its forms, and more particularly in its Boothian disguise."

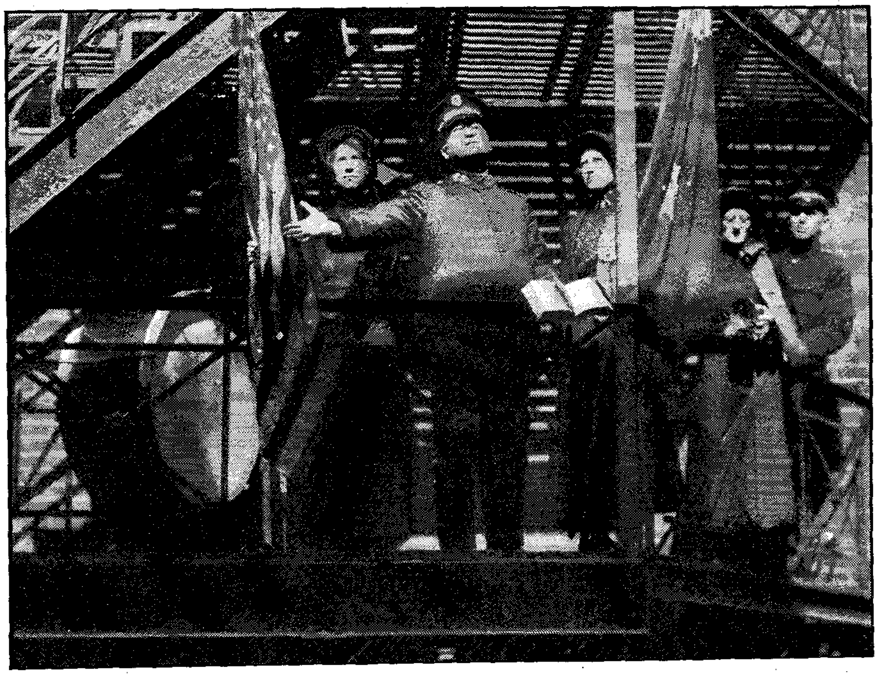
Other fears of Professor Huxley are presented to us in direct quotation by Mr. Begbie, who remarks that they are a "monument of the Professor's wisdom and good manners." Reading on:

> Undoubtedly, harlotry and intemperance are sore evils, and starvation is hard to bear, or even to know of; but the prostitution of the mind, the soddening of the conscience, the dwarfing of manhood are worse calamities. It is a greater evil to have the intellect of the nation put down by organized fanaticism, to see its political and industrial affairs at the mercy of a despot whose chief thought is to make that fanaticism prevail.

To learn more fully the manner of man it was who founded the Salvation Army, we must turn to an account by P. W. Wilson in the New York *Times* Magazine, where we read:

> At first sight it is as a son of Main Street that this strange man greets us. Where he was born in Nottingham is no more than a very dull house in a very dull row.
>
> It is true that the modest dwelling is now illuminated by a romance. But the reason of that is solely one of those dramatic incidents with which, at every point, the astonishing career of William Booth was crowded. There was an unfortunate man with a large family who lost his job. His character was beyond reproach; his employer died with a fortune of $2,000,000; yet this man was allowed to become penniless. He happened to pick up

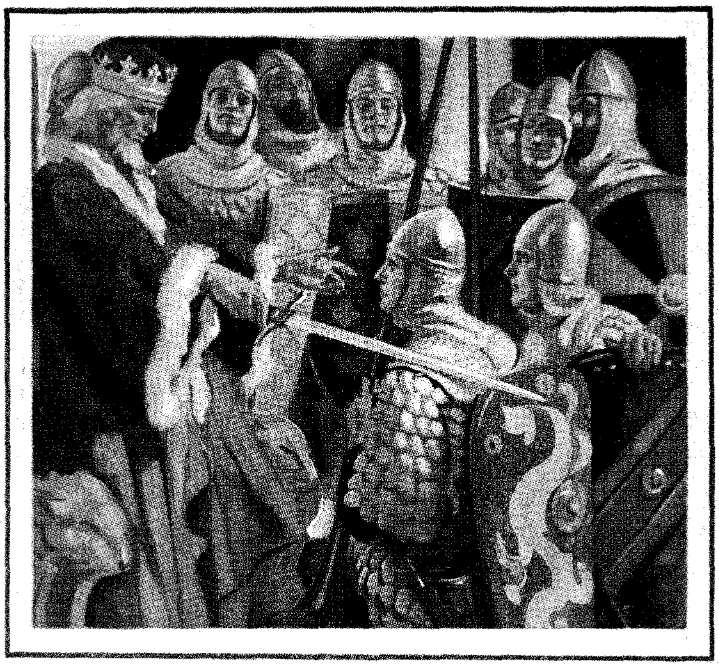
(*Continued on page 47*)



OFFERING SALVATION FROM THE REAR OF 225 BOWERY

Addressing the congregation shown in the other photograph on this page, the exhorter is stationed on the fire-escape of the Army's Workingmen's Hotel which he uses as an outdoor pulpit.

PACKARD



Ability and achievement have ever won permanent place in those organizations consecrated to one high ideal

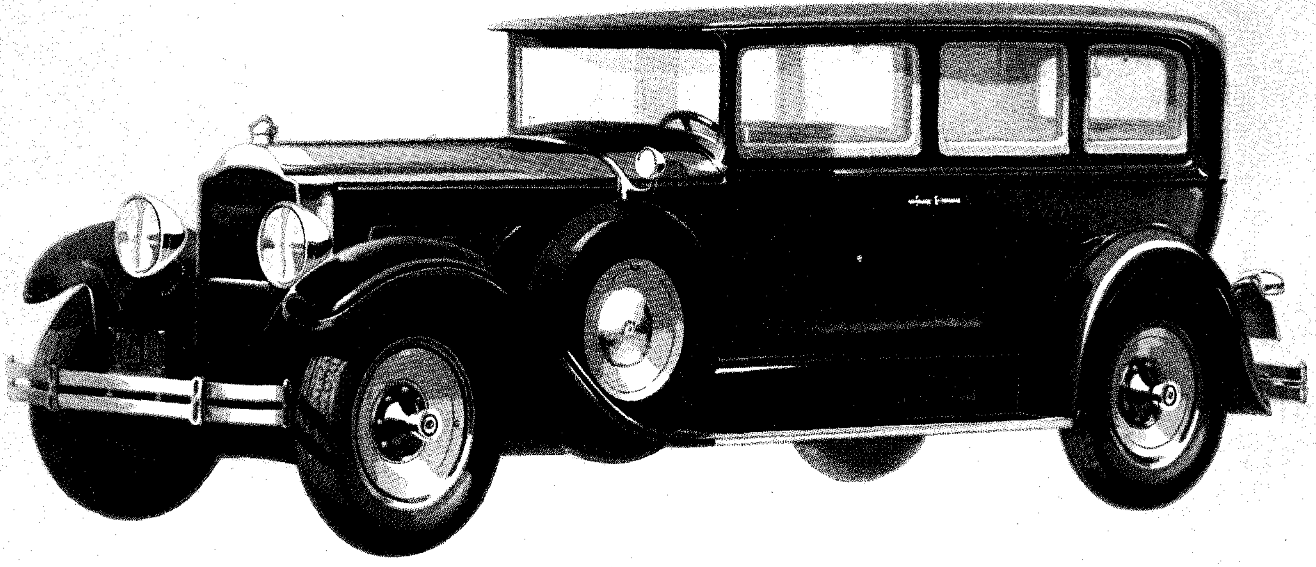
Packard men bear the imprint of the Packard organization. They are selected and schooled for but one quality of work and service. It shows, and it pays—both them and Packard.

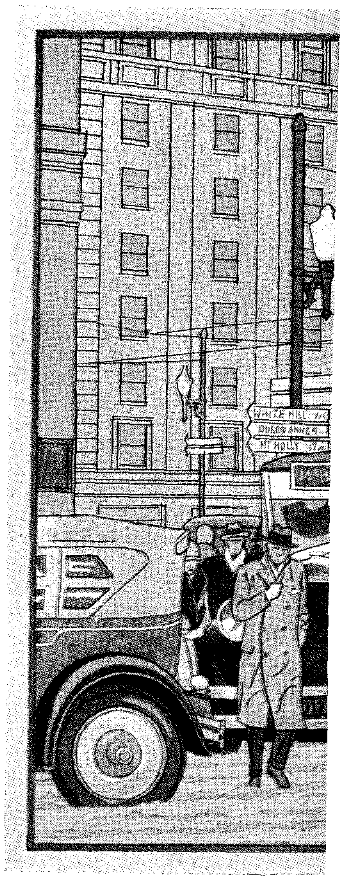
From skilled machinist to designing engineer, Packard cars are produced by men who know and love fine things—men brought up in the interpretation and application of quality ideals.

From suburban dealer to manager of sales, Packard's clientele is served by men who uphold the Packard principles—men who know that the patronage of the discriminating brooks no compromise with quality either in product or in service.

For a single standard of high quality is ever uppermost in the minds of the Packard management—and the Packard organization is the guardian of a priceless reputation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





To help you get many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring

THE modern automobile is a finely built piece of machinery and it will stand a lot of abuse. Considering the work it does, it gives surprisingly little trouble. But there isn't a car made that will not run better and longer if given proper care.

The first few thousand miles are especially important because that is when the mechanism of your car is being broken in. Proper attention during this period will lengthen its life and prevent unnecessary trouble later on.

We are particularly interested in this matter because we believe that it is our duty not only to make a good automobile, but to help the purchaser get the greatest possible use over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.

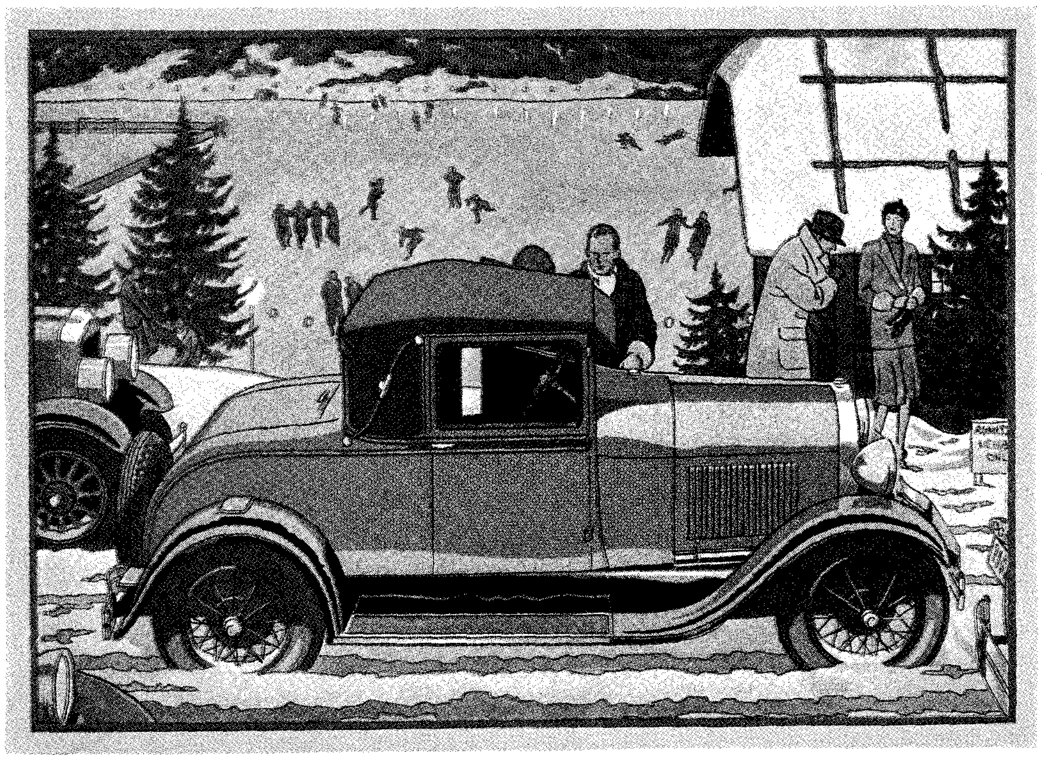
With this in view, the entire Ford dealer organization has been specially trained and equipped to service the new Model A car.

The new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials and manufactured with unusual accuracy. Many of the close limits of measurement are comparable to those used in the making of a watch.

These are the reasons the new Ford performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its serv quirements are so few and t keep cost so low. It has bee to endure.

When you receive your nev the dealer will explain the little things that should be at to at regular intervals to ins best performance. He will a you about the Free Inspecti vice to which every purch the new Ford is entitled 1000 and 1500 miles.

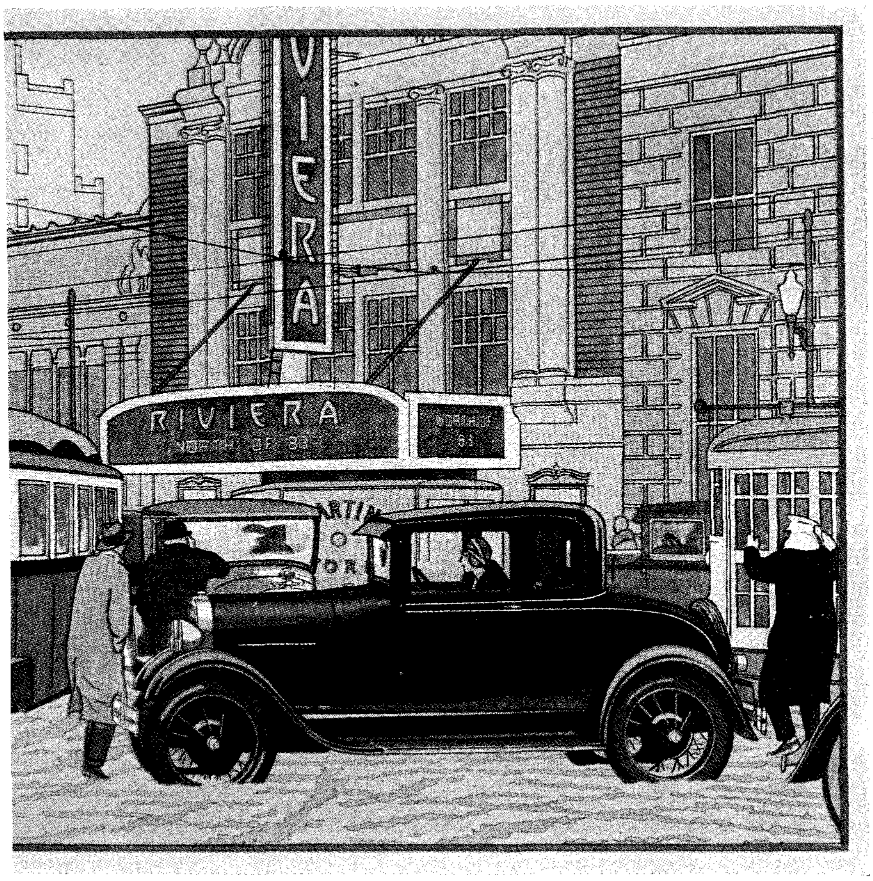
This inspection includes a up of the battery, the ger charging rate,distributor,car



Winter is a happy time when you can go adventuring in this new Ford Sport Coupe. A splendid car for the woman driver because it is so snug and comfortable—so safe and reliable—so easy to handle under all conditions.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CA

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
55 to 65 miles an hour
Mechanical, internal-expanding f brakes and separate emergency (all fully enclosed)
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock abs.
Triplex shatter-proof glass win
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life



Alert and dependable in all kinds of weather is the new Ford Coupe. Especially will you like the way it starts on cold days. Just that one feature alone puts a lot more joy in winter driving.

istment, lights, brakes, shock orbers, tire inflation and steering . The engine oil is also changed the chassis lubricated through high pressure grease gun system. heck-up of wheel alignıt and spring shackles nade during the final ection.

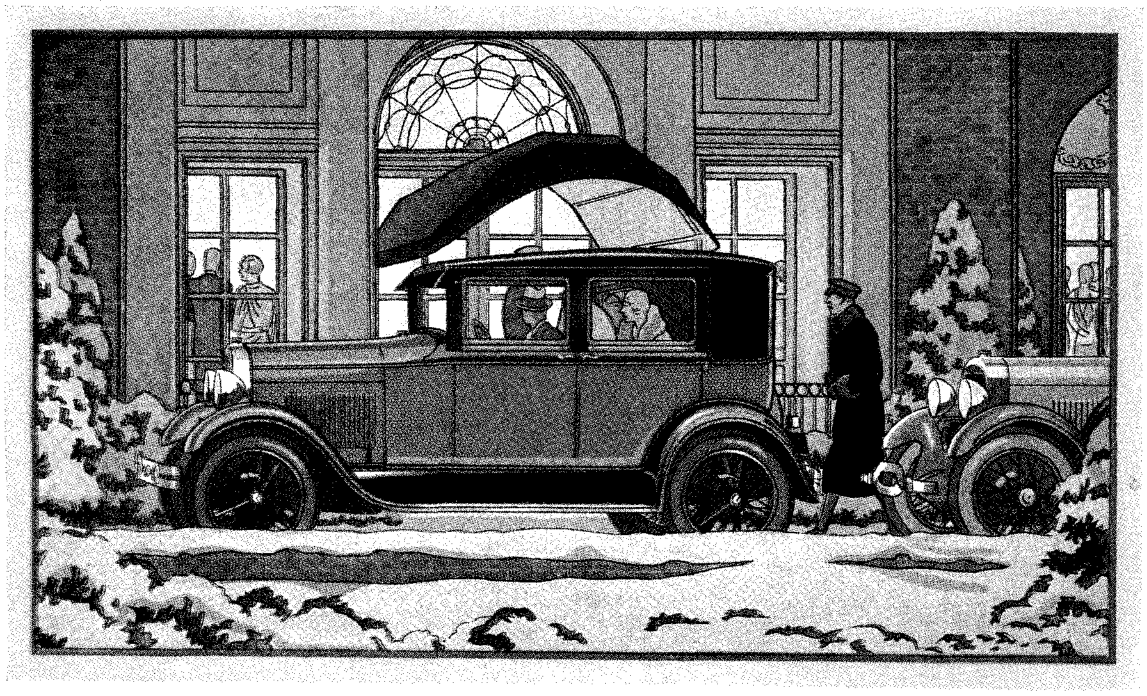
o charge whatever is le for labor or materials dental to this service ept where repairs are essary because of accit, neglect, or misuse. labor of changing the ine oil and lubricating chassis is also free, alugh a charge is made new oil.

This inspection is free for the first 1500 miles only, yet the completeness and watchfulness of Ford Service does not stop there.

Every time you take your car to the Ford dealer for oiling and greasing, it will be a good plan to have him check over important points that have a bearing on continuously good performance and tell you exactly what the car needs. You will find him prompt in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of motoring without a care—without even lifting the hood.

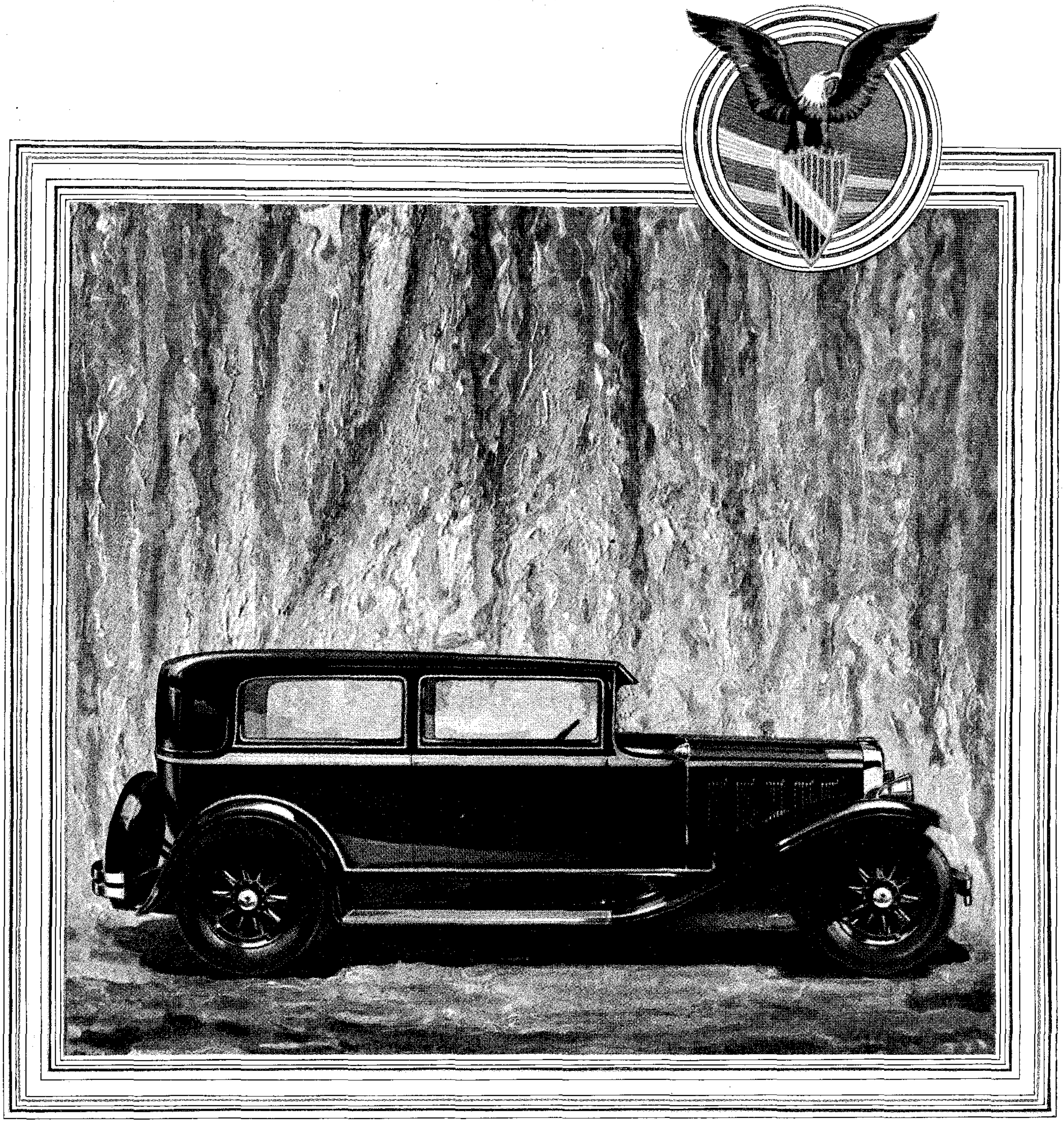
That is the purpose for which the new Ford was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service.*



ew Fordor Sedan is distinguished by ng, low streamline body, beautiful and the richness of its upholstery ppointments. Even in the very little you can see evidence of a quality of ial and workmanship unusual in a low-price car.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan



A New Note of Individuality that's Captivating All America

There's something about the New Oakland All-American that's captivating all America. Something more than beauty, color and style. Something more than richness, comfort, riding ease and luxury. It's a new note of individuality.

★ ★ ★

You find it in magnificent new bodies by Fisher. In flaring, seamless, full-crown fenders. In radiator louvres presenting a novel chevron effect. You find it in deep-cushioned seats superbly upholstered. In handsome interior appointments. In the wealth of roominess which the New All-American provides.

And you find it in All-American performance. In its abundant power . . . its flashing pick-up . . . its soaring, pulse-stirring speed. In the quiet efficiency of its new dirt-and-weather-proof internal brakes.

★ ★ ★

Yet for all that . . . for all its fine car quality and distinction . . . its prices range from only $1145 to $1375.

★ ★ ★

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. factory, plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., PONTIAC, MICH.

The New ALL-AMERICAN SIX
BY OAKLAND

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(*Continued from page 42*)

a newspaper in which there was a violent attack on General Booth, who was accused of spending on himself the money that had been collected for the poor. The man decided to put the case to the test. He sat down and wrote two letters. One he addrest to the editor of the newspaper; the other to General Booth; and he awaited results. The editor did not reply; General Booth's response was immediate. The family was visited and assisted, and in William Booth's own birthplace they lived for years in respectability and independence.

The father of William was Samuel Booth. He had been successively a manufacturer of nails, a builder, and an architect; and he had made money. Young William was thus promised the education of "a gentleman." Suddenly the father lost his fortune by speculation, and in a day the household was reduced to the shabby genteel. They were poor.

It meant that, at the age of thirteen, William Booth left school. It was a calamity for which, in later life, he exprest gratitude. Altho, in due course, Oxford insisted on decorating him with an honorary degree, he had his suspicions of higher education, whether for himself or for his children. His program was salvation, and whatever might dull the edge of the Gospel be avoided.

It was at a Methodist service that one day the soul of the youth caught fire. "Wilful Will" was converted, and in some ways became ten times more wilful than before. The Roman Catholic Church would have known well enough what to do with the vocation. Half a dozen religious orders would have been ready to enroll him. But Booth had joined the Methodists. "To me," as he has said, "there was one God, and John Wesley was His prophet." And Methodism, being in a conservative mood, treated him precisely as, in an earlier century, Episcopacy had treated Methodism. He tried the Wesleyans; he tried the New Connection; he was a local preacher and ordained as a minister. But in the end, it was no use. He had to go his own way.

In his twenty-third year William Booth attended a tea party. His host insisted that he should recite an American poem denouncing drink. After some hesitation he complied with the request, and there arose an argument over total abstinence. Booth's opinion was decisive enough. At the age of eight he had signed the pledge, and had kept it, except in so far as his mother prescribed alcohol as a medicine. But not every one at that tea party agreed with the uncompromising abstainer.

A thoughtful young girl happened to be listening, and in support of William Booth she raised a fresh, clear voice. It was thus that, for the first time, the General, as he was to be, met "the mother of the Salvation Army." She was his champion.

Her name was Catherine Mumford, and the love was immediate, mutual, and lasting. Their letters are exquisite in their strength and sentiment. "I need not tell you," he wrote, "that I mean Christ and a union in heaven, and that my resolutions are unbroken to live and live only for the salvation of souls and the glory of God; I need not urge you to a more earnest searching out for the beauties and loveliness of the character of Jesus; I need not exhort you to entire consecration to His service and His constant hallowed communion; I would to God that my intercourse with Him was as perfect and my resemblance to His image was as divine as your own."

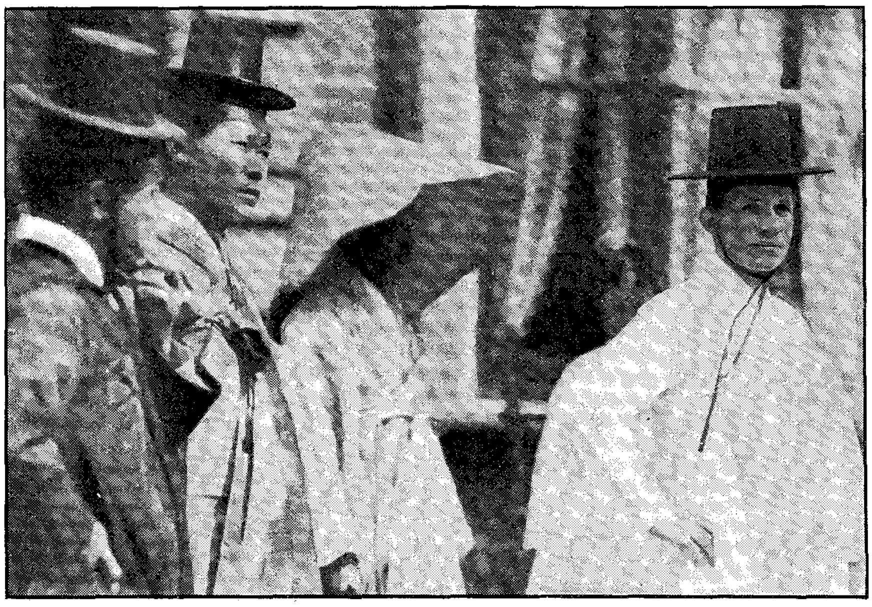
On her side, she spent hours a day learning to play the piano. "The music," she confessed, "has tried me beyond endurance. I could freely abandon it and never touch it more. I fear the result will never repay the time and labor. Once to-day I raised my eyes from the music and through some bitter tears looked to your likeness and said to myself, 'William, I do this for thee.'"

Yet courtship and marriage must be according to the Lord's will; and, following his custom when in doubt, Booth opened his Bible at random. The page contained Ezekiel's parable of the two sticks, and especially the verse, "Join them one to another into one stick; and they shall become one in thine hand." That decided it.

It was in 1855 that the Booths were married. Eight children were born to them. And it was amid domestic responsibilities, thus incessant, that the Booths founded the Salvation Army.

Here is one typical sidelight. Imagine a young mother caring for her first babies. She receives a letter from her husband, conducting a mission at a distance. "I want a sermon on the flood," he wrote; "one on Jonah and one on the judgment. Send me some bare thoughts, some clear, startling outlines. Nothing moves the people like the terrific. They must have hell-fire flashes before their faces or they will not move. Last night I preached a sermon on Christ weeping over sinners and only one came forward." Yet this was the man who, at home, would be uproariously delighted over his own quaint aspect after his flowing locks had been twisted by his daughter Emma into a mass of curl-papers.

Over these unusual evangelists Methodism continued to have misgivings. There were constant difficulties. Yet to break away—how serious a step for the young father of many infant children! At an annual conference a compromise was voted. William Booth raised his eyes to the gallery where Catherine was sitting. Should he accept? She rose in her place and in a determined voice startled the clergy with the one word, "Never!" Amid cries of "Order!" William Booth sprang to his feet, bowed to the Chair, waved his hat toward the door, walked out and, at the foot of the stairs, embraced his wife. They had left behind them the organized church.



FOREIGN SALVATIONISTS WEAR COSTUMES OF THEIR COUNTRY

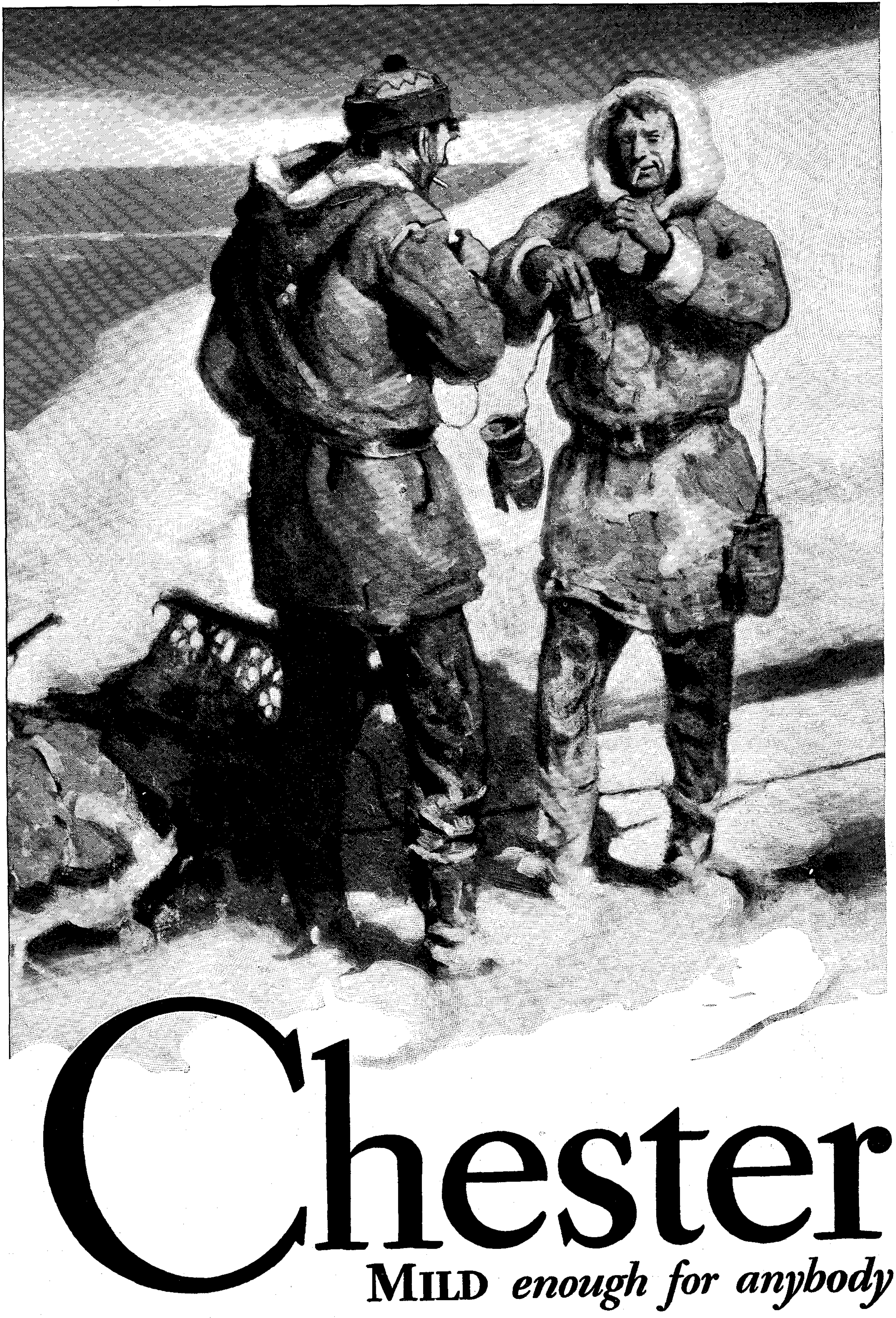
Here, for instance, are some Korean officers in their conical—and comical—hats, all set to carry the war into Satan's territory, and swat him hard.

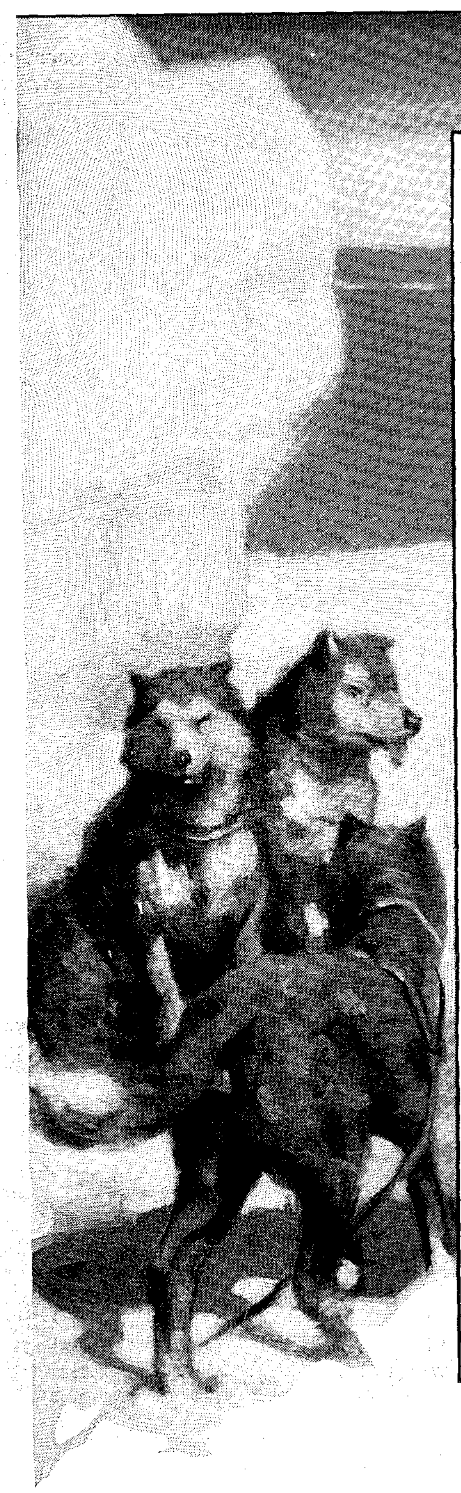
Peripatetic evangelism followed; but in 1865 there was started in East London what was called the Christian Mission. Premises? Any old place would do—a tent in a Quaker graveyard, a dancing saloon, a skittle alley, a disused wool warehouse, a music hall, a theater. So the great work began.

It was a desperate attempt to save those who, beyond all dispute, were lost to decent society, here and now—let alone the hereafter. It was a task in which the Booths were permitted to enjoy a monopoly. They had no rivals. In their work interest began to be aroused. There were rich who supported the mission. The poor also were expected to give their pence. The numerous cases of permanent conversions were then, as they are now, indisputable. Men and women beyond the age of education, who had become mere human wreckage, were restored to self-respect and the respect of the community.

The name, "Salvation Army," was not born with the organization. It came later and, we read, in this manner:

> The scope of the work was still limited. But, of course, there had to be an annual report, and in the year 1877 a phrase made history. William Booth was pacing up and down a room and dictating the document. "The Christian Mission," said he, "is a Volunteer Army." He paused, stooped over the shoulder of his son, Bramwell, took up a pen and struck out the word "volunteer," substituting for it the word "salvation." The sentence then read, "The Christian Mission is a Salvation Army."
>
> The idea swept all before it. An evangelism, organized to fight the devil, was placed under martial law. Committee meetings became councils of war. Mere routine was included in orders of the day. Prayer was knee drill. The bands were played, the drums were beaten and there was designed a flag—instinct with symbolism. Edged with blue for the divine, it was red for


Chester
MILD enough for anybody



What a cigarette meant there

20 degrees below, and no tobacco, through lonely weeks of glittering silence. Then a speck on the hard, bright horizon; another musher, outward-bound . . . and *cigarettes!* What price cold or Arctic hardship then!

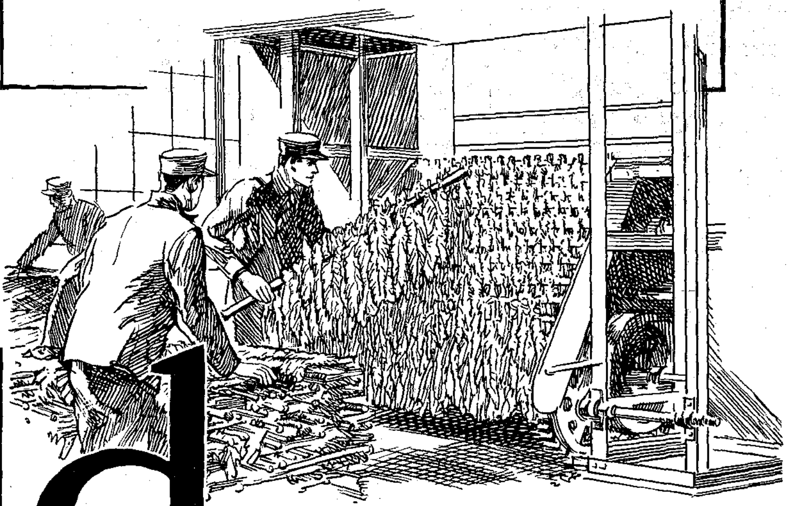
What a cigarette means *here*

220 degrees above, as endless belts carry the choice tobacco for Chesterfield inch by inch through the great steel ovens.

Here, in penetrating heat, science corrects and perfects the curing commenced in the farmer's barn. Dried, then cooled, then steamed to exact and uniform heat and moisture, the tobacco is ready for the final mellowing—two long years ageing in wood—that only Nature can give.

Man, Science, Nature—all work together on Chesterfield. And in the bland, satisfying smoothness of Chesterfield itself is ample proof that their patient, costly team-work is good!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Through long steam-heated ovens, new tobacco passes in slow endless procession for drying and "conditioning."

field

. . . . *and yet* **THEY SATISFY**

Years of suffocation . . . *now pipe peace at last!*

For years she choked and coughed. That pipe! Strong as a giant. And odorous! It kept even their friends away. Then one day Sir Walter came to town with his favorite smoking mixture. Pipe peace at last. And mild. Just get your husbands to try it, ladies. Send for a tin at our expense.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

humanity, and its motto was "Blood" that saves and "Fire" that inspires.

The laity ranked as private soldiers or as non-commissioned officers, say, sergeants. The workers became captains, and in due course the captains were promoted to be majors, colonels, commanders. There was a simple uniform, not only for men, but for women, and the "halleluiah lasses," in their poke bonnets, with the red riband, became as distinctive as nuns. But their tambourines have supplied to religion a wholly new ritual. As General Booth used to say, when adapting the ditties of the vaudeville as hymns, "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?"

It is only by statistics—and even these fail to tell the whole story—that a summary of the Army's activities can be exprest, Mr. Wilson remarks, continuing:

At a recent date the battle was proceeding in eighty-one countries; the officers were preaching in fifty-eight languages, and 100 periodicals were published with a circulation of 1,750,000. The number of corps and outposts, corresponding to churches and chapels, was 14,000. There were 30,000 persons giving their whole time to the Army, of whom 18,000 were in the field, 4,000 in social work and 8,000 employed without rank. The non-commissioned officers, the bandsmen, the songsters, and the corps cadets form a backing of about 225,000. There are nearly 1,500 social institutions, 1,000 day schools, and no fewer than 33 naval and military homes and hostels.

Industrial homes, workingmen's hotels, eventide homes for the aged, hotels for girls, maternity homes and hospitals, children's nurseries and boys' clubs—all these are carried on, and the Army may be described as one vast anti-suicide bureau. There is a standing invitation to all who contemplate throwing away their lives, and in countless cases they call at local headquarters, where they are ever welcome, so obtaining relief from the worry which was driving them to an irreparable act.

Christmas dinners, the poor man's lawyer, the medical, and dental clinic, and, last but not least, assistance in emergencies, all add to the Army's self-assumed burdens. Be it fire, be it flood, be it earthquake, as in Japan, whatever it be, the Salvation Army is ready at a moment's notice to render first aid.

It has been, in the main, a mission to the poor, and it may be suggested that, with the increase in prosperity, some of its labor is becoming less urgent. As a result of Prohibition there has been undoubtedly a decrease in the drunkenness among the mass of the people which the Salvation Army had to combat, but no one who contemplates the statistics of crime, of homicide, of suicide, and of divorce will be under any illusion as to the need of the Salvation Army.

Within his lifetime General Booth was recognized. Kings and queens and statesmen became his friends. Congress invited him to utter prayer. And when he died there was a funeral in London which, for sheer numbers, drew crowds bigger than those which watched the obsequies of Queen Victoria and of King Edward. Harold Begbie, the biographer of the General, comments with crushing sarcasm on the fact which he alleges, that Westminster Abbey, while admitting the dust of Charles Darwin as a scientist, closed its doors to the man who had dared to believe in and apply the promise of "salvation in Christ."

In the Salvation Army there is one rule which has always been strictly enforced. To every one, rich and poor, a "free salvation" is offered, but no one is allowed to enroll in the Army, even as a private soldier, unless he is prepared to don the uniform, do work, and bear witness. If this standard is too severe, let him join a church and sit in a pew.

The rule means that the Army is, in effect, a religious order, having fewer members than it would if the demands of the individual were relaxed, but, considering its personnel, the more powerful.

It was in this atmosphere of obedience and consecration that General Booth's own family were brought up. To the holy war, waged by the Army, they were trained, and magnificent, indeed, has been the public service which this dynasty of evangelism has rendered. Gen. Bramwell Booth succeeded his father and has greatly extended the range of the Army activities.

SHERLOCK HOLMES OF SCOTLAND YARD

POLICEMEN ransacked the homes of the two men charged with automobile theft. The revolvers and cartridges they found went back with them to Scotland Yard in London, where a lean man with lines of weariness under his almond-shaped eyes became abnormally busy with a microscope. A charge of murder followed, and the motor-car thieves were hanged, for the man with the microscope had proved, by comparing the revolvers with the bullets fired in a sensational murder some time before, that the two were guilty. When his work was done the lean man went to his home—a quiet country cottage, once occupied by a notorious highwayman. He stuffed an old pipe, smiled at his wife, and began to draw the bow over the worn strings of a beloved violin. This last may sound like our old friend, *Sherlock Holmes*, but this is not fiction. As a matter of fact, we learn from C. Patrick Thompson in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, we have been watching Sir Wyndham Childs, the super-sleuth of England's most sensational murder mystery of 1927-1928. And now, we learn, Sir Wyndham is retiring as Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard and head of the Criminal Investigation Department and Special Branch (secret police), because of a disagreement with the Home Secretary over reorganization and the powers and methods of his department. It is a nice point, over which criminologists lately have argued, we learn, whether the piece of work already described was more or less remarkable than another little masterpiece of Childs's—the so-called pattern clue, of which we read:

A man had been killed with a sporting gun. The sleuths were at a loss. Childs examined the pattern of shots on the body, related that pattern to all known types of sporting gun, narrowed the search to one type, and drew conclusions, which, when

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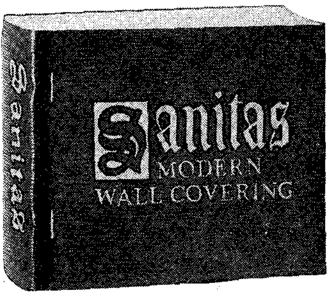

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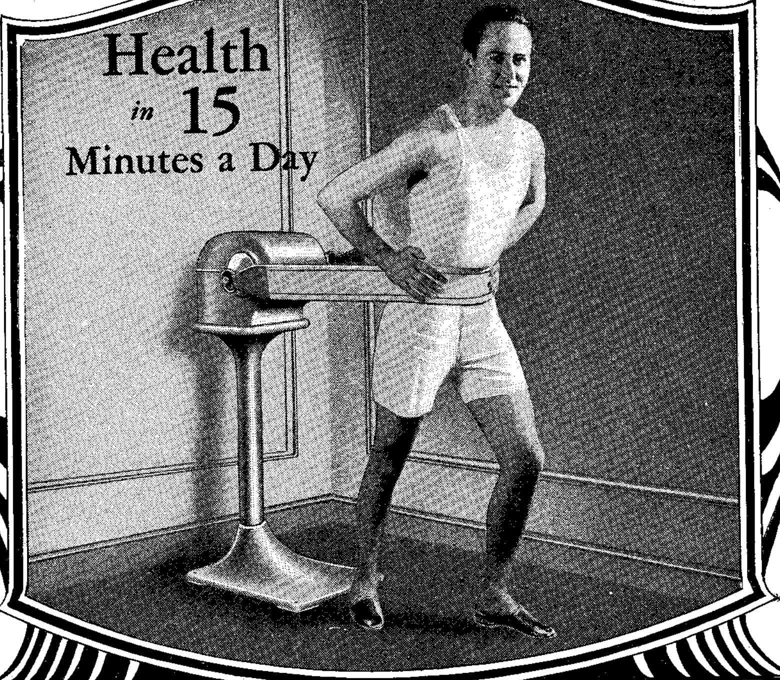
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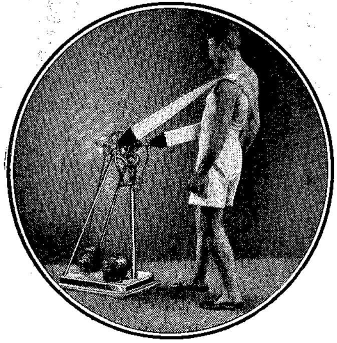

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

tested, led to the arrest and conviction of the murderer.

Glance at another picture:

A call from the War Office. A document containing military information of the most secret character is missing. Where can it be? Where, indeed! Before sunset the lean man has traced the paper to the mysterious building in which the Russian Trade Delegation is housed, the place known as Arcos.

War Office communicates with Government. Premier, Home Secretary, and Foreign Secretary confer and decide that they have to know what they are likely to find in the concrete and steel safe of Arcos before they risk a raid. Can one justify a raid even if this particular document is not found? One must be sure of one's ground. . . . If a search fails, the Government may fall, and in any case the Home Secretary, on whose responsibility the raid must be ordered, will have to resign.

The lean man tells the politicians what he knows they will find, apart from what he is prepared to bet they will find, and on his advice the police net is thrown out, and batteries of pneumatic picks begin to break the outer concrete walls of strong-rooms, while the hissing oxyacetylene blow-lamps bite into the steel walls of great safes. The lean man, in his habitual old tweeds and brown slouch hat, superintends operations.

The work over, he dines with friends, grabs a music critic who was once a cathedral organist, and with him as accompanist plays for hours on his violin, ranging from jazz to Ravel and the more intricate pieces of Grieg.

Thus Childs in his rôle of secret-service chief, in the most celebrated (but by no means the most artistic or difficult) of his counter-espionage cases.

A strange man. He is fifty-two now, stringy and sinewy, tanned by an outdoor life. He was a lawyer, became a fighting soldier, toward the end of the Great War was assistant adjutant-general, and retired from the Army to Scotland Yard in 1921. All that was known about him then was that he was a firearms expert, had been nicknamed "Fido" by his brother officers and "Tommy's Friend" by the rank-and file (he got the men Christmas leave), and had as fine a flow of language on occasion as any man in the British Army.

His flair for police work was an agreeable surprize at the Yard, and a disagreeable surprize in the underworld and the spy jungles. Some military men translated to the police are not so useful. Childs was voted the calmest and most acute chief the Special Branch had known since its formation.

The Special Branch has varied and delicate duties. It conducts counter-espionage, getting advice of all known or suspected secret agents arriving in the island, and shadowing them, Mr. Thompson tells us, continuing:

It has in its secret files, among other curious documents, a report on the wartime activities of Ramsay MacDonald. MacDonald was busy advocating the formation of soldiers' and sailors' councils, and hobnobbing with queer customers. The Government began to wonder where these activities ended, and ordered a report. The Special Branch switched its best watchers on, and a full report went in. It was decisive evidence that the future Premier was not a revolutionary or a traitor, but simply a passionate if misguided pacifist.

There are some countries where a spy can have a long life and a most amusing time. But England, with its great dockyards, arsenals, airdromes, naval bases, military stations, is not one of them. England, old-established, compact, orderly, gossipy, quick to notice and comment upon a "furriner" (men have been traced from one end of the island to the other on the strength of a description running roughly "foreign look and black mustache"), with a high average of intelligence, a sense of humor, no revolutionary movement of any consequence and a distaste for political assassination—England is a tough country for any spy to work in.

The information net, plus the communication machine which can close exits from the island by sea and air tight as a drum within a few minutes, is the basis of the counter-espionage system which Childs has operated and improved.

A good war-time example of how the information net brings in fish who would otherwise escape is the so-called cigar-code spy case. In this instance Scotland Yard and the Admiralty cooperated.

The Admiralty was worried about the uncanny knowledge the German Admiralty had of the movements of British war-ships in and out of a number of ports. The Special Branch got busy.

The information net brought in, among other news items, one showing that an unusual number of Dutch commercial travelers, with passports and papers in order, had arrived in England, and were doing a remarkable business in cigars.

Two of the bunch, Haicke Petrus Marinus Janssen and Wilhelm Johnannes Roos, were sending telegrams to Holland containing orders for cigars. The telegrams on file were collected and taken to Scotland Yard. The secret police observed with interest that the demand for cigars in the chief ports was most unusual, orders for 10,000 and 5,000 being wired to Holland almost daily.

A Special Branch man went down and had a look at the head office of the cigar firm. It was a back room in a shady quarter. Watchers were posted. It was found that a mysterious foreigner visited the office daily. But concrete evidence was still elusive.

Janssen and Roos were grabbed separately and brought to the Yard. The chief of the Special Branch had the two men held in different rooms. Janssen was brought in.

"I suppose you don't know a man called Roos," asked the Special Branch chief.

The Dutchman shook his head. He had never heard the name before. Roos was immediately marched in. The expressions of the two as they confronted each other were enough. They were searched. Codes found on them revealed that an order for 5,000 cigars sent from a port meant that five cruisers were lying there. A cancelation wire meant that so many had moved out. And so on. (Germany got no more information of British fleet movements through the cigar channel.)

In a time of crisis the secret agents are rounded up. This happened on a wholesale scale on the outbreak of war in August, 1914. Quoting further:

D*anger*

lurks behind

white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

****the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims***

WHITE teeth are attractive. And their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums . . . However white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain diseases-of-neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat, and, as a penalty, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, with the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

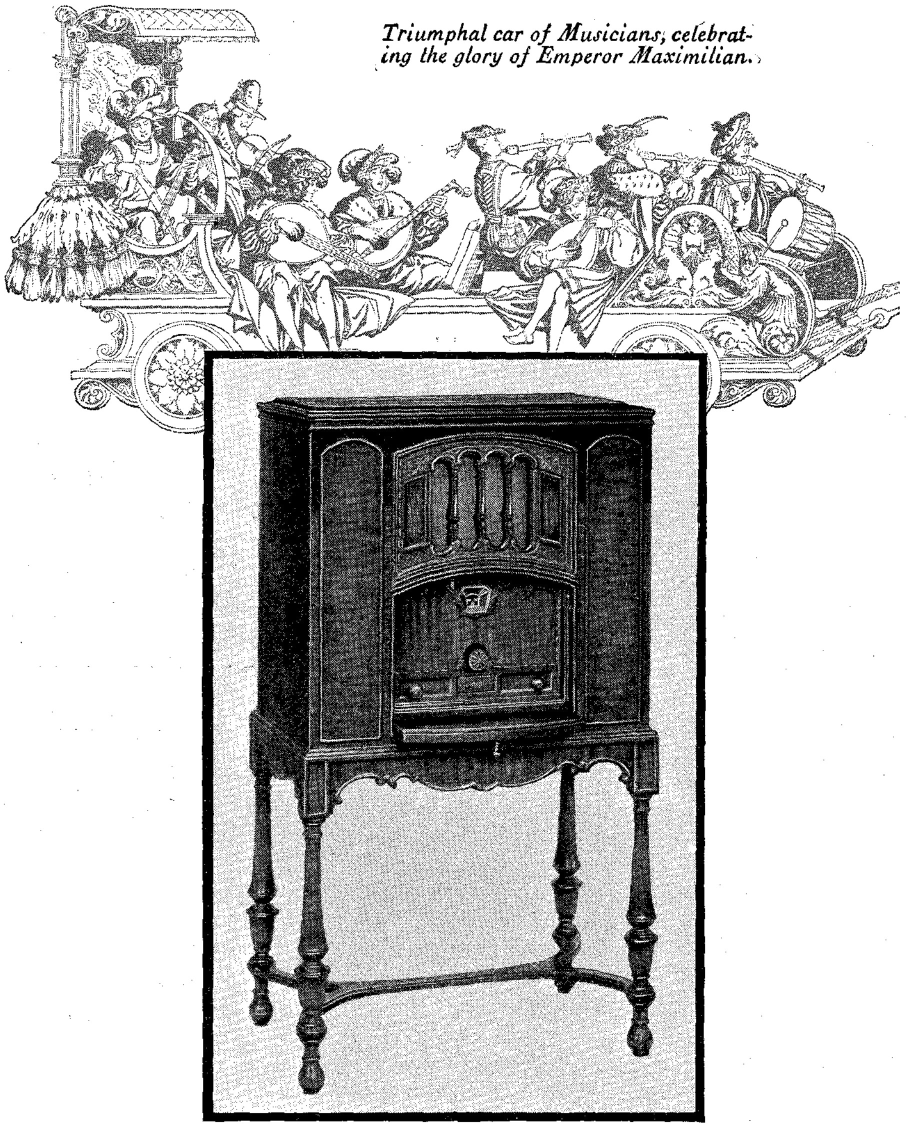
Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR
THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Gough, chief detective of the Special Branch, led a gigantic raid on all the haunts and homes of secret agents in the pay of foreign Powers. Restaurant, wine-shop, café, barber-shop, tea-shop, beer-house, tenement, flat, hotel, mansion—all were combed; and in warehouse, infirmary, and prison were gathered under police guard one of the most motley collections of foreigners that can ever have been rounded up in one country before.

Among them was Chitcherin, the pale little Russian who afterward became one of the chief Bolshevik leaders and subsequently Foreign Minister of the Soviet; the mistress of the notorious Captain Grosse, the key of the German espionage in England, and a former officer in a crack British regiment, who had unluckily become associated with a fascinating woman spy.

The same thing could, and would, happen again if occasion arose. But so long as none of England's vital naval, military, and air secrets are in danger of leaking out, the Special Branch does not get excited. As for Russia, whenever another Bolshevik agent arrives in England to ginger up a world revolution, the Special Branch yawns.

A copy of the famous Zinoviev letter that swept the Labor Government from power when it was published in *The Daily Mail*, had reached the Special Branch days before and failed to give it even a kick.

THE "CURSE" OF LITTLE *LORD FAUNTLEROY*

"DEAREST!" "Mama's Boy!" The crowd in the grand stand howled with glee at the football player who had scored a touchdown with a daring and brilliant run. Glumly the player reflected that this was a poor recompense for his valor. Some years later, in business, this same man put over an important deal, and his recognition from the press consisted of facetious references to golden curls, lace collars, and velvet suits. For Tommy Russell, who died a few months ago, had, as a child actor, played little *Lord Fauntleroy* in a dramatization of Frances Hodgson Burnett's famous story. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Ruth Millard writes in the New York *World*, cast an enduring black shadow over the lives of the three child actors who had the title rôle in the play, which was once a hit. Wallace Eddinger, who has died more recently than Mr. Russell, was one of the *Fauntleroys*, and for forty years, he said in an interview shortly before his death, he was persecuted by *Fauntleroy* head-lines. Says Miss Millard further:

> No matter how well he played his subsequent theatrical rôles, all the public seemed to think about was his *Fauntleroy* past, he complained. Just as the actor predicted, his obituary notices featured the little lord whose irritating shadow he had failed to escape in life.
>
> Elsie Leslie, the only feminine member of the original American *Fauntleroys*, found that her success at the age of eight

in Mrs. Burnett's romantic play proved an albatross around her neck when she sought success in grown-up rôles. The head-line writers never missed the tie up with the little *Lord Fauntleroy,* despite her bitter protests. The notices of her marriage to William Jefferson Winter, son of the dramatic critic, and the subsequent divorce still featured Mrs. Burnett's hero. When she retired from the stage and went to live in Europe, *Fauntleroy* jumped into the head-lines again. "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me; and what can be the use of him is more than I can see," she quoted in a recent interview, bitterly complaining that she had never been able to secure popular judgment on her own merits due to the interfering little lord.

Vivian Burnett, whose "splendor of mind and noble friendliness" as a child of seven inspired his mother to write "Little Lord Fauntleroy," had his troubles, too.

"It seems as tho thousands of men had complained to me because their mothers made them wear velvet suits and long curls like *Fauntleroy's,*" wistfully remarked the middle-aged, round-faced, bald-headed man who was "the beautiful angel" his mother wrote about. "As a matter of fact, I don't remember seeing any one drest in velvet suits with sashes and lace collars and curls except my brother and myself. At school, of course, lots of people made fun of us because we were drest differently; but we tried to be normal boys.

"Every one I met would say: 'So this is little Lord Fauntleroy. Are you really like the little boy in your mother's book? Are you really a perfect boy?' and so on and so on. I had to answer every one politely, in spite of the terrible monotony of the questions. There really was nothing that I could say, except to deprecate the whole matter and to point out that it was 'just an idea of mother's.' It was a difficult position for a boy; but I lived through it. Mother didn't realize the difficulties that my relation to *Fauntleroy* would give rise to; it was her dearest wish to make life as completely happy as possible for her children.

"I remember Wallace Eddinger well. He was the third child to be trained in the rôle of *Fauntleroy* in America. He was a chubby-faced little boy with beautiful long golden curls and a Dutch cut. He was always rebellious and seemed to dislike his rôle more than the other two did. Mother did not like him at all; for he was quite rude and was credited with 'sassing her back' in a manner which she considered unbecoming to any child and especially so in one who was playing the rôle of little *Lord Fauntleroy.*"

Mrs. Burnett's dislike of Wallace Eddinger was apparently a mutual affair, for the ex-*Lord Fauntleroy* repeatedly remarked that the happiest moment in his life was when he was allowed to stop playing "mama's boy."

"You see I was a real boy," he explained. "To play that part I had to have long golden curls and white lace collars. I had to be as sweet as a barrel of sugar. The result was that all the boys called me 'sissy'; and while I fought as many of them as I could lay hands on, I couldn't very well lick all America."

"The only thing about Mrs. Burnett's play that comforted me was the fact that lots of other boys suffered as a result of its popularity. I guess there were thousands of mothers in America and England that fell in love with 'mama's boy' and decided that their offspring should look like *Cedric Errol,* no matter how much they disliked him. There was an epidemic of velvet

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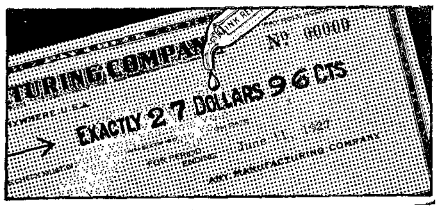

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

suits, silken sashes, and curls. Of course whenever the afflicted youths got away from their mothers' apron-strings they got in a fight; and long curls were excellent material for the neighborhood gang to work with. In one way I had an advantage, because I didn't have to wear velvet off the stage. But the world forgot all about the little boys who had long curls wished on them, but no one ever forgot that I had been *Fauntleroy*. It has dogged my footsteps ever since.

"I'll never forget my first visit to Mrs. Burnett," reported the ex-*Fauntleroy* at the time of Mrs. Burnett's death in 1924. "My father took me to call upon her in her New York home. I went unwillingly, for I was longing to play with the boys. 'Wally,' said my father, 'this is the lady who wrote your play.' 'Who helped you write it?' I asked rudely Shortly after this *faux pas*, my father indicated that we were about to leave. At this welcome news, I turned a cartwheel for joy. After that I went on tour and never saw the dignified, reserved lady again.

"Now, I can see that 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' was a great book and a great play," admitted Mr. Eddinger shortly before his death. "But it's taken nearly forty years for me to get a fair perspective on the thing. At the time I was playing the rôle, I wanted every one connected with the production thrown into jail. It might be a wonderful story, but not for me. Why? Those curls, which I never have been able to get away from."

Both Wallace Eddinger and Tommy Russell developed into competent football players in spite of their early success in the *Fauntleroy* rôle; but even there their glory was dimmed by the head-line writers who thought there was something very humorous about the former wearers of golden curls working on the gridiron. This idea of humor was rapidly communicated to the fans, so that every contest in which Russell and Eddinger took part was featured by cries of "Mama's Boy," "Little Lover," "Dearest," and other catch sentimental phrases immortalized by Mrs. Burnett in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This irritating idea of humor followed each of the men throughout his life.

The story of how Mrs. Burnett conceived the story about the perfect little boy, *Cedric Errol*, is fully told in "The Romantick Lady," edited by her son, Vivian Burnett, Miss Millard tells us, proceeding to quotations:

"It was her (Mrs. Burnett's) passionate desire that her boys should appear comely," writes her son. "They wore for a time blue jersey suits with red sashes and red jersey capes and 'best' suits of velvet with lace collars, which became part of the Fauntleroy character."

"Vivian's splendor of mind and noble friendliness inspired the story," wrote Mrs. Burnett in a magazine article at the time the play was produced. "Vivian, with his curls, his eyes, his friendly, kindly, little soul suggested to me the idea that I bring such an American boy into close relationship with an English nobleman, irascible, conservative, and disagreeable. The story of how *Cedric Errol* won the heart of the crusty old Earl, who was his grandfather, was easily written. I had seen part

"Twilight
and evening bell,
and after that . . ."

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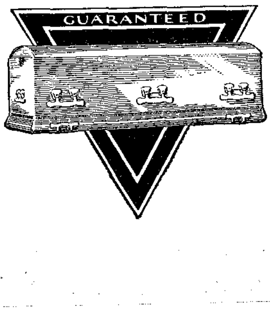

of it lived before my eyes. It was the lovely portraiture of a sweet child nature, who never forgot about his dearest mother."

In the memoirs of Mrs. Burnett much space is given to her denials of the widely circulated stories concerning her "sissified" sons.

"That the little boys are beautiful is neither my fault nor their misfortune," she wrote to a newspaper. "That the little fellows have worn velvet and lace and, being kindly endowed by nature, have been so adorned as to fill a weak parent with unbridled vanity is true. I advance the proposition that my taste for the picturesque has not led me to transform two strong, manly, robust boys into affected, abnormally self-conscious mountebanks."

Elsie Leslie appears to have been the most popular of the *Lord Fauntleroys* as far as Mrs. Burnett was concerned. In her memoirs she writes, "Elsie is a sweet little thing. I mean to get a soft, gentle hold on her mind and move the currents in the right way. She has agreed to call me 'My own dearest,' as Vivian does."

In spite of the genuine affection which Elsie Leslie felt for Mrs. Burnett at the age of eight, she lived to regret bitterly her own connection with the popular hit of the eighties. Again and again she complained that critics and directors did not give her a fair chance because the memory of her impersonation of *Lord Fauntleroy* persisted.

DEBUNKING THE NORTH POLE

HOW hot it was! The men stopt, mopped their faces and moved sluggishly on, wishing that they had not worn such heavy clothes. They complained bitterly of the heat; and when these men, used to the warmth of sunny Italy, so complained, we may be sure that it was hot indeed. Nor was this along the equator, or even in the torrid zone. It was in the Arctic. The men were Italians, searching for their compatriots and friends who had been on board the *Italia*, General Nobile's ill-fated North Pole dirigible. The reactions of this party to Arctic heat are vouched for by no less an authority than Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer, and are presented in an interview by John T. Brady in the Boston *Post*, along with other such "myth-shattering" assertions as that few Eskimos have ever seen a snow-house. Said Mr. Stefansson further of Arctic heat, according to Mr. Brady:

> "Since the North Pole, which is mathematically only as big as a pin-point, is theoretically the spot farthest away from the equator, the public mind, in its desire for heroes, has assumed, on the basis of the old Greek temperature laws, that it must necessarily be the coldest and most inaccessible place on earth. And it has also been assumed, for the same reason, that bitter cold winds blow away from it in all directions, making it all the harder for man to reach.
>
> "But all these assumptions are untrue. It is never as cold at the North Pole as it is in several places in the United States. In Havre, Montana, for example, a temperature of 68 below zero or 100 degrees below freezing has been recorded, yet scholars agree that at the North Pole the temperature could never be more than 60 below zero.
>
> "And as for being the most difficult

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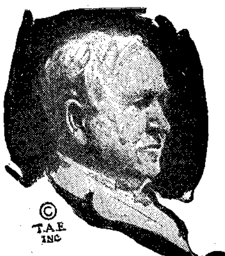


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

spot to reach, it so happens that because of the influence of the Gulf Stream, it is not in the center of the ice-pack, and this center is twice as hard to reach. In August it is only 400 miles from the edge of the ice to the North Pole, but it is 800 miles to the center of the ice-pack, which is called the Pole of Inaccessibility.

"Sitting under an awning at the North Pole on the Fourth of July, you would find the temperature about the same as it is here in this room, but if you were sitting in the glare of the sun, you would find it uncomfortably hot."

"I sometimes say, jocularly," the explorer remarked, grinning, to his interviewer, "that the reason why we have a higher percentage of myths and misconceptions about the far North than we have about any other region of the globe is that it is the traditional home of Santa Claus, and as he is purely an imaginary figure, people like to set him off in imaginary and romantic surroundings." Quoting further:

"But I think seriously that the real reason for the persistence of these erroneous conceptions of the Arctic is that the public has a subconscious desire to worship heroes and heroism, and a great device for satisfying this desire is to conjure a region of such terrible aspect that any man who goes there must be hailed as a hero and always regarded as such.

"Naturally, Arctic explorers, perhaps not always to deceive, have been hesitant about enlightening the public as to the real conditions in the far North, because they have realized that if they tried to shatter age-long romantic legends and traditions, most people would refuse to believe the truth and would even resent it as an insult to their intelligence.

"There's a feeling of enlightenment when the human mind thinks that it interprets and comprehends the universe. Most people think they know a lot about the Arctic, and if you suggest that their knowledge is based on error you touch them on a sore spot. Even tho you give them the most convincing evidence that their cherished romantic beliefs have no basis in fact, they are reluctant to part with them.

"Therefore it is very difficult to correct many wrong but popular impressions about oil-drinking Eskimos, shivering in foul, ill-ventilated snow-houses, because of unbearable temperatures.

"Moreover, these mistaken ideas about the Arctic have been ingrained in our thought for 2,000 years, most of them having been handed down to us from the ancient Greeks.

"They knew the earth was a sphere 500 years before Christ, and divided the earth into five zones—the temperate zone, where it was never too hot nor too cold, the torrid zone, which was always so hot that no living thing could exist there, and the frigid zones at the extreme North and South, which were pictured as permanently frozen regions 'where life is as impossible because of freezing as it is in the torrid zone because of burning.'

"This law of temperature as evolved by the Greeks was beautiful, simple, symmetrical and logical, but wrong, as the public knows if it stops to think. However, most people are intellectually lazy, and they still persist in believing the old Greek proposition that there is no heat, but intense cold, at the North Pole, without giving a thought to the fact that this may apply in winter but not in summer.

"Prince Henry, the Portuguese patron of early navigators, gets most of the credit for cooling off the burning zone, and every work on meteorology of college grade now tells you that the highest temperatures registered by thermometers in the shade are not recorded in the torrid zone at all, but in the temperate zones.

"Probably the highest in-the-shade records so far taken are those of Death Valley, California, about 900 miles north of the northern edge of the torrid zone—136 degrees—and almost certainly the highest temperatures that can be recorded in Africa are in the Sahara Desert, also north of the tropics.

"All exceptions to the Greek law of temperature distribution, other than altitude, were explained in the Middle Ages, and down to our own day, as an inroad of conditions from one zone into the territory of another.

"New Yorkers, for example, still speak of the sunstroke waves as coming from the equator, even on occasions when the press reports few or no deaths south of Washington, and the weather bureau reports that Boston is hotter than Richmond. Those who think about it at all probably suppose that the heat arrives by some special conveyance through the upper atmosphere. And by similar acceptance of theory and lack of reasoning, cold waves are still spoken of as coming from the North Pole.

"Now, as a matter of fact, the sun delivers, at the North Pole, in the vicinity of the Fourth of July, approximately the same amount of heat per twenty-four hours as it does on every square mile on the earth's surface from the equator to the pole. If you study the reports of weather bureau stations located on flat land and protected from the influence of ocean breezes and currents, for instance, you will find that in midsummer the maximum temperature averages about the same all the way north to well within the Arctic Circle.

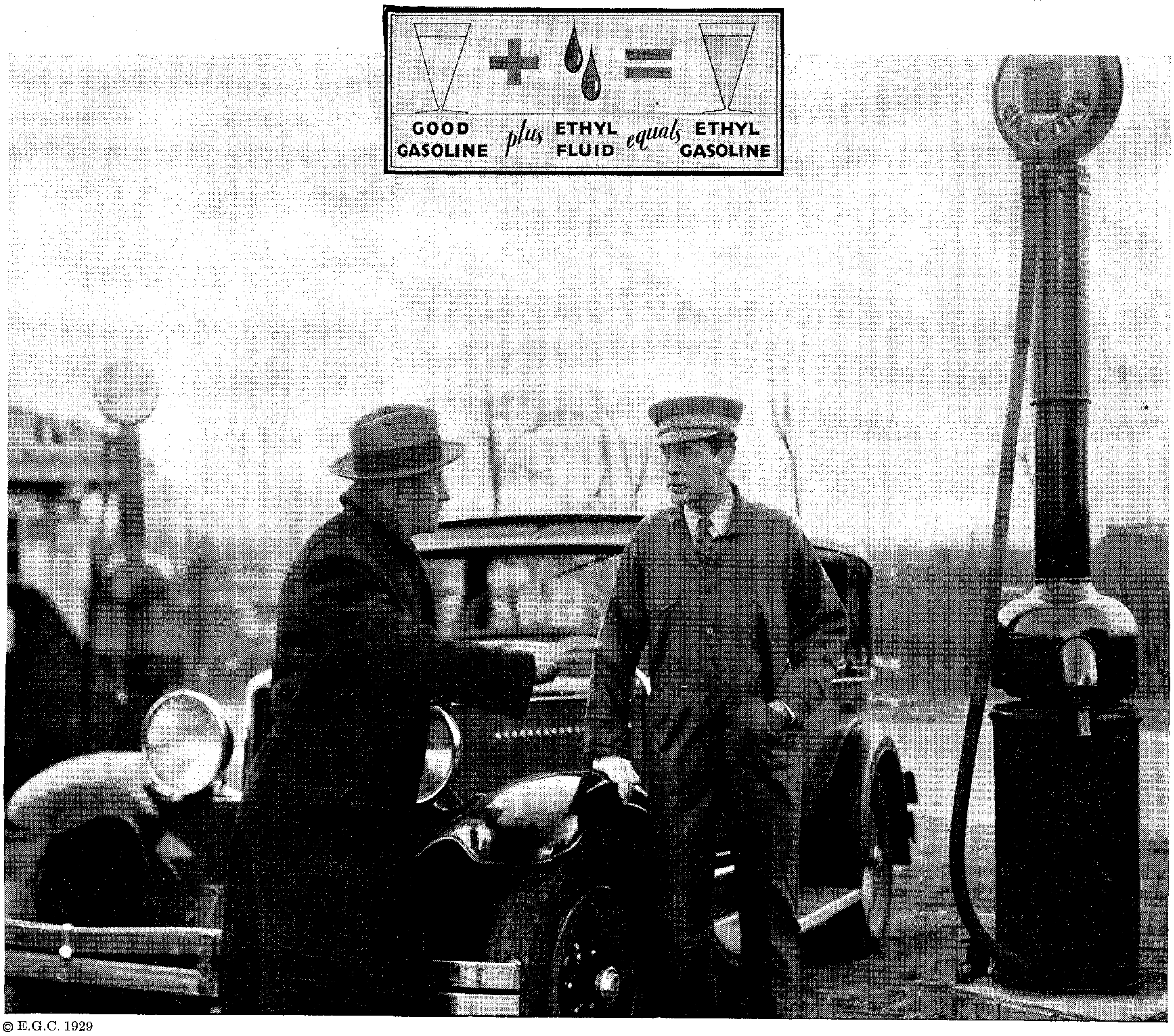
"From Fort Yukon, in Alaska, which is in the Arctic Circle, the U. S. Weather Bureau has reported temperatures ranging as high as 100 degrees in the shade, which is hardly what you would expect if familiar only with the temperature distribution laws of the Greeks."

Then Dr. Stefansson digresses for a moment from misconceptions of the Arctic to explain the origin of the false notion, that the best treatment for frost-bite is to rub snow on the affected part. Says the explorer:

"One of the principles of magic which used to be universally believed in the more superstitious ages. '*Similia, similibus, curantur*,' or 'like is cured by like.'

"And one particular application of that principle of sympathetic magic is still prevalent in New England. I refer to the idea of treating frost-bite with snow, which is a relic of remote antiquity.

"Tho most people fail to realize it, the temperature of snow on any day is the same as the air. Now suppose a man in the Arctic gets his nose frozen. The temperature of the frozen part will be about two degrees below freezing, but the temperature of the snow on the ground is likely to be 70 degrees below freezing, and it's obvious what the application of a



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substance that cold to a frozen nose would only freeze it all the more. We know that a drop of liquid air falling on the face will freeze the spot where it strikes, and liquid air is not a great deal colder than 70 degrees below freezing."

Dr. Stefansson admitted that snow produces an anesthetic effect in cases of frost-bite, but claims it should never be used until it is heated to the temperature of ice-cream, and then it should be applied in a warm room. The Eskimo applies his warm hand to the frozen part instead, he said:

"There are two medical theories as to the best method of treating a frost-bite," he explained, "one of which holds that water only a little warmer than the frozen part should be applied to it at first, while the other advocates the application of water as hot as it can be borne without scalding. The Montreal doctor who advocates the hot water claims that the quicker the frozen part is thawed out the less the destruction of tissue and danger of gangrene."

The popular notion that Eskimos drink oil by the gallon strikes Dr. Stefansson as being most amusing, and he declares that the only foundation for this is that they sometimes dip their food in oil and use it as gravy, much as we use it on salads. They never use it to fry food in, however, as we do. In fact, he states that he knows of no primitive people in North America who eat any fried food.

Referring to the idea that all Eskimos live in snow-houses, Dr. Stefansson said that 25 per cent. of them do, but more than 50 per cent. of them have never heard of a snow-house, unless they have attended a white man's school, and wouldn't believe that such a thing existed. This is not hard to realize in view of the fact that some groups of Eskimos are 4,000 miles apart, and isolated from one another by ice-fields which they can not cross.

Calling attention to the fact that our school geographies usually pictured snow-houses in districts of the Arctic where very few of them exist, we are told, Dr. Stefansson declared that in Greenland, for instance, there were something over 14,000 Eskimos by the last census, but less than 300 of them had ever seen a snow-house. Reading on:

> They are known as Arctic Highlanders, and Ross tells us that when he discovered them in 1880, they thought themselves the only people on earth, and well they might, for Greenland is large enough to be called a continent.
>
> "For in Greenland there is nothing green to grow," was the forlorn last line of a familiar kindergarten ditty that has been sung by millions of little Americans, but according to Dr. Stefansson, cattle and sheep-raising has been practised in Greenland for decades, and that means hay, and hay means green meadows.
>
> "There never has been a snow-house in all Alaska," he declared, "and while it's so romantic, and more interesting to think of Eskimos living in such habitations, it's that much less true. To say that Eskimos live in snow-houses is like saying that Americans live in adobe houses."
>
> Dr. Stefansson also shattered another Arctic myth, started by the Greek scholars, which has stubbornly persisted until the present day. It is the idea that there are six months of daylight and six months of perpetual night each year in the far North. Three fundamental laws of nature, the great diameter of the sun as compared with the earth, the law of refraction, and the law that produces twilight between a condition of light and darkness, make such a phenomenon impossible, he asserted.
>
> "Even at the extremest North, the North Pole itself," he pointed out, "the Arctic night is limited to a period of four and one-half months, as against seven and one-half months of daylight."
>
> Asked about the idea that there is a semi-tropical island in the Arctic, made so by hot springs or a volcano and peopled by an unknown race of people, Dr. Stefansson laughed heartily.
>
> "That's another thing that keeps cropping up every now and then," he said, "and the Greeks started it. They believed that away up north beyond a certain range of mountains there was a sort of paradise which they called the land of the 'Hyperboreans' or 'people north of the North Wind.'
>
> "And just as among the Greeks it was but the little tribe of Spartans that killed weak and deformed children, so the practise of putting new-born babies outdoors to freeze is confined to a very small group of Eskimos. But the practise does exist among bands of caribou hunters who often have to move rapidly from place to place in order to get the meat which means life or death to them. However, it is never done after the child is two or three days old.
>
> "Generally speaking, the Eskimos are fonder of children than we are, and when parents feel that they can not support a newly born baby in addition to their other children, somebody else is usually eager to adopt it. So cases of infanticide are very rare.
>
> "As a general rule the Eskimos are also very kind to their old people. I know a man who was well drest and cared for at fifty, tho he had been stone blind since he was six years old, and had no relatives. He led a much pleasanter existence than if he had been a pauper in Massachusetts.
>
> "Where a band of hunters has to be mobile and make long daily marches in search of game, it sometimes happens, however, that an old man or old woman will drop behind during the afternoon, and is not missed until a halt is called by the leader to make camp for the night. The missing one is expected to turn up later during the night, but if he or she doesn't, everybody realizes what has happened and they press on."

With Green Peas?—*Bottles*, a trade paper, calls attention to a nursing bottle advertisement which concludes with these instructions:

"When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."—*Vancouver Province.*

Well, Naturally.—"Make a sentence using the words 'defeat,' 'defense' and 'detail.'

"Defeat of the cat went over defence before detail."—*Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix.*

Select Circles Outgrown.—"Maud has made some swell marriages, but divorced all her husbands."

"Yes, she moves in the best triangles, so to speak."—*Boston Transcript*

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WINTER weather is never kind, but it bears hardest of all on those of advancing years. Insurance statistics show the late winter months to be the most dangerous season of the year.

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MEDITERRANEAN

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MOTORING AND AVIATION

A FLYING WINDMILL THAT WOULD SHOCK *QUIXOTE*

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA, the tilter at windmills, would have rushed into furious battle with this strange contraption from his native Spain. But *Don Quixote* was not on hand, for the time was the present and the scene was Le Bourget Field near Paris, where Lindbergh ended his transatlantic flight. Only a small crowd of aviators and mechanics saw the flying windmill drop out of the sky, drifting gently to the ground like a leaf. It landed and the watchers crowded around, full of enthusiasm and questions, as two men stept out of the machine. This was the autogiro, an airplane with only rudimentary wings and a windmill-like apparatus above it, Marcel Wallenstein tells us in *Popular Science Monthly*. It is the so-called freak plane invented by the young Spaniard, Juan de la Cierva, and the subject of an article in THE DIGEST on October 6. The inventor, we read, plans shortly to bring his machine to America. But he may prove a little late, for the autogiro, under American ownership, has already appeared here. Designed to rise and descend vertically and to land in a space of a comparatively few square yards, thus solving one of the most pressing airfield problems, the invention has won its spurs. With the inventor pilot and a passenger, we read, it has crossed the English Channel from Croydon, the London airport, to St. Inglevert, a small field near Boulogne, France—a hundred-mile flight on the London-Paris airline—then on to Paris. It has, in the opinion of several European experts, unlocked a door leading to new conquests of the air.

Wide World photograph

ITS FLIGHT SUGGESTS THAT OF A RATHER LEISURELY MOSQUITO

The "windmill" vanes help to give it a look of insect lightness and airy grace.

The secret of the Cierva autogiro, the New York *Herald Tribune* explains, involves that invisible hand which holds all airplanes in the air, the force called "lift." Of this *The Herald Tribune* continues:

> When any flat solid object sails through the air, like stones that boys skip across the water, or playing cards that conjurers sail upward to a theater gallery and back again to the stage, the supporting force of the air is roughly proportional to the speed of the object. Greater speed means more lift. In large degree this is true also of airplanes; the faster they fly the easier it is to hold them up. That is the fundamental reason why most airplanes must move at considerable speeds when taking off or landing. At slower speeds the lift fails and the ship drops.
>
> Ideally, the lift should vary with the speed in exactly the reverse manner; it should be greater when the airplane is moving slowly than when it moving rapidly. At fast speeds momentary inequalities of lift may make little difference, for the inertia of the airplane tends to keep it on its straight-line course precisely as inertia does with rifle bullets, or with a meteor flying through space. It is in landing or taking off, when speed on small landing fields can not be greater than some moderate number of miles per hour, that slight accidental tilts of the wings or small air eddies or varying winds are so likely to rob the wings of their all-important lift at some critical moment and to bring on disaster.
>
> The Handley-Page slotted wing, the multitude of varied cross-sections proposed for the wings themselves, the new autogiro and scores of other devices or suggestions offered in recent years, all have for one of their main objects the overcoming of this fundamental difficulty, that the amount of lift tends to vary in the wrong way with speed. In the autogiro, four winglike surfaces are mounted on a rotating shaft, like a windmill laid on its back. These are mounted and shaped so that they catch the air when the machine flies and set the whole windmill into rotation. The complete aerodynamic theory of these rotating vanes is by no means simple, but its chief essential is merely that these wings really move, relatively to the air, faster than the landing speed of the plane.
>
> For the one of the four vanes which is moving forward at any instant due to the rotation, the speed of that rotation is added to that of the plane. For the opposite vane, moving backward at that instant, the rotational speed is subtracted. But the other two vanes, pointed at that instant fore and aft, possess their full rotational speed, relative to the air, plus a partial effect of the airplane's speed. Thus the total air speed past the average square foot of vane surface is greater than the speed of the airplane. Thus the lift falls off less rapidly at low airplane speeds and the machine can land or start more slowly.

When we return to Mr. Wallenstein's account of the Spanish windmill plane in *Popular Science Monthly*, we are told:

> Shortly after the Channel-crossing the autogiro, repaired following an unfortunate mishap and crash during an exhibition flight, made another successful flight, this time from Le Bourget Field to Brussels the Belgian capital.
>
> Lindbergh and those who followed him flew across the Atlantic airlanes and were hailed as heroes. The mere channel flight of Cierva is in itself a modest feat in comparison, but it has proved to the world that the autogiro is a practical advance in flying, perhaps the greatest forward stride since the Wright brothers taught the world the rudiments of aviation.
>
> For nearly five years Cierva had been demonstrating a succession of models of his autogiro in Europe. To all save a few isolated enthusiasts, the invention had been regarded as a freak; an amusing experiment but not a safe solution of the most difficult problem in aviation which it was designed to meet—landing at a dead stop. But the success of the Channel flight at once caught the public imagination. Here was a machine which at least could stay in the air; could do its hundred miles an hour;

GULBRANSEN

2nd Annual

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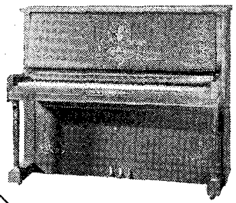
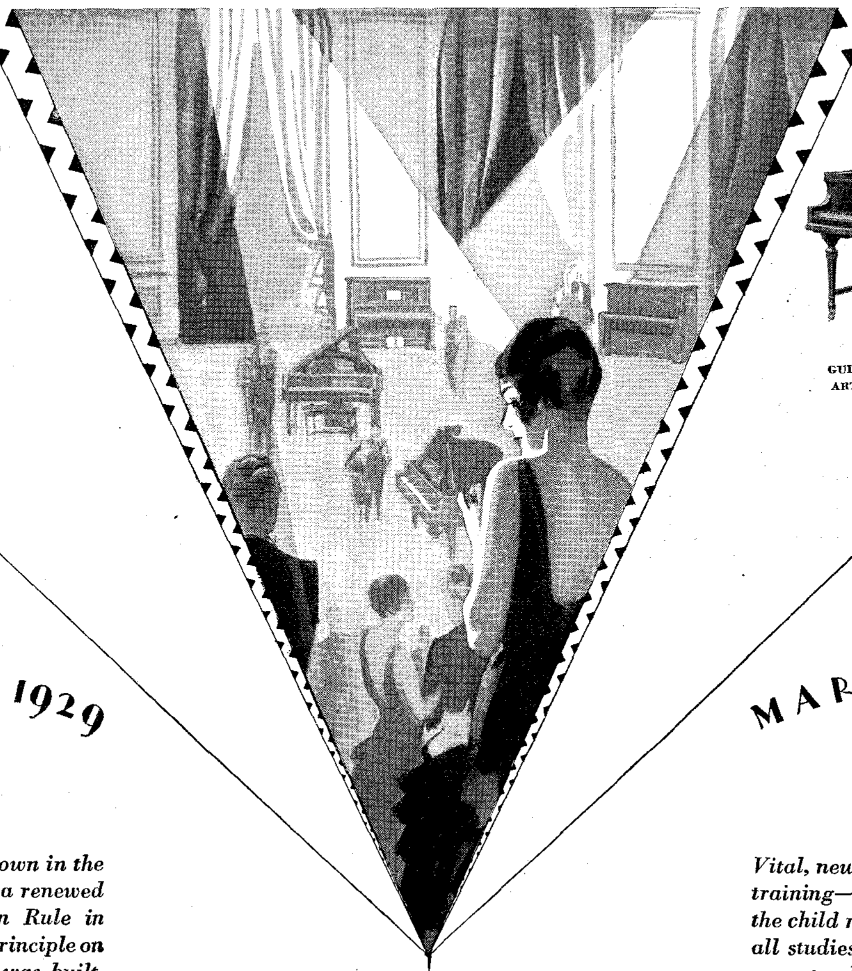
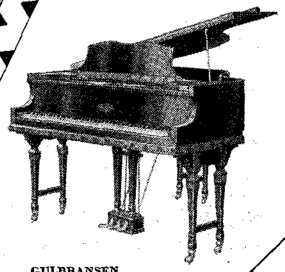
An exhibition of 23 beautiful new models & designs



GULBRANSEN ART MODEL MINUET





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A G Gulbransen

MARCH 1929

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NOW 1500 dealers are showing exclusive Gulbransen creations—products of A. G. Gulbransen—Master Piano Builder. Smart, authentic designs; advanced tonal qualities. Registering, reproducing and hand played models. See these new models at all Gulbransen dealers in February and March. Step into a Gulbransen store today.

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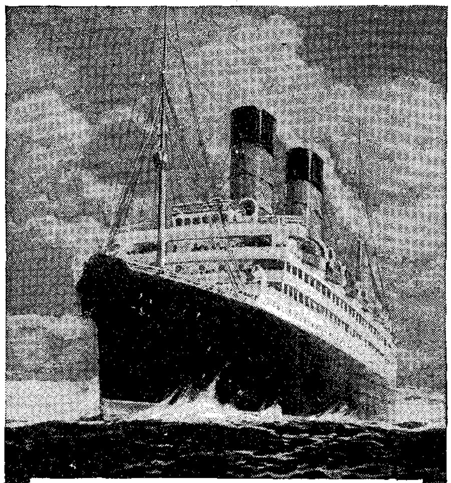

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A satisfying... inexpensive ... regular and fast route to England and France ... And all ships have remodelled and comfortable Tourist Third accommodations ...

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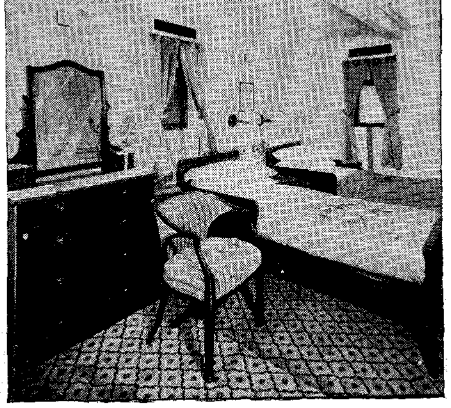

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

could cross the twenty-one miles of water dividing Britain from the Continent.

"The most important flight since Bleriot first flew the Channel," is the opinion generally of the British experts. The British Air Ministry has ordered four machines from Cierva, and the French Government is contemplating immediate purchases.

The machine flown across the Channel and then on to Paris by Cierva has an Avro body equipped with an Armstrong Siddeley Lynx IV engine of 180 horse-power. Its maximum speed is 105 miles an hour, and its cruising speed, eighty-five. Minimum speed under power is twenty-five miles an hour, and its minimum gliding speed twenty-five miles an hour. It is said to be able to climb 500 feet a minute.

Arriving in Paris from St. Inglevert, after crossing the Channel, De la Cierva gave a demonstration before M. Painlevé, Minister of War; General Pujo, director of aeronautics, Commandant Renvoisé of the Le Bourget airport, and several thousand spectators. In his vertical descent before competent observers the autogiro stopt the first time within ten feet of the spot where it first touched on the ground, and within seven feet on a second descent.

Immediately after the demonstration, De la Cierva was invited to a long interview with the French War Minister, and afterward was fêted by the Aero Club de France.

"This," said the French press, "was a convincing demonstration."

The French, having seen the convincing demonstrations in aeronautical progress of Santos Dumont, of Bleriot, of D'Oisy, of Costes, Lindbergh, Byrd, and others whose names compose a brilliant legion, should know one when they see it.

On his second day's trails at Le Bourget field, De la Cierva attempted a vertical descent from a height of 600 feet. He had already descended to within a few feet of the roof of the customs building, retarding his speed and hanging eerily above the heads of the spectators standing on the terraced roof. He climbed again, drew back his stick, and the plane whirled down. The machine landed heavily, breaking the landing gear and damaging the rotor. The upper propeller had failed to check the speed sufficiently, but De la Cierva and his passenger, Franz Reichel of the Aero Club de France, escaped unhurt.

The crashes of the autogiro have always been like this since the days of the earliest demonstrations. Accidents have occurred, but none of them has been fatal, and they have not been accidents due to any inherent weakness of the design.

"Has a new epoch dawned in aviation?" asks the author. Possibly, he admits, adding, "Inventors long have dreamed of air travel for everybody; of the traffic problem solved in the sky; of planes rising vertically from and descending upon flat-top roofs." Reading on:

The autogiro by no means brings all this to pass; yet it does offer a concrete, tangible development in that direction. Those who have looked toward the day of the helicopter—the flying machine capable of lifting itself straight up—may now concentrate their attention upon the invention of the young Spanish engineer, and the

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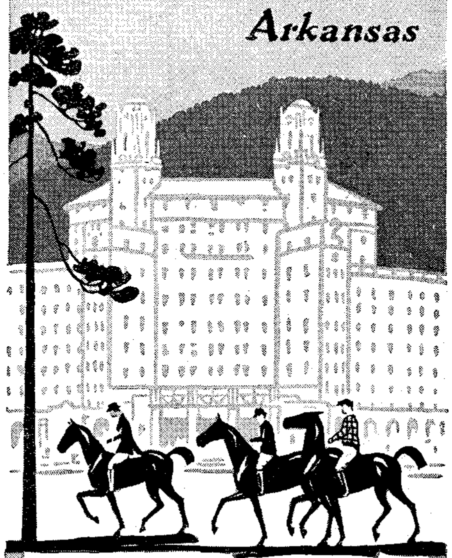
Arkansas



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Recondition and bathe your way to robust health, in Hot Springs famed mineral waters. Nature's most effective curative for rheumatism, neuritis, high blood pressure and kindred ailments. Waters available to you in the Arlington's splendid bath house within the hotel, reached by private elevator from all floors and operated under supervision of the U. S. Government which owns and controls the hot springs.

Hot Springs' Waters are owned and controlled by the U. S. Government

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Golf Club privileges—2 superb courses—riding horses—motor highways—tennis—hunting; bracing climate, scenic beauty. Come along for a week or a month and keep young. Through sleepers via Missouri Pacific and Rock Island Railways. Airways landing field.

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***The* ARLINGTON HOTEL**
Hot Springs National Park
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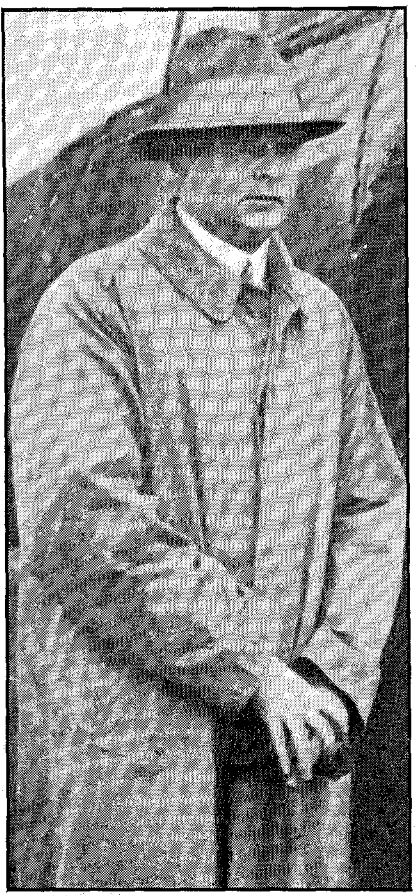
You can play every day in the year

subsequent perfection of it. Not a helicopter is his device, but an airplane so radically modified as to give remarkable qualities of stability, safety, and ability to rise and descend in the most cramped flying-fields. Even twenty-passenger, 250-mile-an-hour autogiros may be built, the inventor declares.

Before the Channel flight, De la Cierva had put in about forty hours of experimental flight over various parts of the United Kingdom. At aerial meets, all through the spring and summer, the horizontal windmill blades of his craft became familiar to thousands of spectators. Three British service pilots, including Bert Hinkler, the famous Australian, have put the new model autogiro through severe tests at the Hamble airdrome near Southampton. A. V. Roe & Company, the pioneers of British aircraft construction, now are turning out the craft for the inventor's company, which is known as Autogiro Limited. It is reported to have sold nine autogiro planes already—of which one is for use in the United States, another purchased by Italy, three by Spain, and the other four by England.



Wide World photograph

THE HAPPY INVENTOR

Senor Juan de la Cierva, whose autogiro has brought a new factor into aviation.

Cierva emphasizes the fact that his "autogiro" is not a true vertical-flying craft, despite some popular impression to the contrary. It is essentially an airplane, but an airplane at which you will look in vain for wings. Only the appendages of wings remain on long poles—a lonesome pair of ailerons, or balancing flaps. Above, on a mast, whirl the feather-shaped windmill vanes, slowly or swiftly as the airplane's speed changes.

In these spinning vanes lies the whole secret of the autogiro's ability to come to earth at the amazingly slow speed of fifteen

"Light a Lucky Strike whenever you crave Sweets

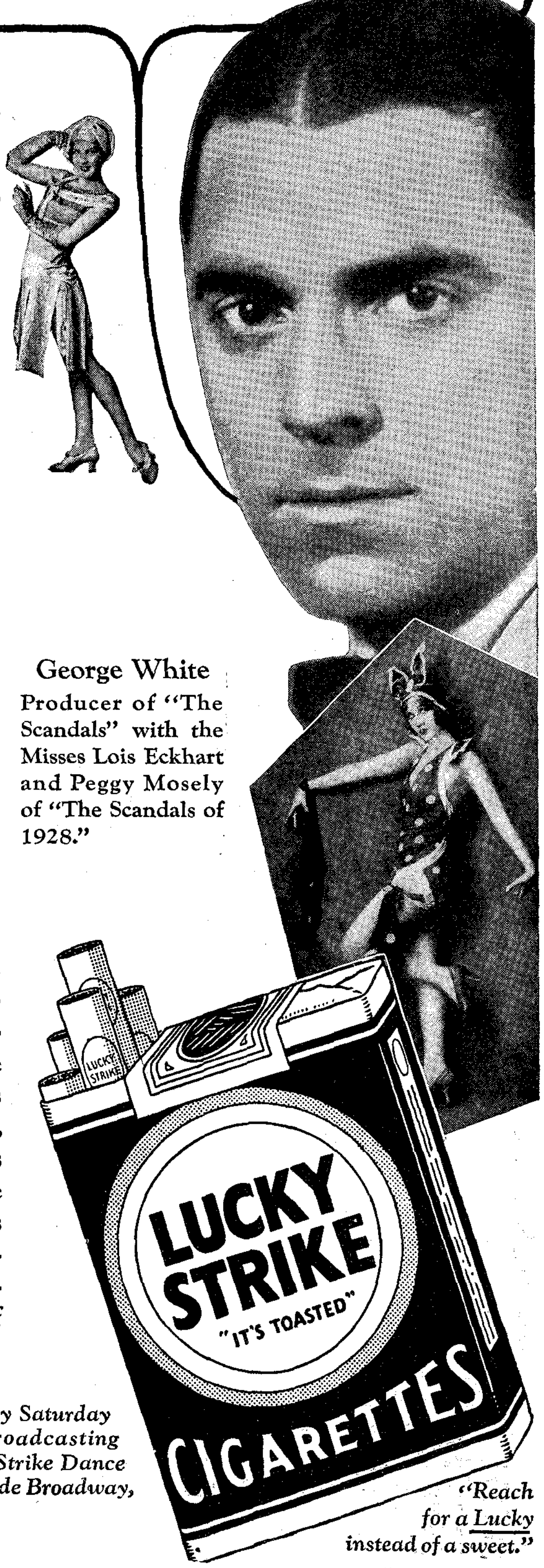
"You can't dance unless you are slender"

George White

George White, noted theatrical producer

"You can't dance unless you are slender. Light a Lucky Strike whenever you crave sweets. That's what I discovered when I was active on the stage as a dancer. And, now I pass it on as advice to all my girls. The toasted flavor of Luckies is an appealing alternative for a sweet and quickly satisfies. Toasting has removed all impurities and Luckies cannot irritate the throat."

GEORGE WHITE



George White Producer of "The Scandals" with the Misses Lois Eckhart and Peggy Mosely of "The Scandals of 1928."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This surely confirms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"It's toasted"

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How to see Europe the way *you* want to see it

Wouldn't you like to have the new booklet, "The American Traveler in Europe", which tells how your trip can be made carefree and amazingly simple?

It is the result of months of careful study and preparation by trained men who know Europe from end to end. Its pages are brimful with valuable travel news and suggestions.

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

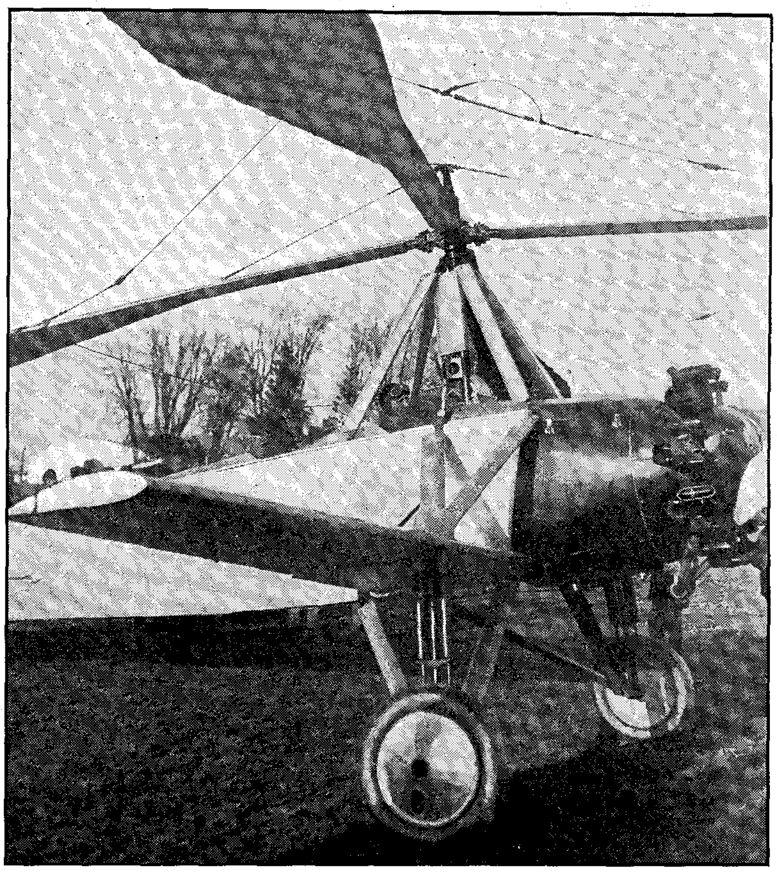
miles an hour, as it did at Le Bourget, instead of the forty or more required by a standard plane. This slow descent minimizes the chance of a crack-up.

The vanes are perfectly free to spin—not by motor power, but by the forceful air draft created by the airplane's own forward speed under its standard tractor propeller. As they spin on their ball-bearings they lift.

Consequently, altho the airplane may be moving at the leisurely rate of fifteen miles an hour, the sustaining air stream that lifts the windmill-like wings, and through them the plane, is moving for practical purposes much faster—the plane's speed, plus a certain speed due to the vanes' own spinning. Hence the autogiro can stay in the air or float deliberately to earth, where a standard plane, robbed of its sustaining velocity, would drop like a plummet and crash.

Since a vane on one side lifts more than the opposite one, why doesn't the autogiro tip over sideways? Because the unequal lifts are equalized through hinges on the shaft that allow the vanes, which are hung on elastic braces, to swing upward through a small arc until the lifts balance. In flight they actually flap a little, somewhat like a bird's wings; not far, because the centrifugal force, or outward pull, of the fast-spinning vanes holds them down, despite the upward push of air under them.

The inventor's greatest difficulties with the first machine, we learn, were much the same as those experienced by the Wright brothers with the first airplane. Thus:



Wide World photograph

SOME OF THE GADGETS THAT MAKE THE AUTOGIRO GO

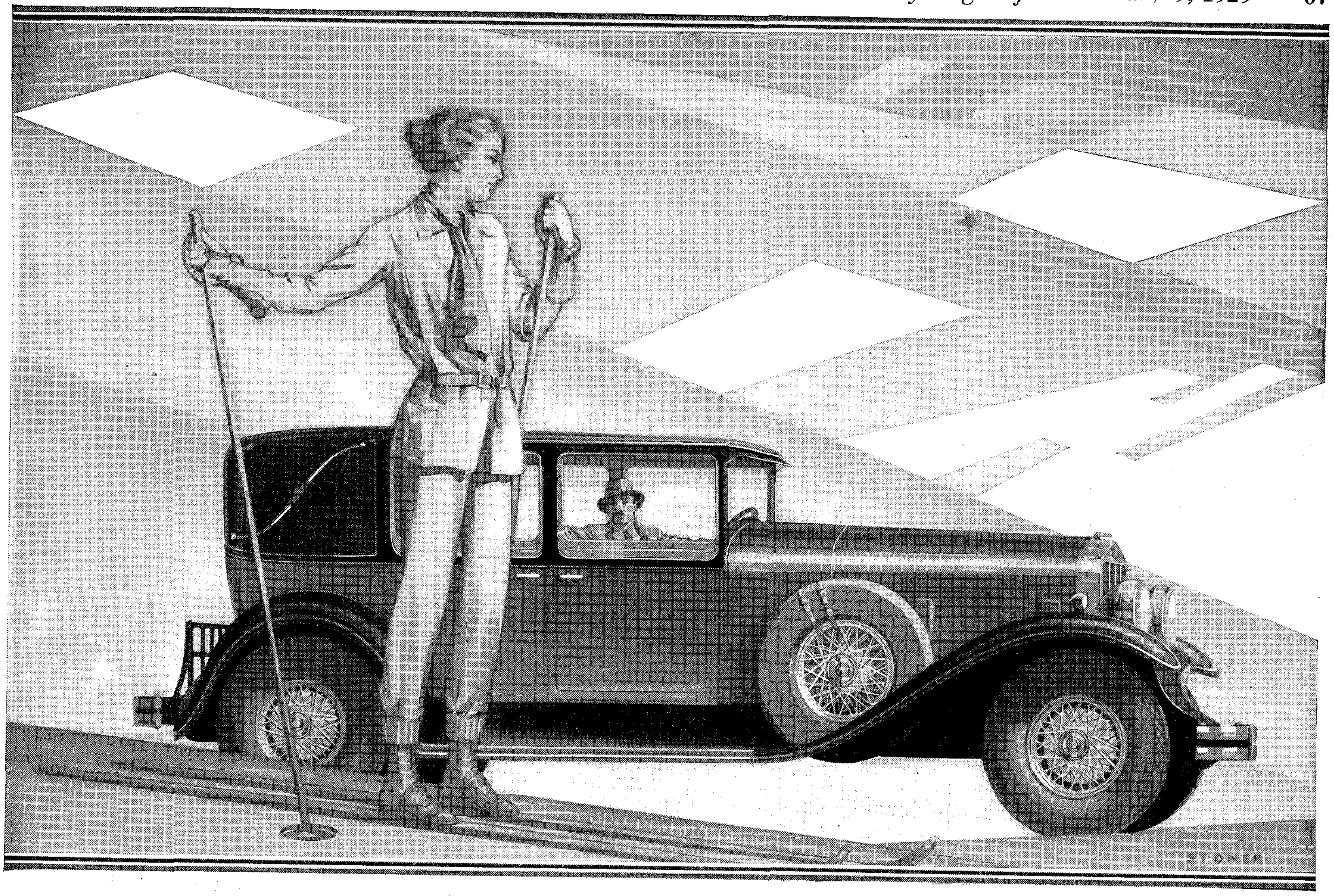
This interesting close-up was made of one of the Cierva planes in this country, and shows some intimate details of construction.

First he had to get his autogiro into the air. At the outset this was done by a team of men pulling a rope wound round the root of the rotor, or mast, to give it the first spin required. Since the experiments with his first model, De la Cierva has altered the shapes of his blades several times, until the climbing power of the autogiro has been more than doubled. To-day the new model, carrying the pilot and one passenger, has a greater climbing ability than the previous model carrying only one person.

The undercarriage of the autogiro must be very wide because of the slow landing speed. The earlier machines met with repeated accidents because of narrow undercarriages. In 1927 the development of the invention suffered a serious delay through an accident caused by the failure, during a flight, of one of the blades. The other three blades saved a serious crash, the plane falling slowly to the ground.

The rudder, ailerons, and elevator are governed as in any conventional plane. In some of the machines recently built the inventor has been experimenting with a small wheel on the instrument board which, through low-pitch gearing, alters the lateral angle of the mast, displacing the entire lift reaction to one side or other of the center of gravity. The instruments also are the same as in ordinary machines, with the exception of an extra revolution counter, which is connected with the revolving blades.

The engine having been started and warmed up, a mechanic, instead of whirling the propeller, as with ordinary planes, sets free the rotating blades. Starting into the wind, the autogiro takes off the ground as soon as the wing revolutions have reached 80 per cent. of their maximum capacity, and while the horizontal taxiing



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And now—through Franklin's great Expansion Program—this new luxury of air-cooled motoring is available to you, at the highest point in its development to date, at prices as much as $600 less than any previous prices of corresponding Franklin types.

Following the many recent speed and hill records, which have won for Franklin the title of "the world's fastest road car"—these new models create revolutionary new standards of quality motor car values. You owe it to yourself to inspect the complete line—now on display throughout the country.

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MAYOR WALKER CHRISTENS AS NEW YORK THRONGS

15 Cars, 19 Pilots Start Gruelling Transcontinental Run

Carry Nation's Good Will Greetings Across Country to Los Angeles' Mayor

60 Goodrich Tires Bear Brunt of Coast-to-Coast Battle Against Roads

CRASH! THE FLEET IS
New York ceremony snapped just
traditional bottle over the Flag-

Massed thousands craned curious necks and watched in City Hall Park . . . Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, lifted the traditional bottle . . . Fifteen cars, gleaming in new, fresh dress of silver paint, stood waiting, engines throttled down.

Crash! The bottle smashed on the radiator of the foremost car. A cheer rose from thousands of throats.

The Silver Fleet was christened!

Little time was spent in ceremony. Mayor Walker shook hands with the fleet commander. Signed New York's "good will" greeting to the Mayor of Los Angeles.

Pilots slid behind their wheels. Engines hummed a higher tune.

Then, one by one, like airplanes taking off, the cars wheeled into line, swung away on the first leg of a journey lasting many months . . .

Dramatically, thus began the most thrilling endurance demonstration any manufacturer has ever undertaken.

Not a demonstration of cars . . . but of the tires they roll on!

Not a single car . . . but fifteen . . . stock models of the leading makes.

A dramatic performance run . . . to demonstrate stamina . . . wear . . . durability . . . in the face of overwhelming odds.

Down the Atlantic Coast to Florida, the fleet will swing. Around the Gulf to New Orleans. Across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona . . . into California.

Then back . . . in a zig-zag course across the country, that multiplies the continent's width many times.

Months of the most gruelling tire punishment the Fleet pilots can find.

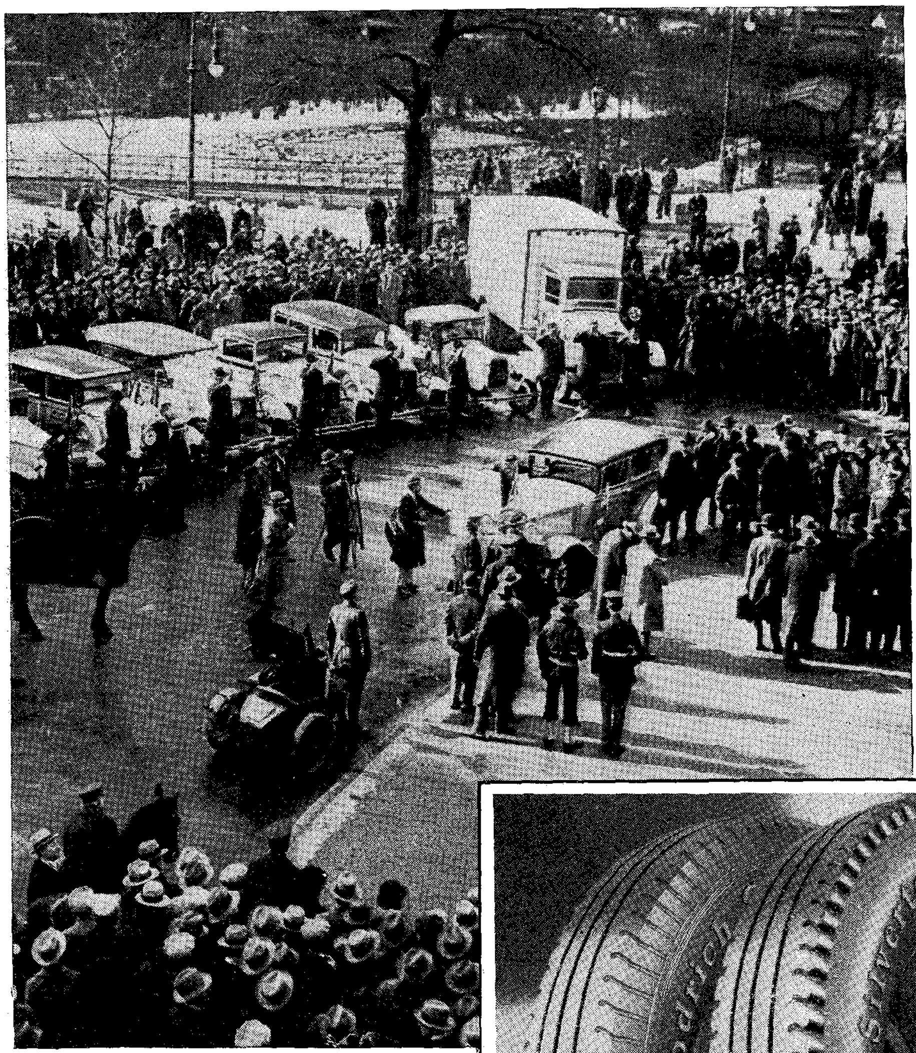
Through every climate, every weather, the country knows. Over roads the nation boasts about . . . and over back trails where only trouble is encountered.

Through slush and snow, rain and mud. Ice-sharpened ruts and glassy-wet asphalt. Cold and snow in the mountains. Heat and sand in the desert. Good roads . . . bad roads . . . no roads . . . but always plugging on, de-

ROAD
CLOSED
AT
RAILROAD CROSSING

"BETTER GO THIS WAY!" ***A native advises a better route . . . but the pilots can't be swerved from their course. A closed road means a tough road . . . so the Fleet rolls on! That's just the kind of going they're looking for.***

THE SILVER FLEET CHEER OFFICIAL SEND-OFF



CHRISTENED (above). Here's before Mayor Walker broke the ship of the Silver Fleet.

liberately seeking the hardest test of man and car and tire . . .

And why?

Simply that you and your fellow motorists everywhere may have brought home to you . . . conclusively! . . . the sort of stamina that is built into every Goodrich Tire!

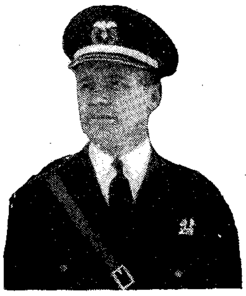
That you may follow, month after month, the record of Goodrich Tires *under far harder service conditions than you will ever have to face!*

That you may see, in short, proof of the unsurpassed dollar value of the tires bearing the Goodrich name.

Talk to your Goodrich dealer about the Silver Fleet. Ask him about its schedule . . . when it will arrive in your city. See the same tires that the Silver Fleet rolls on . . . identical casings directly from his stock. Let him point out why Goodrich can undertake such a tour.

Then when the Silver Fleet rolls in . . . be on hand! Pick out the companion car to the one you drive. Talk to its pilot. Watch his demonstration. Ask him about the conditions he has had to face . . . and contrast them with your own.

In the meantime, you can follow the thrilling progress of the Silver Fleet in the pages of this magazine.



Lieut. H. R. Schaeffer, Fleet Commander

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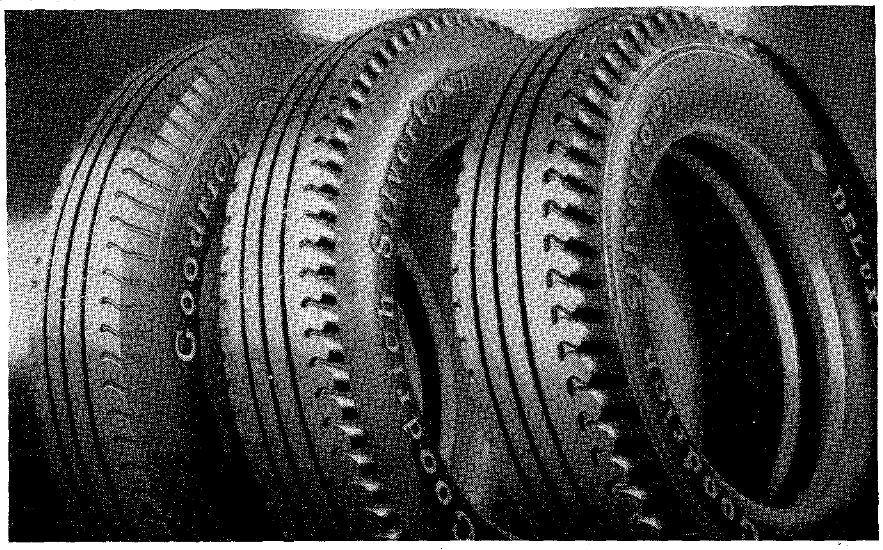

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Goodrich Silvertowns

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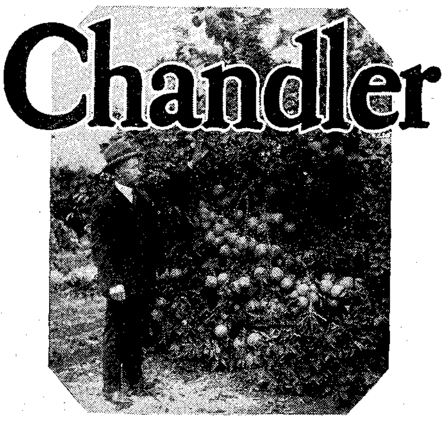

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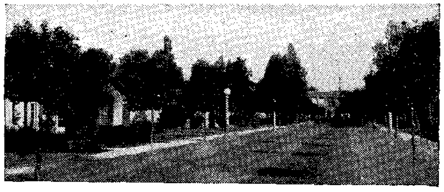

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

speed is still reduced. The best climbing speed is slower than that of the usual plane, being from forty to fifty miles an hour.

Pilots who have tested the machine say it is extraordinarily easy to fly, and less susceptible to rough weather than other planes. It answers easily and immediately to rudder, elevator, and ailerons. In turning, the rudder is used exclusively, the machine banking almost automatically.

And now, with the engine throttled down, the autogiro glides at a speed of fifteen miles an hour! It is time for the vertical descent. The pilot wishes to land in a field, surrounded by trees or a small park, or even on a large roof. He pulls back his stick, the earth seems slowly to rise under him. The engine is dead. There is not the noise of the customary descent. The autogiro is stable and under perfect control. Within a dozen feet of the ground the pilot releases his stick a little, the machine surges forward again. Then at three to ten feet above the ground, the stick is pulled back swiftly again, and the autogiro drops slowly for the last few feet.

With special undercarriages, such as have been used on some of the experimental machines at the Hamble field, it is possible to drop vertically from any height without harm to the machine, but with a considerable bump.

Pilots who have flown both the conventional planes and the autogiro have discovered this main difference between them: If the engine fails in a monoplane or biplane on the average cross-country flight, the pilot usually can expect a funeral, or ten days in a hospital, if he is lucky If the autogiro engine dies there is no stall or nose dive to fear. It descends as safely as a parachute, but under the pilot's control.

The natural enthusiasm of the inventor has been shared by the British pilots at Hamble. Lady Heath, the woman who flew unaccompanied from South Africa in a baby Moth biplane, recently was given her first autogiro flight in a machine with dual controls, and was delighted with the experience.

Any man can pilot the autogiro, says De la Cierva. It is apparently the one inherently stable heavier-than-air machine, and no great skill or extraordinarily quick thinking is required to control it. Stalling kills more pilots than any other fault in aviation, and those who have flown the autogiro say it will not stall. From the point of view of the private plane owner, whose numbers have grown greatly in the last two or three years, the autogiro promises much. No country has enough airdromes or landing-fields to accommodate pilots in large numbers. On the largest field only a few planes may land or rise simultaneously, owing to the run needed for the start and finish of a flight. Almost any lawn will suffice for the autogiro, says the young inventor, as soon as he has perfected a self-starting device. This he plans as his next step in the development of the machine. But even without the self-starter, the autogiro will take off from a field too small to accommodate any other type of plane. In landing on ship decks the autogiro is expected to be particularly useful, for it will not be necessary for the ship to be traveling dead against the wind, as is now the case. Therefore aircraft carriers, the inventor predicts,

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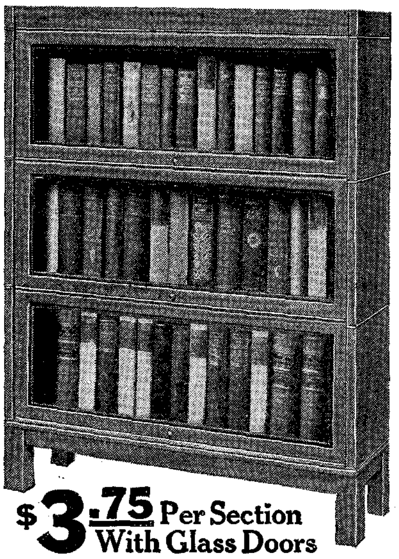

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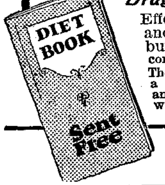

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THE "CATERPILLARS" WHO LEAP BEFORE THEY LOOK

THERE was nothing to hang to. He reached out for everything in sight, but his hands encountered only the empty air. Capt. John I. Moore was a passenger in an airplane flying from Waco to Austin, Texas, when he found himself, without warning, in a perilous situation. The balmy Texas air had "evidently lulled the Captain to sleep," says Falk Harmel in the Washington *Post*. All of a sudden, we read, a sudden strong gust of air was encountered, giving a severe bump to the speeding plane, and before he was fully awake Captain Moore found himself halfway out of the plane, with nothing to hang to. So out he tumbled! He could only pull the rip cord, releasing the parachute he wore. Down he plunged through the air, while the plane sped on toward its goal, until the big umbrella filled out and he drifted gently to the earth. In this manner Captain Moore became a member of the Caterpillar Club, that unique organization of airmen, without officers, initiation fees or dues, who have saved their lives by parachute jumps from planes. Colonel Lindbergh, we are reminded, is a four-time member of the club. Captain Moore is one of the exclusive members who did not jump, but were actually thrown out of their planes without their own volition. Of the club, Mr. Harmel tells us:

> No one is particularly anxious to join this organization. Initiation is strenuous. The honor of being dubbed "Caterpillar" is not sought; fate thrusts it at times on men who travel by air.
>
> The modern airplane is at a high state of efficiency. Structural failures during flight are few and far between, but accidents sometimes occur. That is true of other means of transportation also. Ocean vessels sink and railroad trains collide, despite many years of experience in operation. By far the largest percentage of airplane accidents, and this may also be held applicable to most automobile and railroad accidents, are due to some mistake made by the operator. The human equation is something which can not be fought successfully.
>
> At one time or another in the career of a bird-man the critical period arrived when trouble encountered during flight was of such a serious nature as to force him to resort to the parachute. Then and there he automatically became a "Caterpillar," with a life membership in the club.
>
> This organization exists in name only. It has no officers, constitution, or by-laws, and there are no dues to pay. It is merely a paper organization, and one of the jobs of a certain individual in the office of the Chief of Air Corps in Washington is to collect data in regard to enforced parachute

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*HARRY A. FRANCK

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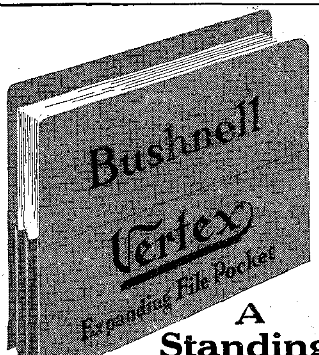

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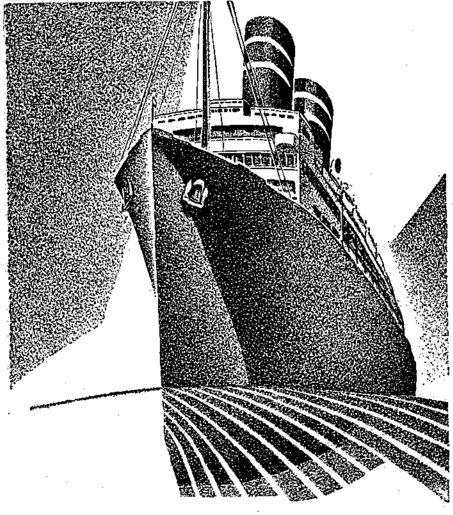

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

jumps and a photograph of every person saved.

The Caterpillar Club originated shortly after the enforced jump at Dayton, Ohio, in 1922, of former Lieut. Harold R. Harris, the first Army flyer to jump with a parachute from a disabled aircraft during flight. He was then on duty as test pilot at McCook Field, and the accident occurred when he was flight-testing a new type of airplane. Soon after the take-off he banked the plane in order to make a turn. The next moment a terrific lateral vibration shook the whole airplane structure. All the skill he exerted in an attempt to regain lateral control of the plane proved in vain, and he realized that he would have to jump for his life.

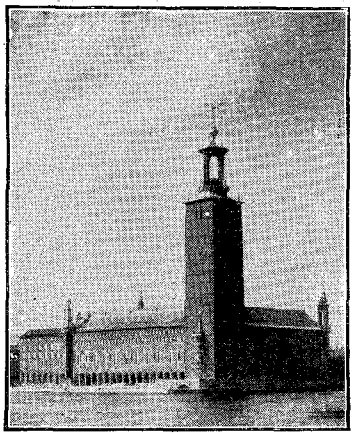
When he unhooked his safety belt, the plane was diving steeply toward the ground, and he experienced no difficulty in sliding off into space. Clear of the ship, Lieutenant Harris attempted to pull the rip-cord ring of the parachute pack in order to open it. He was evidently confused as to its location, for he repeatedly tugged at the leg-strap fitting of the parachute harness. After three such vain attempts, his hand finally closed on the release ring. It goes without saying that he gave it a vicious yank. The parachute opened, jerked him to an upright position and arrested his fall. Lieutenant Harris had been spinning head downward, remarking afterward that he distinctly remembered looking at his feet three times with the realization that they were pointing toward the sky.

This accident marked a mile-stone in aviation history. Despite the fact that in innumerable previous tests the parachute had proved efficient, more or less skepticism prevailed as to the ability of the flyer to think and act rapidly enough to free himself from a falling plane and operate a parachute before too great a loss of altitude for safety. Furthermore, there were doubts as to whether the speed of the fall might not rob the jumper of his breath and cause unconsciousness. Because of his mistake in pulling the leg strap instead of the rip-cord ring, Lieutenant Harris had fallen over 2,500 feet before the parachute opened, during which time his mind was clear and capable of thinking with great rapidity. This parachute jump proved the forerunner of others in which lives were saved under many varying conditions.

The miraculous escape of Lieutenant Harris created considerable comment and discussion. Two members of the parachute branch of the engineering division of the Air Corps, Messrs. Mumma and St. Clair, collected photographs of Lieutenant Harris at the scene of the wreck of his plane, also a photograph of the parachute, a piece of the plane which bore its numerical designation, etc. These photographs and souvenirs were utilized in decorating a portion of the wall in the office of the parachute branch, and came in for considerable attention from the visiting public, especially Messrs. Timmerman and Hutton, Dayton newspaper men.

Discussion arose as to the probable outcome of this one jump and the likelihood of others following it, we are told, and—

Mr. Timmerman's suggestion that a club be formed to embrace these intrepid airmen met with instant approval, but the selection of a proper name for it proved a



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problem. Many names were submitted, from Crawlers to Skyhookers. None appeared particularly effective, and for the time being the matter was dropt. Some time later Mr. St. Clair received literature from a Caterpillar tractor company, showing a new design for their advertisement—a wavy streak with "Caterpillar" written across its face. The design caught his fancy immediately. Getting in touch with the two Dayton newspaper men, he suggested that the organization be known as the "Caterpillar Club." He advanced as his reasons that the parachute mainsails and shroud-lines are made from the finest silk obtainable; that the lowly worm spins a cocoon, crawls out and flies away from certain death which would overtake it were it to remain inside of the cocoon. A better example of what a pilot and passenger would do in an uncontrollable airplane could not be found. Messrs. Hutton and Timmerman readily agreed that the name was most adaptable, and from that day the "Caterpillar Club" came into being.

From a scrutiny of the reports of airmen who have made emergency parachute jumps, it would seem that at the crucial moment the very act of preparing for the departure from the plane was, in the majority of instances, performed mechanically, the account continues, with this further explanation:

The imperiled airman realized his life was at stake, and that he had to jump for it. There was no time for speculation; immediate action was imperative; his mind and muscles functioned in unison, and he left the plane instantly.

In touching upon the sensations experienced by airmen during a parachute jump, it is interesting to observe from their own reports, that apparently no sense of falling was experienced when the leap was made from a high altitude. Only when the jumper was nearing terra firma and he noted the ground rushing up to meet him did he realize that he was hurtling through space. In the brief time he finds himself at a high altitude the jumper has no means of measuring the speed of his fall. He is able to do so only when approaching the ground and noting near objects. To the ground observer gazing at an airplane flying at a high altitude, it seems to be forging ahead at a slow pace; yet that same airplane, traveling at the same rate of speed at a low altitude, flashes by in the twinkling of an eye.

Usually any reaction which an emergency parachute jumper experiences comes after he finds himself safe and sound on the ground and he begins to cogitate on what might have happened had the parachute not opened. Such thoughts are not conducive to sound sleep, as some of the Caterpillar Club members have learned.

The sensation experienced by the jumper the moment the parachute opens, after a seemingly prolonged period, which, in the words of a well-known cartoonist of the day, might appropriately be termed "life's darkest moment," must be wonderful. Lieut. Victor E. Bertrandias, Air Corps, who jumped from his airplane when the propeller parted company from the engine and pieces of wood and fabric were flying past his head, remarked that when he saw the parachute open he felt like a king with the whole world at his feet.

Flying Cadet J. D. Cleveland, whose plane collided with one piloted by his friendly enemy, Flying Cadet E. A. Sanborn, in the course of simulated aerial

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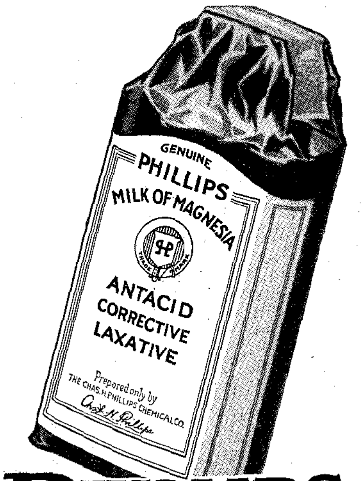

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MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

combat maneuvers over Kelly Field, Texas, said that when the parachute opened after he pulled the rip-cord he had a grin on his face just about the size of the parachute.

Failure of the control-stick assembly of his primary training plane forcing him to resort to the parachute, Lieut. Laurence C. Craigie stated that he experienced no particular sensations other than a pronounced sense of falling when he left the plane, a strong jerk when the parachute opened, and a very pleasant relaxation of feeling and contentment all the rest of the way down to the ground.

"While agreeing in principle with the use of the parachute, I was not exceptionally enthusiastic about it," remarked Maj. Horace M. Hickam. He became a Caterpillar at Langley Field, Virginia, following a midair collision during practise aerial combat maneuvers with the plane piloted by Maj. Harold Geiger. "However, upon seeing the wings of my plane fold up," Major Hickam continued, "I immediately became one of the world's most enthusiastic parachute jumpers."

Lieut. Max W. Balfour, pilot, and Lieut. John H. McCormick, passenger, were forced to jump from an observation type of plane when, after performing several barrel rolls during a test flight, the wings severed their connection with the fuselage or body of the plane. Lieutenant Balfour stated that during the parachute jump he experienced no unusual feeling, but that a few hours later there was a nervous reaction manifested by abnormal excitability.

"Events happened so rapidly that there was not time to be scared or excited," was Lieutenant McCormick's comment on his sudden initiation into the Caterpillar Club. "There was never a thought of possible failure of the 'chute," he added, "but I recall I was glad when it opened. I suffered no disturbing nervous reaction until I attempted to sleep, when I lay awake in bed for more than two hours."

Maj. F. E. Evans, of the Michigan National Guard Air Service, was recently initiated a Caterpillar when, during an acrobatic maneuver over a flying-field near Detroit, Mich., one of the wing spars broke. What happened then is described thus:

> To remain in the plane meant courting certain death, and Major Evans had other ideas on the subject. "I had a feeling of complete safety and confidence in the parachute," he later remarked. "I thought of the long-talked-of count of four to be certain of clearing the plane, and decided to wait until I was sure of being clear. The wreckage of the plane was falling around me when I decided it was time to pull the rip-cord. I recall seeing the pilot 'chute far above me, and the thought passed my mind that I had not only lost an airplane but a parachute as well." When the main 'chute opened, Major Evans reported that he was suddenly jerked upright from his head-first dive to earth. He had no feeling whatsoever of falling, and his mind seemed perfectly clear.

Private Jewell S. Wilson, who, with Lieutenant Pennington, the pilot, jumped from an attack airplane at Fort Crockett, Texas, when a sudden violent rainstorm threw it into an uncontrollable spin, concluded his account of the initiation

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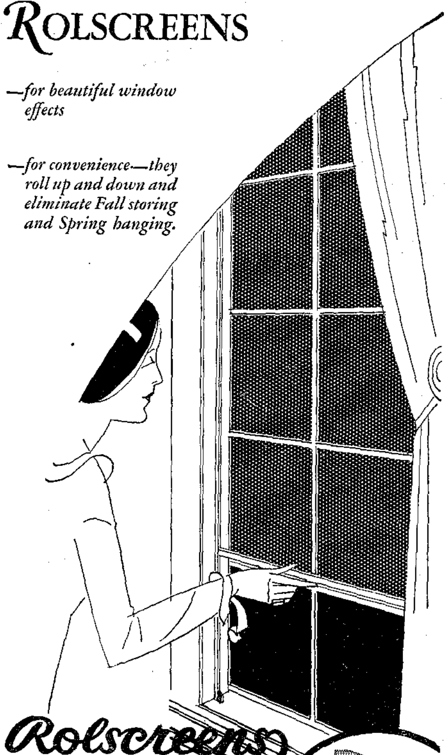

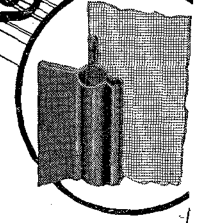

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ceremony as follows: "This was my first and only parachute jump. I had often wondered how I would feel and act under such conditions, and now that it is all over, I can't recall anything about it. I was not frightened, and I did not dread to jump. I knew that if I went down with the ship I would be killed; there was only one choice, and I took it without any reservations. It all happened so quickly and definitely that I am unable to explain any part of it, other than the visible results."

One of a party of three airmen who jumped from a bombing plane near Norfolk, Virginia, following a collision with a Navy plane, was Sergt. A. B. Jewell, Air Corps. In his report he confessed that in previous long-distance flights he never once had his 'chute strapped on, regarding it as excess baggage. The sergeant was decidedly emphatic in his declaration that he will never again venture off the ground without his worthy 'chute.

Altho the possibility of planes catching fire in the air has been virtually eliminated as the result of many changes and refinements in the design and construction of planes and engines, the unexpected happens once in a great while. An Army pilot stationed at Mitchel Field, New York, who had been performing acrobatics in a fast little Army pursuit ship, suddenly found himself in the position of the boy who stood on the burning deck. Instead of jumping out he stood up in his seat, and the tremendous blast of air from the revolving propeller forced him over the fairing in the rear of the cockpit. While in this position he pulled the rip-cord, and the parachute pulled him back over the tail of the plane and out into empty space. "I was quite nervous until I found myself hanging in the parachute," the pilot afterward declared, "but I was perfectly at ease then." He added that he became nervous again late in the afternoon, and was unable to sleep for four hours after going to bed.

Statistics compiled in the office of the Chief of Air Corps in Washington show that up to this writing 116 emergency parachute jumps have been made in this country, and 110 lives saved. This does not mean that six of the jumpers failed to reach the ground alive. As a matter of fact, there is no record of the Army parachute failing to function, once the jumper cleared the airplane and pulled the rip-cord. The discrepancy of six between the number of jumps and lives saved is accounted for by the fact that, as before stated, the foremost parachute jumper of them all, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, used the parachute on four occasions and, further, that Capt. Frank O'D. Hunter, Lieut. Eugene H. Barksdale (deceased), and Sergt. F. P. Miller each jumped twice.

It is interesting to note the state of mind of some of the Caterpillar Club members at the critical moment when they faced the momentous decision of staking their entire future on the reliability of the parachute, comments Mr. Harmel, continuing:

With reference to his parachute jump, Lieut. W. W. White exprest the belief that one needs no practise or coaching about the use of the parachute; that when the time comes to use it, one will do so more or less instinctively. Lieutenant White was a participant in an airplane collision over Kelly Field, Texas. Unfortunately, for reasons unknown, the pilot of the other plane was unable to use his parachute and was instantly killed.

Resorting to his parachute when the

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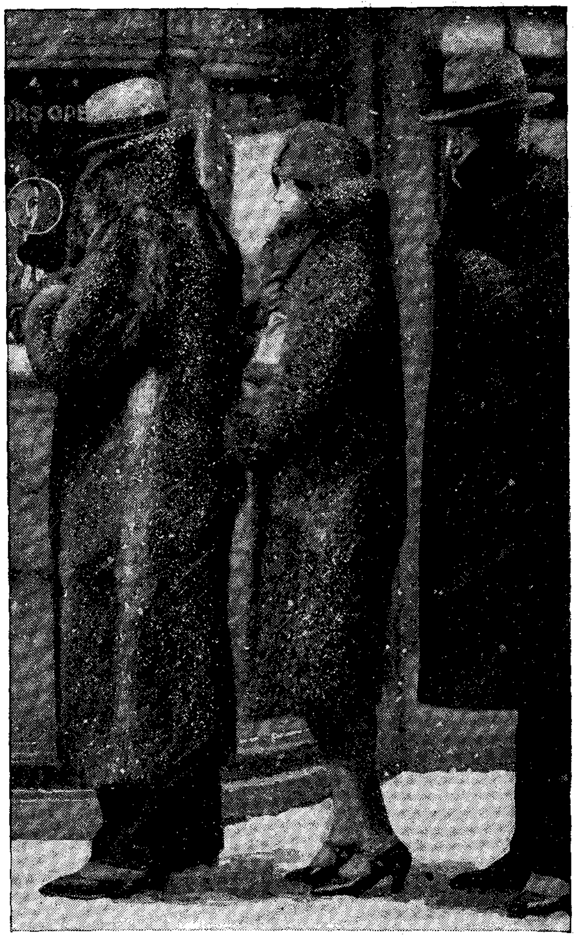

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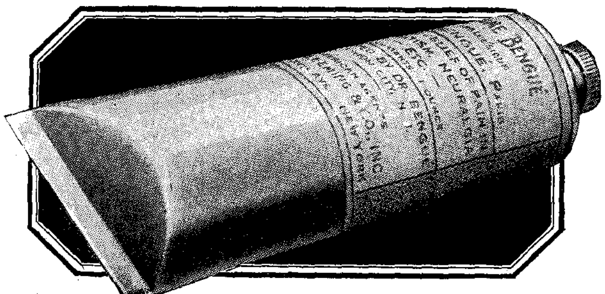
Follow These Simple Directions and Check Colds at the Start:

For Sore Throat:
Apply BAUME BENGUÉ freely on the throat and neck, and cover with absorbent cotton or cloth. Mix equal parts of BAUME BENGUÉ and White Vaseline on a spoon. Place on the tongue and allow to dissolve slowly—then swallow. You will be surprised at the results.

For Head Colds:
Inhale the vapors of BAUME BENGUÉ by mixing ¼ teaspoon in a bowl of steaming water. Cover the bowl with a cone made from tough paper and cut a hole in the top large enough to allow both nostrils to fit into it. Watch the stuffiness disappear; see how freely you breathe again.

For Chest Colds:
Apply a hot towel to the chest and back. Dry thoroughly and rub in BAUME BENGUÉ freely. Then spread a thin layer over the entire area and cover with absorbent cotton or cloth. Cover yourself with warm blankets. In the morning, the soreness and congestion will be greatly relieved.



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The Original Analgésique Baume
BAUME BENGUÉ

UNMENTIONABLE?

WHEN YOUR TONGUE IS NOTHING BUT WOOL, YOUR MOUTH UNMENTIONABLE, AND YOUR THROAT RAW SIRLOIN...THERE'S STILL ONE CIGARETTE FOR YOUR FULL TOBACCO ENJOYMENT.

◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c

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SIMONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL
TOUGHER—
STRONGER—
more dependable

SPECIALLY tempered nickel alloy steel in Simonds Band Saws is the product of a Simonds mill where exacting saw requirements govern every step in its production. Consequently, Simonds Band Saws have uniform strength and toughness that guarantee speed of production and dependability of performance under conditions that tax their cutting power. For economy, safety, longer service, specify Simonds.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. Established 1832
BRANCH OFFICES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MOTORING AND AVIATION
Continued

wings of his airplane collapsed, Lieut. Kirtley J. Gregg stated that there was not an instant's hesitation or conscious decision about the use of the parachute after he realized that the plane was sure to crash.

"I had no particular sensations before leaving other than the realization that a parachute jump was necessary," stated Maj. Harold Geiger (deceased), following his enforced jump when his plane collided with the one piloted by Major Hickam. "During this time," Major Geiger asserted, "my brain seemed to function automatically without any effort on my part to coordinate my mental and physical actions." He further stated that the rather sudden transition from a feeling of passing rapidly through the air to a feeling of being more or less permanently suspended in the air caused him to become conscious of the fact that the parachute had lived up to all the good things said of it.

One pilot experienced a series of hair-raising thrills when presented with a peremptory invitation to take French leave of his plane. He had lost control of it, due to a broken aileron, one of the small movable panels hinged to the rear edge of each wing to control the lateral motion of the plane. Fate was somewhat lenient with this particular Caterpillar Club candidate, for the mishap occurred when he was flying at a fairly high altitude. Bowing to the inevitable, he jumped, only to find himself still in his seat. He had forgotten to unbuckle his safety belt, which is permanently fastened to a convenient place in the cockpit. After attending to that important detail, he tumbled head-first into the air, the plane at that time being banked at a 90-degree angle.

He began whirling over and over; first seeing the sky and then the ground, when he realized that he had forgotten to attend to another very important detail—pulling the parachute rip-cord. The moment he did so his tumbling ceased, but he continued to hang downward in his swift descent to the ground because the pilot 'chute had caught on his heels. The main 'chute was stretched straight up from its point of attachment to the pilot 'chute, but was not inflated, and the shroud-lines and the silk were threshing about and threatening to tie themselves into all sorts of knots, which would have been not so good. The pilot 'chute is a miniature umbrella, and a very important component of the parachute. Actuated by powerful springs, one has to exert considerable pressure to collapse it in order to place it in the parachute pack alongside its big brother. When the pull of the rip-cord snaps the folded pack open, the pilot 'chute hops out like a jack-in-a-box, pulling the main 'chute after it.

A few frantic kicks served to release the pilot 'chute, permitting the main 'chute to open to its fullest extent. The new Caterpillar still had plenty of altitude left, the pilot calculating that about 3,000 feet separated him from the ground.

It is not always a very easy matter to leave a plane when trouble comes, and the state of mind of those imperiled airmen who experienced difficulty in placing as wide a gulf as possible between themselves and their plane may be well imagined. Air Corps officers formerly shared the belief that if anything serious happened during a flight in the twin-engined bombing plane, the occupants thereof were virtually doomed, this because of the fact that the struts and numerous wires presented serious obstacles to a hasty departure. The fact that two flying cadets, faced with the necessity of leaving their bomber instantly, did so without difficulty served to dissipate this belief.

IN JAPAN BICYCLES CHECK THE MOTOR SPEEDERS

A STUBBORN fight against the invasion of the automobile was waged by the jinrikisha, Japan's picturesque means of public conveyance. But Western modes of travel are gaining ground, we read in a New York *Sun* interview with Y. Osawa, Japan's twenty-six-year-old "supersalesman," of whom we are told:

Mr. Osawa was graduated from Princeton in 1925, and is now president of J. Osawa and Company of Kyoto, one of the largest automobile agencies in the Far East. He has hung up the amazing record in high-pressure salesmanship of 350 cars in four winter months, thereby earning an award of $5,000, or in the coin of the realm about 10,000 yen, in an Oriental sales contest.

Automobile sales have grown in Japan with leaps and bounds in the last five years, said Mr. Osawa, pointing with pride to the fact that in 1923 there were less than 20,000 cars in the entire country, whereas the total for the past year comes somewhere close to 70,000.

With the customary modesty of those who live in the land of the rising sun, Mr. Osawa told of his own experience in the automobile business and of the many odd forms of sales resistance he has encountered.

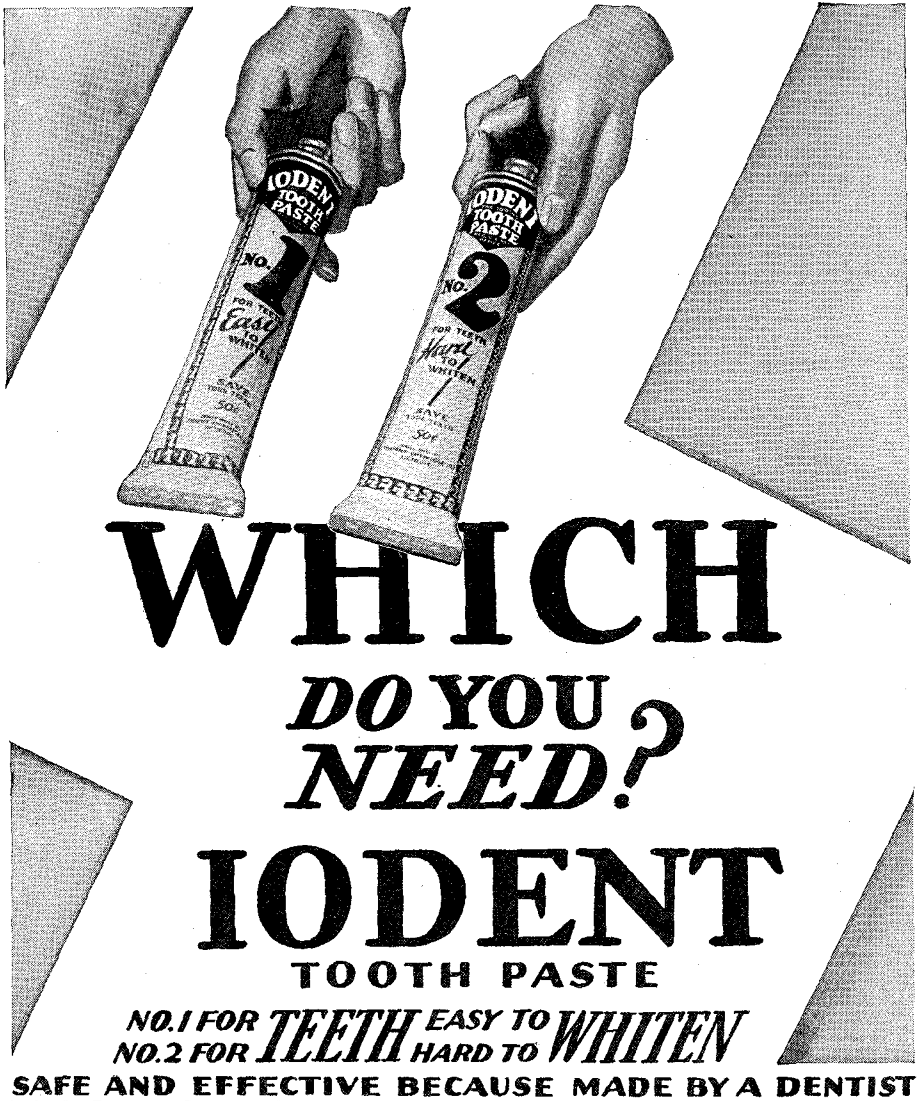
"The greatest difficulty we had was with the jinrikisha men," he said. "The jinrikisha has behind it centuries of tradition. It has always been associated with the folklore of the country.

"We in Japan hold the memory of the past in deep reverence. Our ancestors, many of whom have been dead for hundreds of years, are as much a part of our lives as our parents. Thus it is very difficult to remove old customs. Besides, cars are very expensive, and there are really only two classes of purchasers. A thousand-dollar American car sells for twice that sum actually in Japan.

"But the yen has the purchasing power in Japan of more than a dollar when it comes to other things than automobiles. In fact it can buy even more in Japan than your dollar can buy here. So you see only the wealthy can afford cars. However, the taxi business has become very popular, and we sell a great many cars to such companies. For instance, a jinrikisha can only carry one person, and the charge is a yen for two miles. But three people can ride in a taxi the same distance for the same price.

"Business generally has been poor. The earthquake several years ago had a lot to do with it. But a year ago there was a financial panic during which many of the banks went broke. More recently there is the Chinese problem and China, of course, is our largest foreign export market.

"As yet most of the roads are rather poor. They are very narrow. We have really only two good roads, concrete, sixty feet wide, between Kobe and Osaka and between Tokyo and Yokohama. That is why a large car isn't very useful in Japan. Yes, we have a speed limit. The lowest is sixteen miles an hour and the highest twenty. But people out there don't drive fast. They can't, it's too congested. The roads are full of bicycles."



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2 sizes roller type and 2 sizes wheel type. They cut close up to shrubs, trees, etc., slow down for corners—make a cleaner cutting job from first to last.

Send now for full particulars and prices on these practical power lawn mowers that mean better lawns.

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

PROBLEMS OF THE "SKY-SCRAPER INDUSTRY"

IT SEEMS THAT THE OWNER of one of our big new buildings wanted escutcheon plates above and below every door-knob—until it was pointed out to him that to keep these pieces of brass clean and bright would cost him $15,000 a year, and "that a porter doing nothing else but polish escutcheon-plates would take two years to make one complete round of the building." The story is told by an unnamed architect quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and illustrates the new type of problem offered by sky-scraper building. "The building of sky-scrapers is to-day becoming a highly specialized industry dealing with the commodity which is projected, produced, and sold much like any other product in a competitive market," remarks the New York Trust Company's *Index*. New York, of course, is the world's sky-scraper capital, with more than 200 buildings of twenty stories or more, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*. But, as we read in *The Index*, "there is scarcely a city of any size in the country that does not have at least one or two buildings of sky-scraper proportions." The building of sky-scraper apartments is said to be even more important than the erection of sky-scraper business structures. Sky-scraper building is bringing about new time-table features in contracts. For instance, we read in *The Index:*

OUR NEWEST AND NEAREST SKY-SCRAPER NEIGHBOR

On the site of the old Madison Square Garden, New York, directly across the street from the offices of THE LITERARY DIGEST, is the new home of the New York Life Insurance Company, occupying an entire block, with thirty-four stories, rising in terraces to a golden spire 617 feet above the sidewalk.

> Some of the larger building companies are emphasizing the importance of a "limit-of-cost" contract under which the builder agrees to deliver to the owner the structure erected to specifications and within a certain limit of cost. A varying percentage of the saving is returned to the owner.
>
> Especially important in this connection is a system of scheduling which has been worked out by several of the companies. Their experience has shown that operations go forward by certain definite steps. Before work on a building program is begun, a "time-table" for the building is prepared. Each step is scheduled, materials delivered, work begun and finished at a specified time.
>
> The importance of such a schedule is obvious, for the loss of a few days' rental or the additional interest on idle money amounts to a considerable sum on a tall building.

Obsolescence is as much of a factor in the sky-scraper industry as it is in the automobile industry—

> Past experience has shown that modern office buildings have a life of only about thirty-five years, and that their depreciation is roughly 3.2 per cent. a year. This is not due to any structural fault, but to changing public taste, to improvements in conveniences, such as elevators, and to increasing land values which necessitate larger and better buildings which will give a greater financial return.
>
> Structurally, a sky-scraper should last for centuries, but America builds to serve a purpose, and when a building ceases to serve that purpose in a competitive way, it is razed and replaced, however beautiful or historic it may be.
>
> There are two aspects to a sky-scraper as a paying proposition. A building may pay a good return on the investment, but may occupy too valuable a site, which will warrant the demolition of the old structure and the erection of a taller and more modern building. Wall Street and Broad Street to-day illustrate very well this tendency. Already lined with fairly tall structures, these streets are now being rebuilt to house the expanding financial community.
>
> On the other hand, there is an economic limit to the height of a sky-scraper. For the present, at least, this limit is set at about sixty stories.

One sky-scraper constructor is quoted by *The Index* as saying that "there is no physical difficulty in the way of 100-story buildings, but from the economic standpoint the upper floors are losing propositions":

> The question is largely one of traffic congestion in the building. Rentals are more difficult because of the time necessary to reach the floor, and to provide adequate and comfortable elevator service requires the allocation of too much space for that purpose.

On this point, however, there is difference of opinion. But we find no one challenging the next statement of the writer for the New York bank, to the effect that "the sky-scraper makes an important contribution to real-estate value in the city":

> London has no sky-scrapers, and its real-estate values are estimated to be one-third of New York's, altho the New York area is less than half of London's.
>
> The greater city of London receives not quite $200,000,000 from its real estate, whereas the New York revenue amounts to nearly $419,000,000, altho the population is 1,300,000 less.

On the other hand—

> The erection of taller structures has inevitably resulted in a

SIXTH OF A SERIES OUTLINING THE ESSENTIALS OF A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY

BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

Government
Municipal
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Public Utility
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Plan your investment structure

THE investor needs a financial plan as much as a sculptor needs a model or a builder needs a blue print. It is just another case of *thought* preceding *action.*

With a goal to strive for and a plan to guide him, an investor is less likely to waste time in indecision, in trying to guess market trends. Selections are made as funds are in hand; each addition fits into its place in the design of the whole. The result is a solid investment structure rather than a hit-or-miss accumulation of securities.

Bonds, of course, should be the backbone of every investment fund. They should be selected to cover the various fields of conservative investment as broadly as your funds permit. They should yield as even a flow of income as can be arranged. They should be marketable to the degree your circumstances require, with maturities well distributed. They should be periodically reviewed to determine their suitability in view of current conditions.

It is not difficult to plan and to build a solid investment structure if you enlist the help of a competent investment house and acquaint it with your needs and circumstances. It can support you at every stage, from the relatively simple determination of *how much* you should invest each year to reach your goal, to the more difficult problem of *how* you should invest it. Halsey, Stuart & Co. has for many years rendered such a service to investors, large or small—institutional and private. It extends to you the benefit of this experience in planning your own investment structure—besides offering a diversity of conservative issues from which to build it.

We have prepared an Analysis Chart which will be of assistance to investors who wish to know their present situation and plan soundly for the future. We shall be glad to send a copy to anyone interested, without obligation. Ask for Analysis Chart LD-29.

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THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S NEW SKY-SCRAPER DISTRICT

Sometimes called the "uptown Wall Street," this new region of towering structures centers about Forty-second Street, Times Square, and the Grand Central Terminal. Conspicuous, just left of the center of the picture, is the new Chanin Tower, fifty-six stories high, which was opened last week.

traffic problem, for which there is as yet no adequate solution. As a matter of fact, as long as present means of transportation are in vogue, congestion will doubtless be present, for it is much easier to create the centralization that causes the congestion than it is to open up new traffic lanes. There is little hope of decentralization, and the growth of certain popular zones only serves to spread the congestion over larger spaces.

"The trend toward sky-scraper construction is even more marked in buildings for dwelling purposes than office buildings," we read on:

> Residential construction, of course, accounts for the greater part of the country's building expenditures. In its report on building permits in eighty-five cities for the first half of the past year the Department of Labor showed that only 0.3 per cent. of the permits were for office buildings with a valuation of $113,000,000. This represented only 7.9 per cent. of the valuation of all permits in these cities for that period, or $1,417,000,000.
>
> During these same six months, however, 33 per cent. of the expenditures were devoted to multi-family dwellings, which represented 4.5 per cent. of the permits. It is here that the sky-scraper industry does its biggest business. There is a decided movement in the cities of the United States toward apartment homes. During the period from the beginning of 1922 to the first half of 1928, the percentage of one-family houses has declined from 43.4 in 1922 to 28 in 1928, while the percentage of multi-family dwellings increased from 34.6 to 61.2 per cent. The increasing urban population is moving into apartments rather than into single dwellings.
>
> The sky-scraper industry, therefore, apparently can expect a considerable expansion, and should account for an increasing proportion of the country's enormous volume of construction, totaling about $7,250,000,000 in the year just past. Its growth will make the question of height limitation more and more of a civic problem, from the standpoint of both darkened streets and congested traffic. It is, however, an industry here to stay, responding to an unquestioned need.

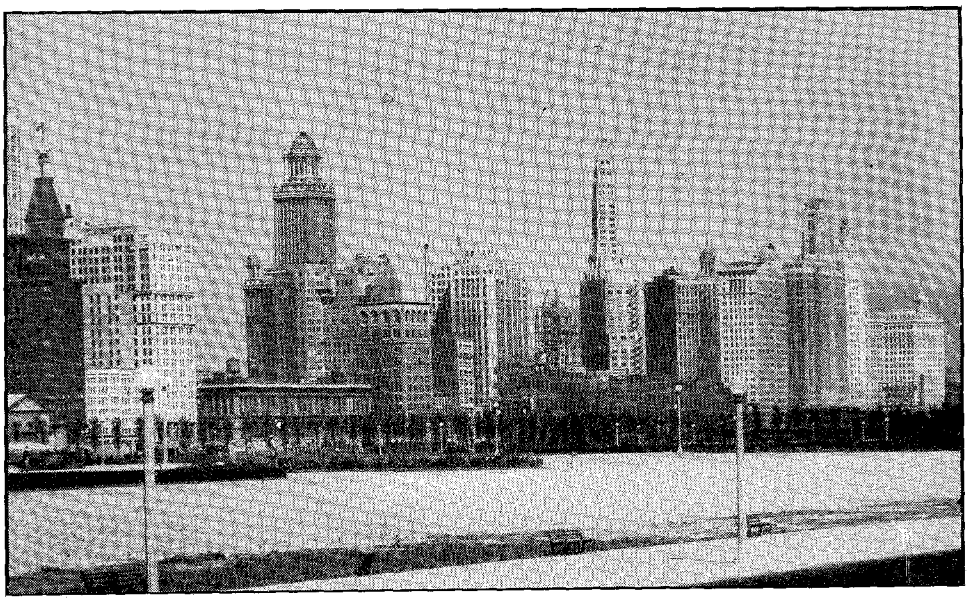
The sky-scraper is called a boon to modern civilization by Col. William A. Starrett, in a New York *American* interview:

> These buildings offer the greatest facilities for the exercise of those gregarious pursuits and modes of life on which our modern cooperative effort is based. No other form of habitation could afford such facilities for modern existence.
>
> The lofty apartment building serves a definite purpose. People want to live, in winter, in immense communities, where they are close to amusements, where culture may flower, and where they can realize upon the good things that a vast common enterprise has produced. In summer we are country dwellers with swift access to the city.
>
> Hence, due to the sky-scraper, we are fast becoming a nation of two-house dwellers.
>
> A building 110 stories high is now seriously contemplated in this city. There is no physical reason why it, or even taller buildings, should not be built.
>
> The tendency nowadays is to build one building to occupy a whole city block, and these large ground areas tend to justify greater height.

What the sky-scraper has done for the masses is largely unrecognized, thinks Colonel Starrett. For instance—

> Development of the sky-scraper resulted in mass production—for example, of plumbing fixtures. In turn, the price of these products was brought so low as to make the fixtures available for every type of household.

An interesting contribution to this discussion is offered by Walter W. Ahlschlager, who cites as "the most important advance in building economics in America the consolidation and housing of groups or divisions of a single kind of industry under one roof, providing that concentration which will result in a



Ewing Galloway photograph

A GLIMPSE OF CHICAGO'S NEW SKY-SCRAPER ZONE

The dark Montgomery Ward Tower at the extreme left used to be at the northern edge of the business district, which is now developing along northern Michigan Ave. The famous Chicago *Tribune* tower would appear if the picture were extended a little to the right.

saving of time, a saving of energy, a saving in cost of distribution, and, finally, a saving through the consumer." Adds this Chicago architect in *The Chronicle of Chicago:*

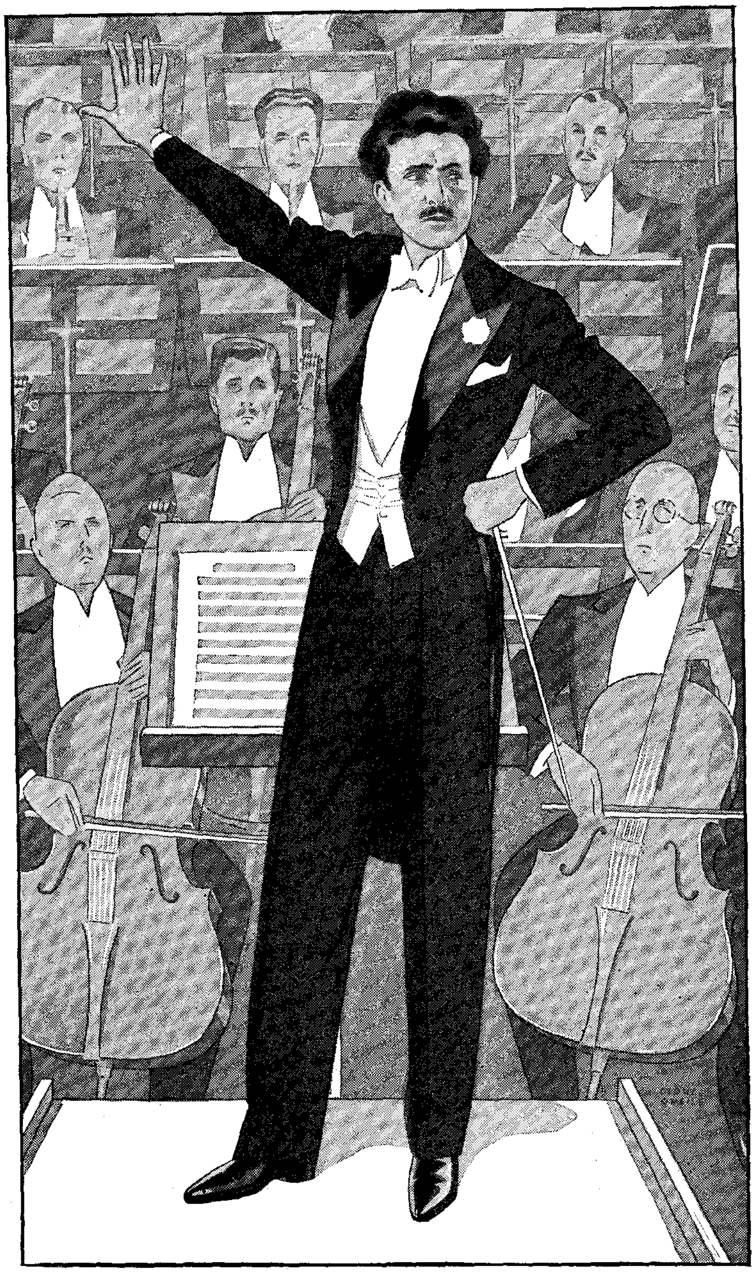
> Many cities have medical and dental arts buildings, fruit and vegetable storage markets, and distributing warehouses and docks, all of which are a form of the concentration to which I refer. In New York the outstanding examples of mart buildings are the Fashion Center, which houses some of the millinery trades and manufacturing of cloaks, suits, and dresses; the Garment Center Buildings, both of which have garment manufacturers as their principal tenants; and a sizable structure for the housing of furniture manufacturers.

This writer goes on with a description of the Chicago building of this species which is to be started this year, and which is to be for a while the largest and tallest building in the world—the Chicago Tower and Apparel Mart, 880 feet, or seventy-five stories high, costing $45,000,000. This compares with such buildings in New York as the Woolworth, 792 feet and sixty stories; the recently completed Chanin Tower, 680 feet and 56 stories; and the just-started Chrysler Building, 808 feet, sixty-seven stories.

THE NINE WONDERS OF THE BRITISH BUSINESS WORLD

TO counteract any possible general belief in Canada that all the great achievements of business and industry are to be found in the United States, Mr. Herbert N. Casson calls to the attention of Canadians the "nine wonders" of British efficiency. The point he makes in one of his London letters to the Toronto *Financial Post* is "that Great Britain is still far ahead of all the countries in most of the matters that create a solid prosperity." After all, he says, sky-scrapers are not the only criterion of progress. What Britain does lack is training in the art of self-advertisement. Mr. Casson proceeds to enumerate in the Toronto weekly "nine things that are not to be found either in the United States, or anywhere else," and each of which he declares to be "the highest point of human achievement in its own line." Here they are—

> 1. The Midland Bank. This is the largest bank in the world. The big banks of New York are not to be compared with it.
>
> It has deposits of over £2,000,000,000. Its total assets now stand at the unparalleled figure of £2,200,000,000.
>
> It is the most progressive British bank, too, as well as the largest. It is not a vast inert mass of capital. It is dynamic. It is constantly offering new services to the British public.
>
> This big bank is not exceptionally large, as compared with other English banks. There are four others that are almost as immense—Lloyd's, Barclay's, Westminster, and National Provincial. These are the "Big Five" banks of Great Britain. They stand in a class by themselves. Their combined assets amount to more than £9,000,000,000. What five banks in the United



COUGH and the Concert Stops-

SILENCE—as he weaves the golden thread of melody—then, from the shadowed audience, the crash of a cough—another—another—his hand raises sharply—the music stops in protest until the wave of vocal static has ceased.

So, now, do Conductors of world-famous orchestras register indignant protest against the rude interruption of the cough.

Considerate people have, with the aid of Luden's, placed the cough among those things that are not done.

Luden's Menthol Action is unique—exclusive; cooling, soothing, refreshing—imitated, of course, but available only in the Luden Menthol blend.

When you catch a cold, Luden's will give quick relief. Slip a Luden's into your mouth — take a deep breath and presto, your head clears — your coughing stops.

LUDEN'S, Inc.

LUDEN'S

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Menthol
COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF
LUDEN'S

5¢

in the triple-sealed yellow package

Business Sagacity

Good common sense is just another mark of *understanding*. It is not rare in business. Only is it *un*common when it is so good that it is prophetic. But then it drops its maiden name and business knows it as Sagacity. Its ready, far-reaching, accurate inference from observed facts and figures, is a dependable power. It visions the human motives in conduct and foresees results. With Integrity it is the most valuable of all human qualities in business.

Once, Sagacity considered itself a special gift of Providence—an inheritance from the family "Sage" tree, and only those who dropped therefrom had it.

But Modern Accountancy has changed even that. Business sagacity today is just another mark of *understanding business*. And *understanding business* is largely the mark of Modern Accountancy.

"Accountancy as a Career"—a chapter reprinted from the book, "An Outline of Careers"—is a text of general interest; mailed on request. Address nearest office.

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TOLEDO
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

States, or what ten banks, can make such a showing?

2. London Stock Exchange. This exchange is unique, not only in its size, but in the fact that it is international.

The New York Stock Exchange lists about 1,100 securities. The London Stock Exchange lists more than 4,000. It has four times as many members as the New York Exchange. As for volume of business, it has few artificial booms, but it thinks nothing of handling 3,000,000 shares in a day.

It is the one great international mart for the best securities of all civilized countries. It is well managed. It is under control. It does not antagonize the banks. That is why it is and will remain the center of the world's finance.

It is run primarily for investors, not for cliques of "bulls" and "bears." It has its speculative side, but it is never overpowered by speculators, as so many other stock exchanges are. There is always a steadiness that makes it difficult for panics and violent movements to arise. In other words, it is the best-managed and most reliable stock exchange in the world.

3. Lloyd's. This famous Maritime Exchange, too, is unique. There is nothing that even slightly resembles it in any other country. It dates back as an organization to 1771, and as a group of brokers to 1689. It has stood the shocks of eight generations, and it has never broken down.

Lloyd's is an association of about 1,200 men. Individually, they are underwriters; collectively, they are Lloyd's. They have a reserve fund of over $30,000,000. They have made the seas safe. If you ask why Britannia rules the waves, the answer is—"Lloyd's."

4. *Daily Mail*. This morning paper has now a circulation of 2,000,000 copies a day. This is the largest circulation, by far, of any daily paper in the world. It is nearly three times the circulation of the New York *Evening Journal*, which claims to sell more copies than any other American daily paper.

The great new building of *The Daily Mail* is one of the sights of the world. Nowhere else are there so many presses. As an advertising medium, too, *The Daily Mail* leads the world's press. Its front page for a day costs $7,000, and it is often sold out for six months in advance.

5. Dispatching-room of the Midland Railroad. As every one knows, the British railroad service comes nearest to perfection. In no other countries do trains run 300 miles without a stop. And in no other country are there so few accidents.

The entire Midland Railroad is operated from a single room in Derby. Not a train moves without an order from this room. This is the highest point of efficiency ever reached in the operation of railroads, and it has been wholly developed by English experts.

6. Shipyards. The three greatest shipyards of the world are in the British Isles—at Glasgow, Newcastle, and Belfast. Apart from one shipyard in Germany, there is no other shipyard in any country that can be placed in the same class with the "Big Three" of Great Britain. The largest American shipyard is a child's playground in comparison with these.

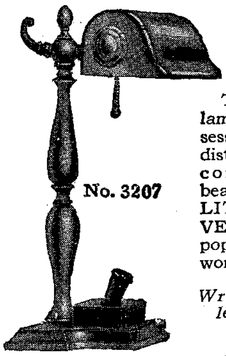
7. Carreras Factory. If a prize were offered for the most perfect and unique factory, it would not go to America. It

Faries....

Originators of Portable Electric Lamps with Green Glass Shades

Faries VERDELITE Lamps are desired above all others because they render a distinctive service. It is not necessary to unwire the lamp to replace a shade in case of breakage—the shade may be removed instantly by simply lifting it out of position.

This feature resides in the patented slotted-back shade, and is of equal advantage in renewing the bulb or dusting the lamp.



There is no other lamp on the market possessing this preferred distinction, which, when combined with the beauty of VERDELITE designs, makes VERDELITE a leader popular with men and women everywhere.

Write today for Booklet S-2 printed in colors.

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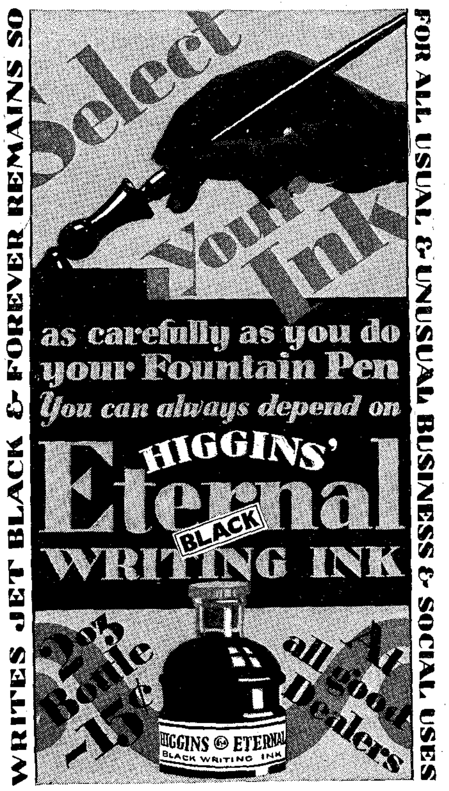
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would go to the new Carreras factory in London.

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8. Cadbury Factory. In spite of all the improvements that have been made in the humanizing of industrialism, this old factory is still at the top.

This is the only factory, so far as I know, that is managed by the brain-power and heart-power of its rank and file. It is the only one that has received 35,000 suggestions from its workers. It has been practically self-governing for more than twenty years. If you want to see the ripened flower of industrialism, you must go to Cadbury's.

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FRANCE AFTER "AMERICAN PROSPERITY"

IF Premier Poincaré and Minister of the Interior Tardieu have their way, France will be as modern as America in her industry, and will have something of the same kind of prosperity that the United States enjoys. So we read in one of Arno Dosch-Fleurot's Paris dispatches to the New York *World.* "Prosperity," we are told, is to be the French Premier's new slogan, and he intends to back it up at the present session of the French Parliament with a definite official "program of realization" based on American methods. According to *The World's* correspondent, "among the profound changes in French political and industrial life comprehended in the plan, all leading to general intensification of industrial activity and higher levels of production," are:

1. Decentralization of government departments dealing with industry and commerce, thereby cutting away the official red tape inherited through all revolutions from the eighteenth century down, in which French business is traditionally tangled.
2. Rebuilding of public utilities, especially the ports through which France's foreign trade passes.
3. Rebuilding of roads.
4. Development of potential hydro-electric power and electrification of the country.
5. A long series of constructive works, including the building of a railroad across the Sahara.
6. Remapping of Paris so that the avenues and boulevards will extend miles farther than at present. Modernization of the city in every respect, with particular attention to its rapid-transit facilities.

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* * * * *

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Yum Yum.—Sign in front of a theater: "The Goodbye Kiss, with Sound."—*Vevay (Ind.) paper.*

Publicity Experts.—A California orchard owner suggests a debate on "Did Adam or Newton do the most for the apple?"—*Pointer.*

High Visibility.—Doctor—"Where shall I vaccinate you?"

Modern Girl—"Oh, anywhere; it's bound to show."—*Blue Gator.*

Especially Air.—"The progress in the building of government for and by the people is a long process of trail and air."—*Hoover at Guayaquil, as reported in a Boulder (Col.) paper.*

Human Wreck.—Young Wife—"Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?"

Tramp—"No, mum, and the doctor says I never will be again."—*Old Maid.*

Misleading Fires.—

Eyes are the index to the mind,
Say sages with delight;
But truly, I am sure they err,
For my girl's eyes are bright.
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Dance to Get Warm.—

Ladies' Costume
Gingham Aprons
and
Sunbonnets
—*Barn Dance postal at Ardmore, Pa.*

Ring Up One.—Conductor—"Madam, you'll have to pay for that boy."

Old Lady—"But I never have before."

Conductor (hotly)—"That don't matter to me. He's over twelve years old, and you'll have to pay his fare or I'll put him off the car."

Old Lady—"Put him off. What do I care? I never saw him before."—*Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix.*

Distinguished Relation.—A Beverly Hills man we know yearns to fill his house with comforts, while his wife yearns to fill it with antiques. Her pet theory is that in pawnshops one may find many treasured heirlooms.

"I suppose this was handed down to you by some great-great-grandfather," said a visitor, tapping a snuff-box.

"No," replied the brutal husband. "It was second-handed down to us by an 'uncle.' "—*Los Angeles Times.*

Magic of Latin.—A farmer who was much troubled by trespassers during the nutting season consulted with a botanical friend. The botanist furnished him with the technical name of the hazel, and the farmer placed the following notice at conspicuous points about his premises:

"Trespassers, take warning! All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk, for, altho common snakes are not often found, the *Corylus Avelana* abounds everywhere about here, and never gives warning of its presence."

The place was unmolested that year, and the farmer gathered his crop in peace.—*The Churchman.*

Slightly Annoyed.—"I've just shot a dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he wasn't very pleased."—*Denison Flamingo.*

Latchkey Fiend.—Mrs. Meyers—"What is your husband's average income?"

Mrs. Beyers—"Oh, about one A. M."—*Muskogee (Okla.) Daily Phoenix.*

Exciting Time.—Frieda Hempel, opera singer, entertained 15 children of seven New York patrolmen who were killed last year at a Christmas party at her home.—*Plainfield (N. J.) paper.*

Ducking the Jawbreakers.—"How is Viola Vacuum getting along in the talking-pictures?"

"Oh, all right, I guess. She has a double for four-syllable words."—*Toledo Blade.*

Sure Cure for the Traffic Problem.—For the first offense, a man who is guilty beyond doubt of driving a car on the public road or highway should be barred forever from the roads or highways as a driver.—*Editorial in an Idaho paper.*

Dried at the Source.—District Visitor—"What are the morals of this village like?"

Resident—"Excellent! So good, in fact, that several of our sewing-parties have failed for want of scandal."—*London Passing Show.*

Human Honkers.—

GEESE ARRIVING
ON EAST COAST
Approach of Winter Brings
Sportsmen To Ocracoke Island
—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

Lost Alibi.—It was midnight. In the smoking-room of a club a young man sat huddled in a chair. A friend entered.

"Hallo, Smith!" he asked, cheerfully. "Not going home yet?"

"No," muttered the despairing one. "I—I daren't."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? At eight o'clock I telephoned to my wife and gave her a perfectly good excuse for not coming straight home, and—" his voice sank to a whisper—"I've forgotten what I said."—*Tit-Bits.*

That Chocolaty Language.—Rumor has it that one of the faculty has been trying very hard to correct the many errors in speech made by his five-year-old daughter. The other day he took her to call on her aunt, and at tea the little one was given a large piece of cake.

"Oh, I just love chocolate cake!" she exclaimed. "It's awfully nice."

"Muriel, dear," corrected Daddy, "it is wrong to say that you 'love' cake, and I've frequently pointed out that 'just' is wrongly used in such a sentence. Again, 'awfully' is quite wrong; 'very' would be much more correct, dear. Now repeat your remark, please."

Muriel obediently repeated: "I like chocolate cake; it is very good."

There was a pause.

"But, Daddy, it sounds just like I was talking about bread."—*Boston Beanpot.*

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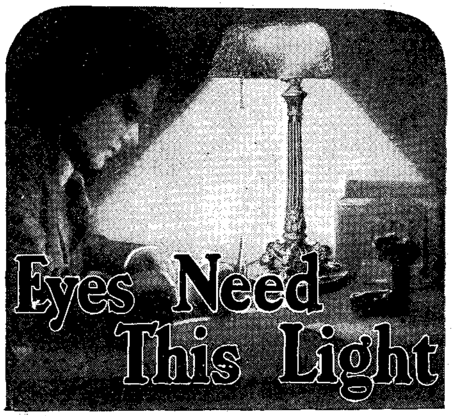

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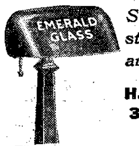

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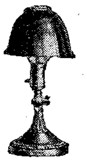
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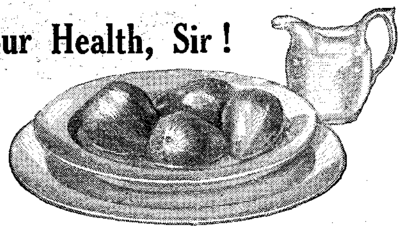

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 23.—The Communist party, the official party of Soviet Russia, arrests 150 followers of Leon Trotzky, former Minister of War, now in exile, on the ground that the Trotzky organization is preparing to make war against the Government.

Announcement is made that Prof. Albert Einstein, the great German scientist, has elaborated a theory identifying gravitation with electrodynamic magnetism.

January 26.—Chinese Communists are reported to have kidnaped the Rev. Edward Young, Roman Catholic missionary, in Kiangsi Province. A ransom of $10,000 is demanded.

January 28.—Commander Byrd flies south of King Edward VII Land, and sights 10,000 square miles of hitherto unexplored territory in the Antarctic.

King Amanullah, of Afghanistan, rescinds his abdication, in response to an appeal from an overwhelming majority of Afghan Nationalists.

DOMESTIC

January 23.—The Senate passes the first deficiency appropriation bill, after adding to it a modified form of the McKellar amendment requiring public hearings on tax refunds above $10,000.

News is received in New York of the rescue during a violent storm of thirty-two men from the sinking Italian freighter *Florida* by the S. S. *America* of the United States Line, commanded by Capt. George Fried.

January 24.—The Federal Reserve Board reports the volume of production for 1928 greater than that in any previous year, 429 units in railroads, public utilities, and manufacturing plants showing an 11 per cent. rise during the year.

Senator William E. Borah offers an amendment to the fifteen-cruiser bill, requesting an international conference before the next naval limitation conference of 1931, to determine the rights of neutrals at sea.

January 25.—Former Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama dies at his country home in Virginia. He was sixty-six.

The Bolivian Government notifies Secretary of State Kellogg, that she has named her two delegates to represent her on the international court to mediate the differences between Bolivia and Paraguay.

January 26.—Capt. George Fried and the crew of the S. S. *America* receive a stirring welcome as they land in New York and bring in the crew rescued from the Italian freighter *Florida*.

January 27.—The total tax collections for 1928 were $2,775,276,956, or $43,782,717 less than in 1927, when the collections amounted to $2,819,059,673.

January 28.—President Coolidge, in his final address before the sixteenth meeting of the business organization of the Government, says that in seven and a half years the public debt has been reduced $6,667,000,000, with a total saving in interest, through reductions and refunding operations, of $963,000,000.

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